



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

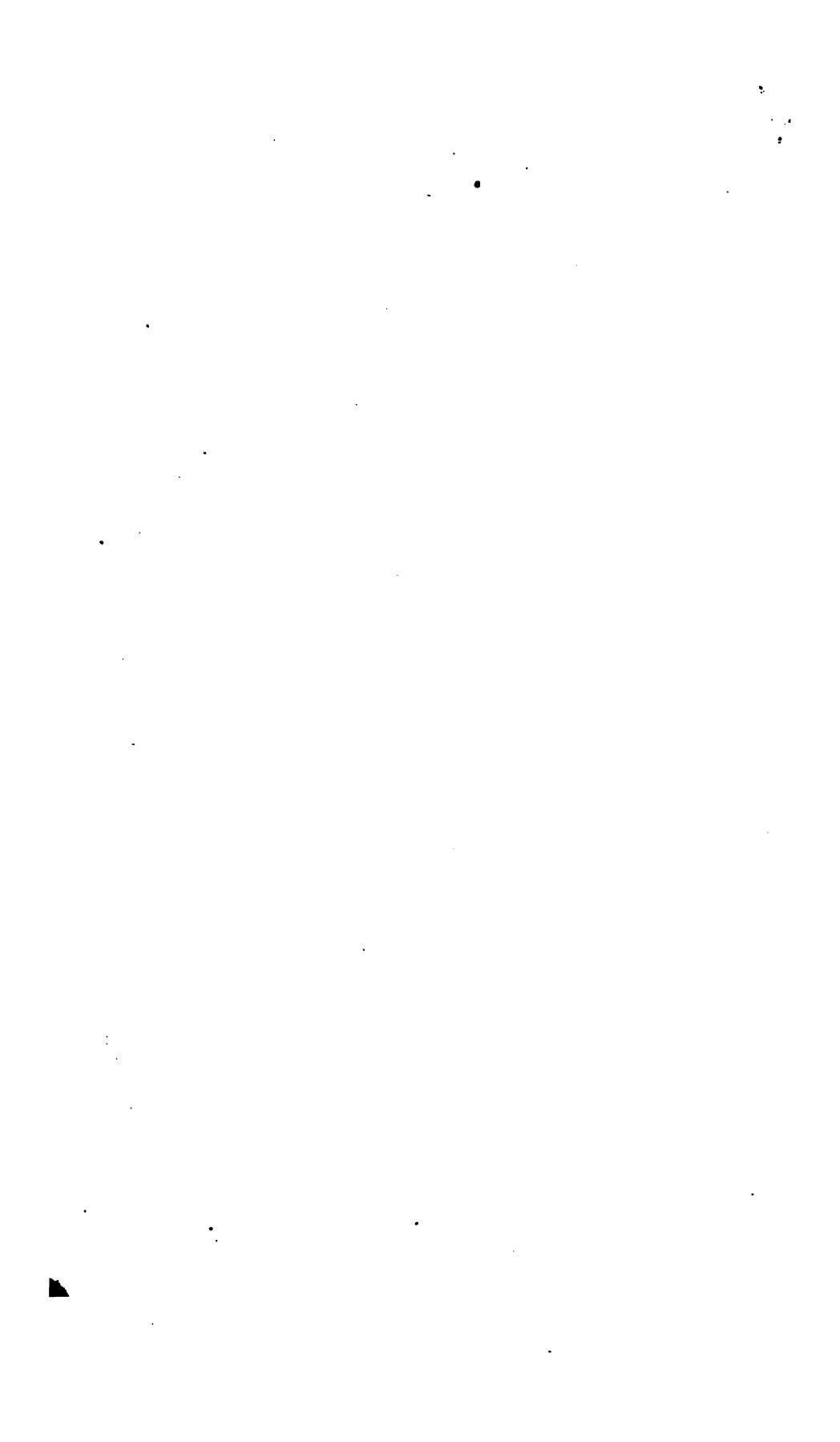
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

LONDON :
GILBERT AND RIVINGTON, PRINTERS,
ST. JOHN'S SQUARE.



CHARGE OF THE BLACK BULL.

SPORTING ADVENTURES
IN THE PACIFIC,
WHILST IN COMMAND OF THE "REINDEER."

BY
CAPTAIN W. R. KENNEDY, R.N.



London :
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.

1876.

[*All rights reserved.*]

203 . e 46~

TO
VICE-ADMIRAL ARTHUR FARQUHAR,

LATE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF ON THE PACIFIC STATION,

This Volume

IS DEDICATED, WITH FEELINGS OF AFFECTION

AND RESPECT.

PREFACE.

DURING the cruise of the "Reindeer" in the Pacific, I occasionally contributed a sporting yarn to the *South Pacific Times*, and the *Panama Star and Herald*. One or two also appeared in the *Field* and *Land and Water*.

Since my return to England I have strung these yarns together in the form of a narrative, in hopes that it may serve to amuse some of my old shipmates, and perhaps be of passing interest to the general reader.

The Illustrations are from sketches made by myself at the time.

W. R. K.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
H.M.S. "Reindeer" outward bound	2
Crossing the Line	3
Cape Froward, Straits of Magellan, the Southernmost point of South America	23
A Glacier in Smyth's Channel	26
Amongst the Ice in Eyre Sound	28
Duck-shooting near Huacho, Peru	60
The Colonel's Hut	91
Charge of the Black Bull	99
The Cotton Factory of Janqa, near Tepic	125
The English Consulate after the Earthquake of San Salvador	161
The Cathedral, San Salvador, after the Earthquake	163
The Obispo Station on the Panama Railway	216
Great Fire at Panama: H.M.S. "Repulse" and "Reindeer" at anchor in the Bay	227
The Grand Hotel, Panama, after the Fire	229
Duck-shooting among the Alligators	237

SPORTING ADVENTURES IN THE PACIFIC.

CHAPTER I.

ON the 26th of August, 1871, her Majesty's steam sloop "Reindeer" sailed from Plymouth Sound, bound for the Pacific station. No particular incident occurred on the passage to Madeira, where we arrived on the eighth day after leaving England.

During our stay at this lovely island some of us made an expedition to the Rabaçal, a picturesque spot amongst the mountains, in search of sport and scenery.

Starting at night by boat, we had made fifteen miles by daylight, when we landed and

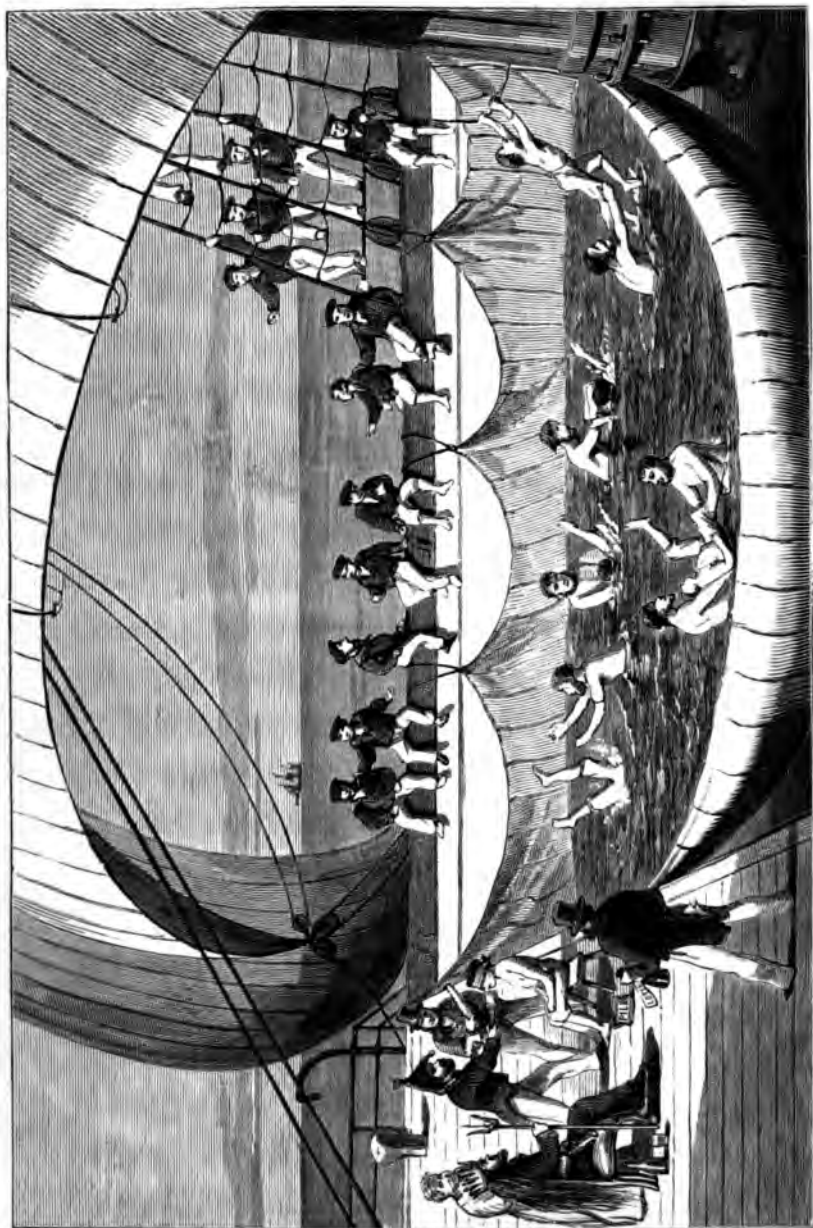
commenced the ascent of the mountains, which at this part of the island are 5000 feet high: some of the party preferred being carried up in hammocks, whilst others walked. The scenery throughout is very fine, but sport there is none,



H.M.S. "REINDEER" OUTWARD BOUND.

and all we could show after toiling many hours was a few couple of half-starved rabbits and a partridge.

Descending by the way we came up, we rejoined the ship, very well pleased with our



CROSSING THE LINE.

excursion, but mentally resolving never again to seek for sport in Madeira.

A German corvette, the "Nymphe," was lying at anchor in the roads with us; she was also bound to Rio de Janeiro, and was to sail three days before us. The "Nymphe" was as nearly as possible the same size as the "Reindeer," and was reported to sail well; so we looked forward to a trial of speed with her, and we asked them to report our coming, in case they were in first.

Sailing from Madeira on the 9th of September, we passed to the eastward of the Cape de Verde Islands, and crossed the equator a few days afterwards. The ceremony usually performed on board ship when crossing the line has too often been described to need repetition here; the scene represents Father Neptune surrounded by his staff on the forecastle of the "Reindeer." A wretched victim is undergoing his examination before the board previous to being tilted backwards into the sail, where he will meet with a warm reception from the "bears,"

who may be seen disporting themselves in the water.

This custom is not always carried out in a man-of-war, as some captains consider that it interferes with the discipline of the ship. In reality it does not do so, and the ceremony, if carried out in a good-tempered way, adds much to the mirth and joviality of all on board. On the 6th of October we anchored in the beautiful harbour of Rio de Janeiro; the "Nymphé" had not arrived, nor did she appear for eight days afterwards, so that we beat her by eleven days.

On comparing our logs, this discrepancy was partly accounted for by the different routes taken by the two ships; the "Nymphé" went to the westward of the Cape de Verdes, and encountered a hurricane which delayed her three days; she also crossed the line farther to the eastward than we did. There can be no doubt that by crossing the line well to the westward a narrower belt of calms is met with, and the S.E. trade picked up sooner than by adopting a more easterly route.

During our stay at Rio I accepted the offer of Dr. G—— to visit his bungalow, accompanied by some of the officers of the ship. The house was situated several leagues by rail from the city. The scenery along the line is magnificent, as the train winds among the mountains, ascending the most wonderful grades, and affording lovely views at every turn.

Having enjoyed the hospitality of our worthy host for a couple of days, and inspected his coffee plantations, of which he was justly proud, we returned to the ship, prepared for a start; but our departure was delayed by an unfortunate collision between some of our marines and two native boatmen, resulting in the death of the latter.

This affair caused great excitement at the time, and was not settled for more than a year afterwards. The rights of the story can never be known, the darkies not being in a position to give evidence, whilst the account given by the marines, whether true or false, was a plausible one, and no amount of cross-exami-

nation could shake it. At all events the case went before the Brazilian Court, on which occasion I attended, accompanied by an officer of the ship; no conclusion could be arrived at, and as there was no cause for our further detention we sailed from Rio on the 18th of October, and were soon bowling off eleven knots an hour, leaving the beautiful mountains of Brazil under our lee.

Six days of favourable winds carried us to the latitude of the Rio de la Plata, off which we encountered a "pampero:" during the gale we lost one of our boats, and received some slight damages. Fine weather succeeded, and on the 2nd of November we sighted the low and barren shores of the Falkland Islands.

When rounding Volunteer Point, with the lighthouse at the entrance to Port Stanley in view, we met with such a furious gale in our teeth, accompanied by so heavy a sea, that we could make no headway against it; so, bearing up, we anchored in the snug harbour of Port Louis, which lay conveniently under our lee.

The same afternoon I landed with one of the officers for a ramble with our guns, taking with us my retriever "Niger," and the boats' crew to carry game. We found great quantities of kelp-geese, ducks, and penguins along the shore: these proved to be worthless. The ducks are called steamer ducks from their habit of flapping along the water like a paddle-wheel steamer: they are not fit to eat, though their eggs are good.

Soon after we landed we came across a flock of upland geese, some of which we bagged: these birds are exceedingly handsome, and are good eating. The male is pure white, and the female a beautiful mottled brown, with chocolate-coloured breast, and a bronze green bar on the wings. Proceeding onwards we presently came to a small loch, on which many kinds of duck and geese were disporting themselves; stalking these, we opened fire on them from opposite directions, and for the next few minutes our guns were actively employed, until the water was strewn with dead and dying, and the blue-

jackets had as much as they could carry. We returned on board with twenty-four geese, eight ducks, and a couple of snipe. The geese weighed on an average $9\frac{1}{2}$ lbs., and the snipe exactly $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. each.

The next morning we again landed, and shot thirty-one geese, and five couple of ducks before noon; when we went back to the ship, and the gale having moderated we weighed, and steamed round to Stanley Harbour, where we anchored the same afternoon.

A short description of the Falklands may be interesting.

These islands are situated about 300 miles eastward of the Straits of Magellan; they number about 200, the two principal ones being the East and West Falklands, which are as large as all the rest put together. The general appearance of the coast is low and barren; there are, however, many good harbours which afford shelter from the frequent gales.

There is excellent pasturage on the larger

islands, and many hundred head of wild cattle, horses, sheep, and goats, are to be found thereon, and wild pigs and rabbits abound on the smaller ones. Wild fowl of every description are to be met with in countless thousands, in fact it is a regular sportsman's paradise; the great drawback to the place is the amount of wind which always prevails, gales springing up every day and lasting till sunset. In the immediate vicinity of Port Stanley game is scarce, from being continually disturbed, but at a distance from the settlement no less than four different sorts of geese are to be found, besides duck of many kinds, widgeon, teal, snipe, swans, plover, penguins, and every description of gulls and sea fowl.

There are also some guanacoes on one part of the island. A couple were originally introduced by Captain Packe, and the herd at the time of our visit numbered some thirty or forty.

The governor, Lieut.-Colonel D'Arcy, having intimated to me his wish to visit some of the distant parts of his dominions, the "Reindeer"

was placed at his disposal, and on the 7th of November, having embarked his Excellency and two of his friends, we put to sea.

The intricacy of the navigation around these coasts necessitated our reaching a safe anchorage before dark, and the afternoon of our departure from Port Stanley we anchored in Mare Harbour. We had observed a herd of guanaco watching the ship with much curiosity from the neighbouring hills as we steamed up to the anchorage; so as soon as we had anchored I landed in company with the governor and Captain Packe, and proceeded in search of them. We walked inland some distance, shooting a few brace of geese on our way, till we spied the herd, numbering from twenty to thirty. It was apparent that the guanaco had already seen us, and had no inclination for a closer acquaintance, as they trotted off across some sand-hills where we had no chance of following them with any prospect of getting a shot. There was an arm of the sea between us and the animals, but the water was not more than knee-deep; so sending

two blue-jackets across to head the guanaco, we went round the arm to intercept them. Presently we saw the herd trotting towards us, so, lying down on the side of a hill, we watched the graceful animals as they approached us, unconscious of danger.

When about 200 yards off they stopped, and we fired several shots at them, but with no better result than to scatter them in all directions. Seizing my gun, while Packe took the rifle, we gave chase. I followed a small lot of five or six, but had great difficulty in keeping them in sight, and still more so in getting anywhere near them, owing to the unfavourable nature of the ground—not a tree or bush was to be seen, nothing but a succession of low sand-hills; however, the inquisitive nature of the beasts assisted me. Running as fast as possible, with my body bent almost double, I must have presented a curious object to these unsophisticated creatures, whilst my curly-coated, black retriever running beside me, like an animated mat, completed the illusion. I

presently found myself within 120 yards of two guanacoës, which were standing looking at me. Aiming at the largest I fired, when they both bolted, "Missed, by Jove!" and I felt the sort of miserable sensation that one feels after having missed a stag, when Sandy says nothing, but takes a long pull at the whisky, and lights his pipe with resignation. I looked round, not a soul was within a mile of me, and I felt thankful; but, halloa! why the guanaco, after running bravely for a few hundred yards, rolls over, heels in the air! Bravo, the smooth bore, and welcome is the sight, for well I know that brute will never rise again. Hurrying up I arrived to see the animal breathe his last; the ball had gone right through behind the shoulder, piercing the heart. I stood awhile admiring the graceful proportions of the guanaco, an animal I had never seen before, and from the original wild stock of which the llama is said to be produced. Its legs, feet, and neck were like those of a camel, head like a sheep, its body as big as a full-grown donkey,

and covered with beautiful, soft, reddish wool. My dog evidently did not know what to make of him, and seemed to think very little of him.

Finding I could not move the carcase, I went back and got one of the men, with whose assistance I dragged it down to the beach.

The turkey buzzards now crowded round for their share of the spoil, and we could not get rid of them until I had shot one, and spread his corpse over the guanaco, *pour encourager les autres*.

Joining Packe, I found that he had wounded another guanaco, which had crossed the water and escaped on the other side.

It was now nearly dark, so we made the best of our way to the ship.

Leaving Mare Harbour the next morning at daylight, we steamed through the reefs which surround its entrance, but, like all the rocks on this coast, they are so clearly marked by kelp as to be easily seen and avoided, and anchored off Lively Island for a few hours. Weighing again, from there we reached

Bleaker Island, where we anchored for the night.

The ship being secured, a large party of sportsmen went ashore. Attaching myself to the governor and Captain Packe, we first visited a small lake close to the beach, where we shot at least a dozen ducks in half as many minutes; we then went in search of wild pigs, as their tracks were plainly to be seen. Packe and I entered some long pampas grass, accompanied by our two dogs, Niger and Turk. The latter soon gave tongue, and bolted into the thick scrub, whither we followed as fast as we could, guided only by the sound, as nothing could be seen at any distance.

Presently I caught sight of a pig, and fired a snap-shot at it through the rushes. On going to the spot, I found to my horror, not only the pig lying dead, but my poor faithful dog Niger lying near it, killed by the same ball. I never saw the dog when I fired, and can only suppose that the poor beast must have jumped up at the moment, receiving the ball through his head

before it reached the pig. I was much grieved at this sad accident, for, besides the value of the dog as a retriever, he was a great pet with all on board, and a most amusing, intelligent creature. Thoroughly disgusted with the day's work I returned on board.

Some of our sportsmen had been successful, and had bagged two large sows, which must have afforded good sport ere they succumbed, judging by the way their bodies were riddled with balls.

On the 9th we left Bleaker Island, a fit name for such a place, and, touching for a short time at Speedwell Island, where an eccentric individual, supposed to be sheep-farming, lived, we anchored the same evening at Fox Harbour.

The next day several parties landed, with rod and gun, and another went to haul the seine. Taking a light fly-rod I fished a small stream at the head of the harbour, and killed upwards of three dozen small trout, besides putting as many back. These fish are somewhat similar to the common English trout, with the same

pink spots, they are not so well sheltered however, being long, narrow isles in great numbers.

Most of the land about Fox Harbour is the property of Captain Parker, who kindly supplied us with excellent mutton and beef for the officers' and ship's company: there are also three or four settlers having their sheep-farming—some on their own account, and some in Captain Parker's interests.

The shooting here was very indifferent, but the sailing party had the sport; they spread the net across the entrance to a creek which was well stocked with mullet. The creek being a mile or so long, a fish escaped, and the result of the first haul was about 500 mullet, averaging from 1 lb. to 1½ lbs. each, and some as much as 14 lbs., besides a quantity of small fry.

Leaving Fox Harbour, November 11th, we steamed through Falkland Sound, but a gale springing up obliged us to seek shelter under the lee of Swan Island, where we anchored, to wait the turn of the tide. There are some sheep on this island, which were landed by

Mr. Cobb some years ago, and which have since gone wild; having a few hours to spare, we went in search of them.

Starting across country we came to a lake swarming with duck and teal, and a few geese. A volley soon scattered them, when the sport began. There was another small lake not far off, and the birds kept flying from one to the other, giving us the most splendid shots. Elton stood at one place, I at the other. After some twenty minutes' shooting we gathered up the slain, amounting to twenty brace of teal, besides several ducks, and a few geese. We now went after the sheep, a flock having been spied some way off; so, joining Cobb and Packe, we proceeded to stalk them, having first changed our cartridges to ball. The sheep saw us approaching, and bolted at once, but stopped to feed in a valley some distance off; so we made a long *détour* to circumvent them. Favoured by the ground, we had no difficulty in getting to within 200 yards of them, but could not approach nearer without being seen; however, by crawl-

ing through the grass we got a trifle closer, when they either saw or winded us, and went off at a gallop.

Thinking it likely they would make for the beach I ran down to cut them off, and posted myself in view of a pass I expected them to take. I had hardly reached this when the flock came in sight, headed by an old ram. They saw me instantly and stopped, while the old fellow took stock of me, but I cut short his deliberations by a ball through the head; the rest bolted, but had not gone far before the second barrel rolled over another, which I also secured. The flock meanwhile ran right against Packe, who killed one and wounded another, which we afterwards got. We killed altogether five, but four of them were in such poor condition as to be not worth taking back. The old ram I had first killed was tolerably fat, so we took him on board; the ball had entered his eye, and gone out at the back of the head. It was now getting late, so we retraced our steps towards the ship, shooting a few rabbits

and some beautiful pink-breasted gulls on our way.

Leaving Swan Island we reached Port Howard the same evening. This is one of the most desolate spots in the West Falklands; the harbour, however, is a good one, being completely land-locked. We remained there all the next day, Sunday. There are many wild cattle in the neighbourhood, and we were promised some good sport if we remained, but we could not spare the time.

From Port Howard we steamed across to a small island near the opposite shore, where we landed and shot twenty couple of rabbits in a very short time, and from thence proceeding through the northern entrance of the sound, anchored the following morning at Port Stanley.

Sport in these islands is not altogether untended with danger, on account of the bleak and desolate nature of the country. On two occasions naval officers have lost their way, and perished from exposure during the night; but

now an Admiralty order forbids parties of less than three from going out shooting together.

On the 16th of November we sailed from Port Stanley for Valparaiso, and the following day touched at Keppel Island, where there is a mission station for instructing the natives of Terra del Fuego. The head-quarters of the mission are established at a wild spot on the southern shores of Terra del Fuego. This branch is under the charge of Mr. Bartlett, in whose hands it seems to do well. Whilst getting in supplies of potatoes, &c., I took my gun and started off for a lake some miles inland, in hopes of getting a shot at a wild swan; a Fuegian leading a horse to carry game accompanied me. On my way to the lake I shot several brace of geese and some snipe and rabbits; no swans were to be seen, and I returned on board, after an absence of four hours, with twenty geese, fifteen snipe, eight ducks, and three rabbits. Putting to sea the same night we steamed clear of the land, which at daylight the next morning was no longer in sight.

CHAPTER II.

THE passage from the Falklands to the Straits of Magellan is usually a stormy one; so we considered ourselves fortunate when at daylight of the fourth day, after leaving Keppel Island, we sighted Cape Virgin at the entrance to the straits, and by eight o'clock were fairly in the channel. In the first narrows we found the current running so swiftly that, although going eight knots by the log, we were scarcely moving past the land; by putting the canvas on we increased the speed to twelve knots, and pushed through, and, without stopping at Sandy Point, anchored in Port Famine the following morning. The scenery up to this part of the straits is very tame; low, sandy shores, desti-

tute of vegetation, are on either side, but westward of Port Famine it alters completely; rugged, snow-clad mountains tower up on all sides, so that it is difficult to make out the channel without reference to the chart.

Port Famine is not by any means the sort of place one would expect from such a name; we had some capital sport amongst the wild fowl and snipe, which are to be found in great numbers a mile or so to the westward of the anchorage. We killed some very beautiful geese, of a different sort to any we had seen at the Falkland Islands. I also bagged a woodcock, the only one seen; although, from the nature of the ground, I have no doubt they breed there.

Whilst having our luncheon on the banks of the river we were rudely disturbed by a 150 lb. shell whistling over our heads, and bursting in the mud on the opposite side. This was followed by another, upon which we decamped. On board the ship they were practising at a mark with great guns, and we had incau-

tiously approached the very spot where we had agreed the guns should be pointed.

From Port Famine we pushed on to the westward, but being unable to round Cape Fro-



CAPE FROWARD, STRAITS OF MAGELLAN, THE SOUTHERNMOST POINT OF SOUTH AMERICA.

ward, owing to the gale in our teeth, we bore up and anchored for the night in Nicholas Bay : the next morning we made another attempt, and succeeded in doubling the Cape, the southern-

most point of South America, and a magnificent headland.

Soon afterwards we had our first introduction to the inhabitants of these desolate regions; a canoe-full of Indians came off from the Fuegian shore, bringing with them some arrows and other trash, which they wished to exchange for rum or tobacco, the only English words which they seemed to have acquired.

Notwithstanding the extreme cold they were almost naked, their sole covering being a guanaco robe about their loins. These wretches are probably about the lowest in the scale of humanity, and would seem to supply the missing link between man and monkey; they subsist chiefly on seals, whales' blubber, or whatever garbage they can find along the shore.

Passing through Crooked Reach, we anchored in a lovely little harbour called Playa Parda Cove. This small port, though perfectly landlocked and secure, is so confined as to be only fit for small vessels. It is a picturesque spot, surrounded by lofty and inaccessible mountains,

with a waterfall at the head of the harbour. The entrance is exceedingly narrow, and is difficult to distinguish.

On the 26th of November, four days from entering the Straits, we sighted the Pacific Ocean for the first time. The ocean looked anything but pacific just then, for it was blowing a gale from the westward, sending in a heavy sea.

The advantage of the route by Smyth's Channel was now manifest, for had we put to sea at Cape Pillar, the western entrance to the Straits of Magellan, we should have placed a very dangerous, iron-bound coast under our lee, whereas by proceeding up Smyth's Channel we insured smooth water for another 400 miles or so, with the advantage of being so much nearer to our destination when we emerged from it into the open sea.

We anchored for the night in Sholl Harbour, a desolate, miserable place, and a bad anchorage, but conveniently situated for putting to sea, or going up Smyth's Channel, according to the judgment of the commander.

Leaving this inhospitable place at daylight, we entered the channel, threading our way between lovely islets; and passing Welcome Bay we reached Columbine Cove the same



A GLACIER IN SMYTH'S CHANNEL.

evening. The anchorage at this place is quite unsafe; it is so limited in extent that one cannot veer much cable for fear of tailing on the rocks, and with a short scope one is apt to drag, as the squalls blow with great violence. During

the night we dragged right out of the cove, but fortunately along shore, and we soon brought up with a second anchor. From this place we went on to Mayne Harbour, into which we groped our way about midnight; it was so dark and the entrance so narrow that we expected to touch the rocks on either side at every moment; once inside, however, the harbour is snug enough. From thence we proceeded to Puerto Bueno, which is rightly named, being a safe and commodious harbour, where, to our surprise, we found H.M.S. "Chanticleer," the vessel we had come out to relieve.

The "Chanticleer" sailed for England the next day, and we continued our course to the northward; our coal was now beginning to run short, obliging us to be very economical. I was in hopes of reaching Port Grappler the same night, but darkness overtook us, and, passing Bold Head by mistake, we entered what proved to be Eyre Sound, a regular *cul-de-sac*, nor did we discover our error until we found ourselves surrounded by ice, and unable to

proceed in any direction. A boat which we sent away, to endeavour to ascertain where we were, or if there was any place we could anchor in, returned, stove in by the ice, so there was



AMONGST THE ICE IN EYRE SOUND.

nothing for it but to remain stationary for the night, which we did, with the ice grinding alongside us. The scene as day broke was magnificent; on all sides were lofty snow-clad mountains with several glaciers in sight,

but daylight showed us also where we were; so letting fall our topsails we ran out of the Sound as fast as steam and sail could carry us.

Our whole energies were now devoted to steering clear of the drift ice, extra look-out men were placed round the ship, the master and myself being on the bridge; notwithstanding these precautions we ran into a mass of ice which was level with the water, and could not be seen until we were on the top of it. The shock brought the ship up, all-standing, but recovering herself with the previous momentum she continued on her course, whilst a huge piece of ice, with a cleft in it, showing where the stem had struck, rolled by alongside.

The same evening we anchored in Eden Harbour.

We remained in this beautiful and secure harbour four days, cutting wood for steaming purposes, our coal being nearly expended, and filling up with water from a neighbouring stream. An examination of the bows showed that the stem had been smashed in by the ice,

but as far as we could see no further damage had been done. During our stay here we had some sport, shooting ducks and geese, and our seining party were also very successful.

Leaving Eden Harbour we passed through the English narrows, one of the most beautiful spots in Smyth's Channel, and anchored in Connor Cove, which we found to be placed too far north on the chart.

Like most of the harbours in the Straits, Connor Cove has a river running into it at the head; the stream ran so swiftly out of this that it interfered considerably with the ship answering her helm. We obtained plenty of excellent wood here, and laid in a supply which carried us on to Island Harbour, a very secure anchorage, and the last port visited before clearing Smyth's Channel, which we did the following day.

CHAPTER III.

THERE can be no question that this channel is of great benefit to men-of-war, whether outward or homeward bound, especially to small and handy ships, but for the long steamers trading to the Pacific the advantage is very questionable. The harbours are generally too small for them to turn in, there is no anchorage in the main channel, and it is not always safe to proceed during the night, the tides are strong and irregular; consequently, beyond securing more comfort to the passengers, and a saving in wear and tear to the ship, they would gain little; on the other hand, they run considerable risk, and probably lose time. In the Magellan Straits there are no difficulties or dangers, and

excepting at one or two places the channel is of sufficient breadth to enable vessels to proceed during the night.

The climate of the Straits is wretched ; although we were there in summer we had constant gales, accompanied by snow, sleet, and hail. The scenery, especially in Smyth's Channel, is very fine.

On entering the Pacific we met with a heavy gale, which detained us for three days in the Gulf of Penas, but a slant of wind enabled us to bear away for Valparaiso, where we arrived six days afterwards. The town of Valparaiso is built on the slope of a hill overlooking the bay, the streets are clean and well laid out, and there are some capital shops ; there is also a good club, which is generally placed at the disposal of naval officers. The port is about the worst on the coast, and in the season for Northerners is altogether unsafe. Ships have to anchor in from thirty to thirty-five fathoms of water. There is no doubt but that the town ought to have been built at Quintero, an

excellent harbour twenty miles to the northward. Stores of all kinds can be procured at Valparaiso, but the water is bad, and ships do well not to water from the shore.

Santiago, the capital of Chili, is distant about 100 miles by rail from Valparaiso : it is supposed to be a very beautiful city, but to my mind the low, flat-roofed houses and dusty streets are very uninviting.

On the 30th of December, 1871, having completed our coaling, refitting, &c., and repaired our damaged bows as well as we could, we sailed for Arica, where we arrived a few days afterwards.


Arica is the principal seaport in the south of Peru. It was once a pretty little town, with an esplanade, shaded by an avenue of trees ; now it is a mass of ruins, with one solitary palm-tree standing. This devastation was caused by the terrible earthquake some years ago. There were only two houses in existence at the time of our visit, the Custom House, and that belonging to Mr. Nugent, the English Consul.

- Both of these had been rebuilt since the catastrophe. An American paddle-wheel steamer, which was carried inland by the tidal wave at the same time, and deposited unhurt half a mile from the sea, still remained.

Certainly one must witness the awful effect of an earthquake to be able to comprehend it.

It struck me as a singular coincidence that the morning prayers for the day on which we were at anchor off this place (*viz.* the 9th) should be so remarkably appropriate to the scene of desolation before us. See Psalm xlv. verses 1, 2, 3, and 8.

From Arica we continued our course down the coast to Islay, a miserable place; the anchorage is safe, being protected from the swell by some outlying rocks, and the wind never blows home. A few miles to the southward of Islay is Mollendo, the seaport of Arequipa, an open roadstead exposed to wind and sea: there is a mule track between the two places, and it is proposed to connect them by a railroad, in which case Islay will become of more importance.



The railway between Arequipa and Mollendo is the work of Mr. Henry Meiggs, the railway king of Peru, and is among the most successful of his operations; it was commenced in 1868, and completed in two years.

After a very short stay at Islay we proceeded to the Chincha Islands, off which we stopped for a few hours only, as there is no good anchorage.

These islands, once so celebrated for their guano deposits, are now nearly exhausted; the late discoveries of enormous quantities of guano on the mainland, as well as on the Guanapé, Lobas, and Macabé Islands, have somewhat tended to raise the credit of Peru; and in December, 1873, a commission was appointed to inquire into the matter.

The result of their investigations, which were subsequently verified by Captain Cookson, of H.M.S. "Petrel," proved that the amount of guano estimated to exist was nine millions of tons, of the value of £55,000,000; the greater portion of which was considered to be quite as good as that of the Chincha Islands.

From the Chinchas we went to Callao, where we anchored on the 17th of January, 1872.

Callao, the seaport of Lima, is one of the most important places on the Pacific coast; it is capable of accommodating a large number of ships, and there is generally a considerable fleet of shipping loading or discharging in the bay. The harbour is perfectly sheltered by a long spit, which runs out towards the island of Lorenzo, forming a natural breakwater from the heavy swell which breaks incessantly along the shores. Some magnificent docks have lately been constructed to facilitate the loading and unloading of ships trading to the port; these docks, which are justly considered the greatest work of the kind in South America, were constructed by Mr. James Hodges, the eminent engineer who built the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence. To give an idea of the magnitude of this undertaking, I have quoted the following particulars from the *South Pacific Times*, a most ably-conducted journal.

“Mr. James Hodges, representing the contractors, Messrs. Brassey, arrived in Callao in August, 1870, for the purpose of carrying out the contract.

“Upon taking borings, it was found that the foundations instead of being upon gravel, as represented, were upon mud about twenty feet deep; in consequence of this it was necessary to excavate the bed of the bay to the depth of some sixteen feet. The space so excavated was filled up with rubble, stone, and gravel up to within twenty feet of low water mark, thus forming an artificial foundation, upon which the concrete blocks forming the dock walls were built.

“The total length of these walls is 4520 feet; they enclose a space of nearly fifty-two acres, and provide over 5300 feet of berthing accommodation, sufficient for twenty-five to thirty large ships. In addition to the dock a long sea-wall was built, which reclaimed from the shallow waters of the bay about thirteen acres. This space has been drained, formed into streets, and

paved, and it is intended to erect upon it bonded warehouses and stores.

“34,000 concrete blocks, each of which weighed ten tons, were used in the construction of the dock, and the water space enclosed is of the depth of twenty-six feet at low water.

“A parapet wall surrounds the whole of the works on the sea side, and the accommodation has been rendered as complete as upon works of a similar character in any part of the world.”

Callao is a dirty town, and entirely destitute of any system of sewerage, in consequence of which one is often assailed with the foulest odours on landing.

On board ship, even whilst laying at anchor in the bay, one is not altogether free from unpleasant smells, though from a different cause. There is a phenomenon called the “Painter,” known only at Callao and one or two of the neighbouring ports, caused by the escape of sulphuretted hydrogen gas from the bottom of the sea, which taints the air, and covers everything with a chocolate-coloured slime; the water

at the time becomes of a reddish colour: it is said to be not unhealthy. The town is very strongly fortified, many of the forts being armed with 500 lb. Rodman, and 300 lb. Armstrong guns, and the Peruvian fleet is also provided with the latter weapon.

Lima, the capital of Peru, is a fine old town, situated on the river Rimac. Many of the houses are very handsome; they are not generally lofty, on account of the earthquakes, but cover a great deal of ground. The cathedral is a noble pile, and the new Exhibition building is also a very beautiful structure.

The remains of Pizarro, the conqueror of Peru, and the founder of the city, are said to be preserved in the cathedral. A sceptical individual, on being shown the skull of the conqueror, remarked that he had seen it before at another place; but the priest who was exhibiting the relic observed that that must have been his skull when he was a boy, but that this was when he was grown up.

Lima is connected by railway with Callao, its

sea-port, also with Chorillous, a popular watering-place, and with Ancon and Chancay, two small ports to the northward; a line to Pisco, 145 miles to the southward, is also projected.

The greatest undertaking of this kind is the Oroya railway, across the Andes; it is not too much to say that this is the most wonderful railway in the world.

Starting from Callao, the line follows the course of the Rimac valley, rising gradually until at St. Bartolemé, forty-seven miles, it attains a height of nearly 5000 feet. From thence, winding among the gorges and precipices of the mountains, it spans a chasm at Verrugas, by a bridge 700 feet long, the height of the bridge above the water way being 300 feet, after which, piercing the Andes at the enormous altitude of 15,645 feet, the line descends to Oroya the terminus, 12,178 feet above the level of the sea.

This great work is justly considered Mr. Meigg's *chef-d'œuvre*; the object of the rail-

way is to open up the country north of Oroya, a region abounding in mineral wealth, and to connect the head-waters of the Amazon river with the Pacific Ocean.

CHAPTER IV.

WE had been but a few days at Callao, during which time a happy couple had been united in marriage on board the "Reindeer," when a telegram reached us from the Admiralty, ordering me to proceed in the "Reindeer" to Rio de Janeiro, with the marines implicated in the late affair there. This took us all by surprise, as we thought we had heard the last of that business; however, the telegram admitted of no question or delay, and the next day but one saw us off on our long cruise.

Passing through the Boqueron Channel, which separates the Island of Lorenzo from the mainland, we anchored the next morning at Pisco; this place is celebrated for its wine, a kind of

light sherry, and for a fiery spirit which is manufactured there in large quantities, and is much approved of by the Peruvians.

The same evening the captain of the port and another gentleman were coming to dine with me, and happening to meet them on shore I offered them a passage off to the ship in my gig, when to my surprise a third guest, a self-invited one, also made his appearance, evidently intending to do me the honour of dining with me. I was not then aware of the custom of the country for guests to bring their friends with them; however, an accident relieved me of my superfluous acquaintance, for in stepping into the boat he slipped and fell overboard; he was quickly seized and dragged into the boat, but not before he had had a good ducking, and had shipped a cargo of salt water, so he had to go home to change, and I saw no more of him.

We left Pisco the next morning, and stood out to the westward to catch the south-east trade.


A more desolate region can hardly exist than

that portion of the Pacific westward of the coasts of Chili or Peru ; once out of the track of ships, all signs of life vanish, rarely is a sail sighted, and for weeks together not a fish or a bird are to be seen ; and it is only when approaching the land again that the latter reappear, as though to welcome one to their habitations.

On the evening of the 15th of February we passed close to Mas-a-fuera, a desolate and uninhabited island, and at daylight the following morning the rugged and fantastic peaks of Juan Fernandez were in sight.

The appearance of this celebrated island is extremely picturesque ; lofty mountains tower up in every variety of form ; on a closer inspection these are seen to be thickly wooded to their summits, while lovely glens lay embosomed at their feet.

On the southern or weathermost side of the island the land slopes gradually to the sea ; on the northern side the precipices in some places go sheer down many hundreds of feet to the beach.



The anchorage, called Cumberland Bay, but in reality a mere indenture in the coast, is on this side, and here we found H.M.S. "Scylla" at anchor. From Captain Boxer, who commanded her, we learnt that our orders to proceed to Rio had been countermanded. We heard from the officers of the "Scylla" that there was first-rate sea-fishing to be had, but that on the island the goats, though numerous, were very wild and difficult to approach. Having a few hours to spare the afternoon of our arrival, I started in the gig in search of them. Following the coast-line to the eastward, we had not gone above a couple of miles before we saw some goats feeding in a hollow with precipices on all sides, so that it seemed wonderful how they ever got there, and difficult for them to escape. They appeared not to notice the boat, and allowed us to approach to about 100 yards, when a ball from my gun rolled one over: the others bolted in different directions, but not before a second had shared the fate of its mate, and came tumbling down the rocks with a ball

through the shoulder. Firing at a third we noticed it to stop suddenly, turn round and bound along at an incredible rate, considering the nature of the ground ; having secured the two dead goats we followed as fast as possible in the direction of the third, which we thought was wounded. After scrambling along the beach, climbing huge boulders and seeing nothing of it, we concluded that it must have escaped, when we came upon the animal lying down, with the blood streaming from a wound in the head. It sprung up and bolted, giving me only a stern shot with apparently no result ; however by following it up we at length caught and despatched it. The first ball had cut a deep groove across the forehead, and the other had raked it lengthways, or, as we say, "Fore and aft." The vitality of these animals is extraordinary, and I can quite credit what I heard of one having nearly escaped with seven rifle-balls in his body.

The next morning I started up the mountains on foot, accompanied by one of the officers and

my coxswain and steward, in hopes of getting an old billy goat. We had seen some fine specimens the previous evening, standing on the very brink of the precipice, many hundred feet above us and watching us with much curiosity; some of these must have been regular patriarchs, judging by their long grey beards and fine horns.

We had not gone far before we heard the most frightful yells and shouts for assistance; on going back we found my steward hanging over a precipice, and nearly exhausted. Having relieved him from his unpleasant position, we climbed up the mountain, and in about forty-five minutes had the satisfaction of reaching the top.

From this elevation we had a fine panoramic view of the whole island, with its hills and valleys spread out at our feet: far below us the two ships lay peacefully at their anchors in the bay, looking like toy boats floating in a pond.

With our glasses we could see some goats feeding on the opposite side of a ravine, so

having recovered our wind we started in pursuit. It took us nearly an hour to cross the ravine and climb the opposite side, but when we reached the spot where the goats had been feeding they were no longer in sight; these animals being gifted with an acute sense of smell and vision, had probably either seen or winded us, and taking the hint had decamped.

My coxswain now joined us from reconnoitering a neighbouring height, with the report that a herd of goats were feeding not far off, and they "look as big as donkeys," he added. Cautiously following in that direction we soon spied the herd, which certainly were as big as donkeys, being no other than those noble animals, a few of which run wild on the island. As there were no goats in sight we amused ourselves stalking the donkeys for practice; we got close up to them unobserved, and having watched them for some time, fired a shot over their heads, when they scampered down the valley.

Soon afterwards my steward, whilst lighting



his pipe, accidentally set fire to the dry grass ; in a moment the whole place was in a blaze, and the flames spread so rapidly that we had to hasten down the valley and take refuge in a wood. Upon emerging from this wood on the opposite side from which the flames were approaching, we caught sight of a small herd of goats, led by one fine old ram ; they galloped off on seeing us, and made towards the cliffs, where they have paths where no man could follow them.

By running to cut them off I reached the edge of the cliff just in time to see the old fellow leading his flock along a narrow path below me : a lucky snap shot sent a ball through his head, and tumbled him over the precipice to the beach, many hundred feet below. We were unable to see the spot where he had fallen, but some of our people were fishing not far from the place, and hearing the shot, and seeing what had happened, they landed and secured the goat. He proved to be a fine old fellow with grey beard and long horns, which latter, strange

to say, were not damaged, although every bone in his body was broken. Meanwhile the fire had extended down the mountain side, crossed the valley and swept over an extent of ground fully a mile square, destroying everything in its course, and making an awful noise: the path by which we had ascended in the morning was intercepted by the flames, and we had to find our way down by another way. In the evening two officers returned from a hunting expedition; they had ridden many miles beyond where we had been, and had killed three fine old rams, with which they were returning, when they were horrified to find their retreat cut off by the fire. The path was completely obliterated, and it was getting dark and almost impossible for them to find their way, when most fortunately they hit upon a trail which brought them to the settlement.

The following day we made an expedition to the top of a hill, called Selkirk's look-out, where Alexander Selkirk used regularly to watch for passing vessels. A sharp climb took us to the

top, from whence we had a glorious view of both sides of the island and of the adjacent island of Santa Clara.

The man in charge of the settlement told us that there were nearly 1000 goats on Santa Clara, that there was no water on the island, and that the goats came down to the beach and drank the salt water. I suspect, however, that they find sufficient for their wants in the dew, and such water as may collect in the hollows of the rocks during the rainy season. On our return to the settlement the overseer, a Chileno, complained that the fire had burnt a quantity of stacked wood, and destroyed property to the amount of several thousand dollars.

This we knew could not be the case, as we had seen this wood and knew that the fire had not gone within a mile of it; however, Captain Boxer wisely decided to see the extent of the damage for himself.

The next morning, taking the Chileno (native of Chili) as a guide, we rode all over the ground which had been traversed by the fire, the stacked

wood had not been touched, and the man was obliged to admit that no damage had been done, in fact the dry grass and underwood only had been burnt, which would improve the crops for another year.

The man seemed satisfied, and we dismissed him with a few trifling presents. It was most fortunate that we took the precaution of personally investigating the matter, as otherwise heavy damages might have been obtained, for on the departure of the "Reindeer" for Valparaiso, this same rascal asked if two of his men might be given a passage to that port. The request was readily granted, and the men were fed, taken care of, and in due time landed; they proved to be the bearers of letters to their master, Señor Lopes, who forthwith brought a claim against us for damages done to the island, which he rents from the Chilian government.

I attended at the English Consulate at Valparaiso on several occasions, on purpose to meet Mr. Lopes by appointment; he, however, found it more convenient not to appear, but on the

departure of the ship he inundated our worthy consul, Mr. Drummond Hay, with a voluminous correspondence on the subject, the result of which I apprehend has been rather to fill the consular waste-paper basket than his own pockets.

The morning of our departure from Juan Fernandez we paid a visit to Selkirk's cave, about three miles south-west from the anchorage, where we found much to interest us: the place bore unmistakeable traces of having been inhabited for some time, and there is no doubt that Selkirk lived there during his residence on the island.

As his story may not be familiar to all, I will repeat it:—


In the year 1709 Captain Rogers touched at the island, and found Alexander Selkirk living on it, having been landed upwards of four years before from the ship "Cinque Ports:" curiously enough Dampier was both in that ship and in the one which afterwards took him off. Selkirk subsequently related his adventures to Defoe,

who from them framed the romance of Robinson Crusoe.

Juan Fernandez is one of the most beautiful islands in the Pacific: it was discovered by a Spaniard of that name in the year 1563, and the goats which abound in such numbers were then introduced. The island was afterwards used by Lord Anson to recruit his scurvy-stricken crew, and subsequently as a convict settlement by the Chilian government. A few people only live there now to look after the interests of Señor Lopes, and to supply the whalers, which occasionally call, with water and provisions.

The climate is delightful, though somewhat moist, and owing to the high land very heavy squalls are of common occurrence; the anchorage is safe except during the season for Northerners at Valparaiso, and ships lie within a cable's length of the beach.

There is first-rate sea-fishing in the bay and neighbourhood, and any quantity of cray-fish can be caught. On shore there are many kinds



of wild fruit-trees, ferns, and wild flowers, and quiet dells, the haunt of the humming-bird and the turtle-dove.

Altogether it is a delightful and romantic island, and it was with much regret that we took our departure.

The distance from the island to Valparaiso is 360 miles, which may be done in thirty-six hours, as the wind blows pretty regularly from the south-west, a fair wind for that port. We were not so fortunate, however, as it happened to be the season for light and variable winds. Two days before we reached our destination, we sighted the range of the Andes at the amazing distance of 180 miles. This seems incredible, but is not so astonishing when the height of the mountains, some of them over 20,000 feet, and the clearness of the atmosphere are considered. The sun rising behind the range afforded us this splendid sight, but, as the orb rose higher in the heavens, it gradually faded from our view.

We arrived at Valparaiso on the 24th of

February, in time for the shooting season, which opens on the 1st of March, corresponding with the 1st of September at home. Few sportsmen go out till after the rains, as the heat is very great, and there is no scent or water for the dogs; but naval officers cannot afford to be so particular, and must take their chance when it comes, provided of course that it is the proper season.

On the 2nd of March I took the train to Llaillai, about half way to Santiago, accompanied by O——, one of our officers, and a first-rate shot and sportsman.

Putting up at the hotel for the night, we started the next day at daylight, and worked round some neighbouring hills; it was pleasant enough till about nine o'clock, when the heat became terrible; however, by working hard we made a fair bag, and returned to the hotel at dark, with fourteen brace of partridges and a few pigeons. These partridges are fine birds, they look larger than our English ones, but are not so in reality. I weighed several, and found

them to average one pound each, which corresponds with our birds; they have little or no tail, their beaks are longer than the English bird, and they are difficult to flush without a dog, preferring to run; and when they rise they generally do so singly, presenting an easy shot. We met with the greatest civility from the native proprietors on whose land we were shooting, especially when they found we were English naval officers shooting for sport and not for the pot.

On the 4th of March we sailed for Quintero, where the "Scylla" was refitting; the distance is twenty miles, which we accomplished in a couple of hours under sail, and after a short stay there returned to Valparaiso for a ball given by the merchants to the Intendente.

During the remainder of our stay at Valparaiso I made several shooting expeditions to Llaillai and other places, invariably meeting with civility from the hospitable Chilenos, and making fair bags considering the season, and

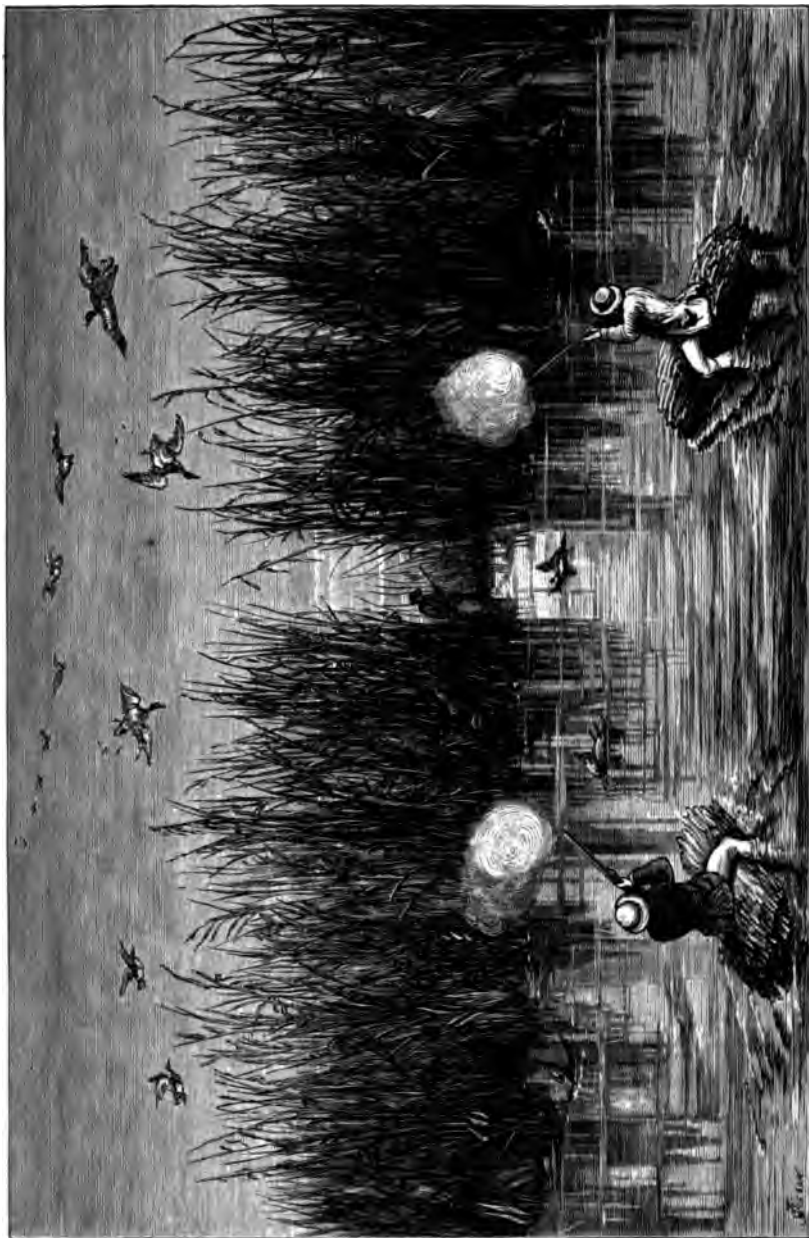
that I had no dogs. The shooting is, I believe, much better when the weather gets cooler, and the bag is more varied, as wild geese, ducks, snipes, &c., arrive in the country.

Our stay in Chilian waters was the more agreeable from the kindness and attention we received from the officers of the United States ship "California," a fine frigate, bearing the flag of Admiral Winslow of "Kearsage" renown: the gallant Admiral was accompanied by his wife and daughter.

We sailed from Valparaiso on the 30th of March, and touching at Islay anchored once more in Callao harbour on the 10th of April, whither the "California" followed us in a few days. Going on board to pay my respects to Admiral Winslow, the flag captain received me at the gangway, at the same time offering to relieve me of my sword as the weather was rather hot. I handed it to him, when he remarked in fun that it was the first time an English officer's sword had been delivered up to him. I turned the joke against him, however,

soon afterwards, for going ashore together in the "California's" boat we had occasion to go under an arch which would have broken the ensign staff had I not unshipped it, and turning to the captain remarked, "and this is the first time I have had the honour of hauling down the American flag." A few days after this we sailed for Changay, to recover a boat which had been stolen from H.M.S. "Fawn:" Dr. Hutchinson, H.B.M. Consul, accompanied me. We reached Ancon the same evening, and having paid our respects to President Balta, who happened to be staying there, we went on to Changay. This place is a very bad anchorage; so having recovered the boat, we returned to Ancon, and remained there a few days to give our men a run on shore.

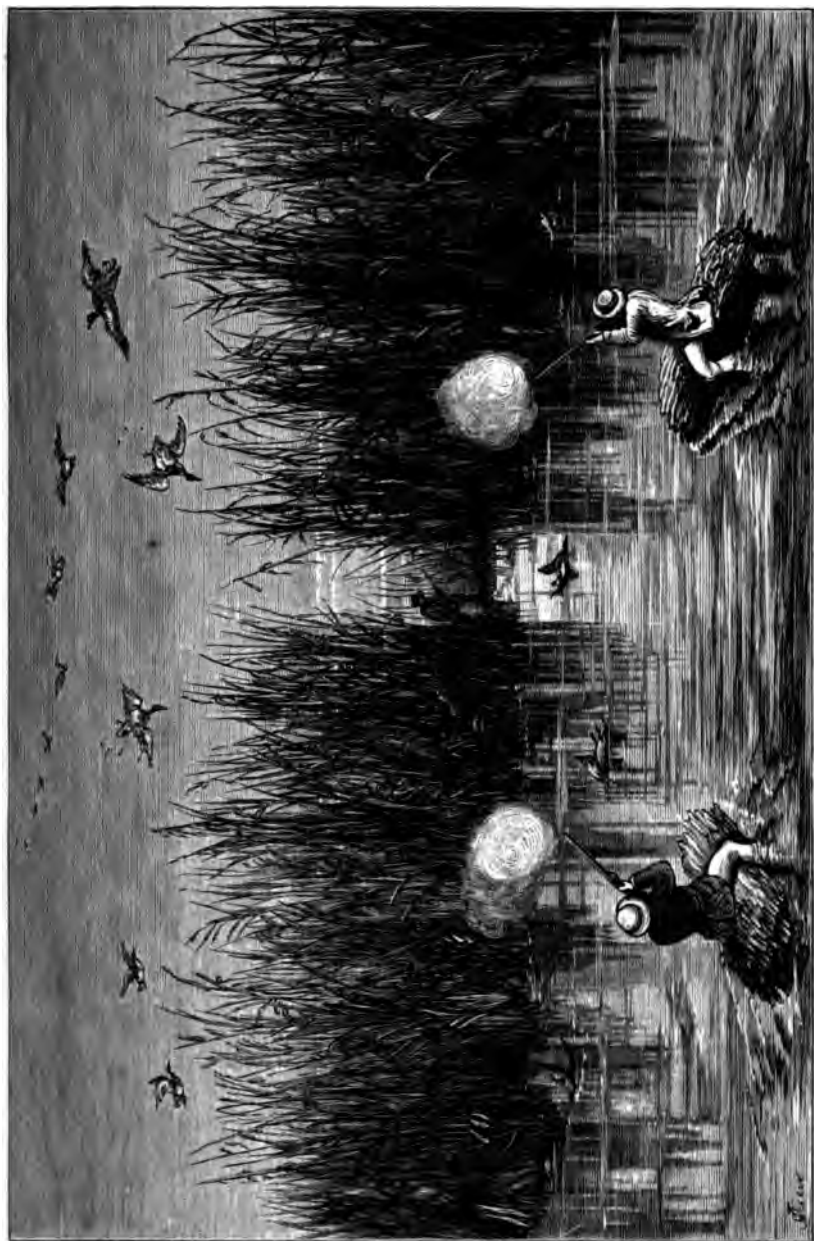
Ancon is a very snug little harbour, and the beach is well adapted for hauling the seine; we also had some good sea fishing with rod and line, the bonita and albacore giving as much sport as a salmon. There is a little shooting at a marsh between Ancon and Callao, but the ducks are



DUCK-SHOOTING NEAR HUACHO, PERU.

wild from being constantly disturbed by professional sportsmen. Returning to Callao to meet the mail, we sailed again to visit some small ports to the northward, and after a pleasant run down the coast anchored at Huacho, a wretched place and a bad anchorage. There is some sport to be got at a place called San Lorenzo; but the best shooting is at a lagoon about fifteen miles from the port.

I rode over to this place accompanied by two of the officers, and guided by a native; there were plenty of ducks in the lagoon, but it seemed impossible to get at them, owing to the immense height of the reeds, which were from fifteen to twenty feet high. It seemed as though we should return empty-handed; we could see the ducks swimming about in open spaces in the middle, out of reach of our guns: at length we hit upon a plan which succeeded. Cutting down several bundles of reeds we made them into a couple of rafts, or *bolsas* as they are called, and sitting astride of them, one on each, we paddled out into deep water and had some



DUCK-SHOOTING NEAR HUACHO, PERU.

very pretty shooting, as the ducks and teal kept flying overhead. In this way we made a very fair bag, and lost as many more, which fell into the rushes, and could not be retrieved. For this style of shooting a breech-loader is indispensable, and my companion who had only a muzzle-loader was soon placed *hors de combat*. On our way back we killed some doves which abounded in the neighbourhood, and also several couple of jack-snipe; so numerous were the latter that we bagged fourteen out of a wisp of them, with four barrels. Our birds proved most acceptable, for on our return to Huacho, we found that heavy rollers had set in, rendering communication with the ship impossible; and we were detained on shore for two days until the sea subsided. The hotel where we put up was totally unprovided with food, so we set to work, plucked and cooked our game and made an excellent pie.

The native boatmen refused to go off for love or money; my gig was capsized in the surf and lost her anchor, which was recovered

covered by one of the boatmen ; the man, however, refused to give it up, except for more money than it was worth, but the captain of the port gave him a sound flogging instead, and returned the anchor.

On May the 12th we sailed for Supé, where we arrived the same day; to all appearance both this port and Huacho are perfectly safe, and in fine weather they are so, but the anchorages are open, the ground foul, and rollers set in without the slightest warning or apparent cause; the wind has nothing whatever to do with it, but we noticed that the rollers were more likely to appear at full and change of the moon.

At such times it is better for ships to avoid these ports, or, if they be in them, to have steam handy, and put to sea at the first warning. On these occasions a very heavy sea rolls in, and the mail steamers remain outside, communication being kept up by surf boats or *bolsas*, which cannot well be capsized; even then accidents sometimes occur. At Supé the shooting is excellent; there is a large marsh quite close to

the anchorage, in which, during one day and part of another, I bagged thirty-six ducks and teal, besides several kinds of waders. It is very hard work, and there are some dangerous holes in the swamp, in one of which my coxswain nearly disappeared; I was unable to go to his assistance at the moment, from being in the same predicament myself.

The land near Supé belongs to a wealthy Peruvian gentleman, Don Domingo Loas, who sent us a most cordial invitation to breakfast at his *hacienda*. We afterwards visited his sugar and cotton factories, which are worked entirely by Chinese coolies, many hundreds of whom are employed on the estate. Much has been said and written about the atrocities of the coolie traffic from Macao to Peru; doubtless there is some truth in it, and also a great deal of exaggeration. The condition of the coolie depends very much into whose hands he may fall on his arrival; in some cases I fear they are badly treated, but in general I believe they are as well off or better than in their own country. It is

well known that the men who are brought over are selected from the lowest class, they are no better than slaves in China; whereas in Peru many of them become domestic servants, and in some cases they have acquired considerable wealth, and are doing business on their own account.

It is necessary for Peru, which is very thinly populated, to seek elsewhere for labour, and China, with its superabundant population, is naturally the country to apply to; but there is no reason why these emigrants should not be brought over of their own free will, and not smuggled as they undoubtedly sometimes are. As for the horrors of the "slave-ship," I fancy they have been very much overstated. During our stay at Callao several of these coolie ships arrived, and I went on board one of them, a beautiful clipper called the "Camilla Cavour," on her arrival with a cargo of coolies from Macao, ostensibly to buy cigars, but in reality to judge for myself on this subject. The captain, who was justly proud of his craft, showed me all

over the ship. She was beautifully clean, and the coolies seemed happy and contented, laughing and talking amongst themselves, not at all as though they had been smuggled on board or forced from their homes ; only one death had occurred on the passage.

No doubt the late mission to China with especial reference to this traffic will be of great benefit, both to Peru and to the Chinese emigrant : the object of the treaty which has been concluded is :—

“Firstly, that the emigrants should leave China direct for Peru, instead of by way of Macao, as heretofore.”

“Secondly, that they should leave of their own free will, so that they may dispose of their services as they please,” and,

“Lastly, that they should leave with the full sanction of their Government, so that they may count on its protection.”

To insure the first of these objects the Peruvian Government has offered to subsidize and support any steam-ship company which will

organize and establish a direct line of steamers between China and Peru.

On the 24th of May we gave a ball on board the "Reindeer" in honour of Her Majesty's birthday: the ship was gaily dressed for the occasion, all the *élite* of Lima and Callao were present, and dancing was kept up for several hours, the fine band of the Peruvian ironclad "Independencia" being lent for the occasion.

In the midst of the festivities, the American surveying vessel "Hassler" arrived, having on board the illustrious Professor Agassiz.

On the 28th Mr. Meiggs invited the professor to an excursion up the Oroya railway, and a party of ladies and gentlemen were included in the invitation. A special train, consisting of two saloon carriages and a refreshment car, was provided for the occasion. Starting from Lima at nine a.m. we arrived at St. Bartolemé in about two hours, where we stopped for luncheon. After due justice had been done to a magnificent repast we proceeded about two miles further to Surco, a part of the line which had never been

traversed before, and where we attained an elevation of 5350 feet, or more than a mile high. After a short stay here we returned to Lima, much pleased with our excursion and the liberality of our host. The scenery throughout was of the grandest description.

A few days afterwards a party of us met on board the "Hassler," at the invitation of Monsieur Agassiz, for a trip to Ancon, and whilst there an expedition was made to some neighbouring *huacos*, or Indian burial-grounds; some hundreds of skulls were collected, and brought on board for transmission to a college in America. These relics may possibly prove of much interest to the distinguished members of the Anthropological Society, but to me it seemed a ghastly and disgusting cargo.

The "Hassler" was to leave for the north the next day, and the professor was desirous of procuring a kind of fish called the pec-a-rey, found only in the Rimac river; so I undertook to obtain some for him. Taking our seine and a party of men, I landed at daylight and had

two or three hauls in the river, securing some fine specimens, with which one of the men was returning to Callao, when he was met by Doctor R——, a keen fisherman. The doctor's disgust may be well imagined when he saw the fish, and heard that we had been dragging some of his favourite pools, nor was he pacified when told that it was in the cause of science. The worthy professor's delight at his prize was worth anything, and as the doctor and I had many a day's fishing together in the river afterwards, I do not think the netting did much damage.

The pec-a-rey, though a voracious fish, will not take a fly: they take a bait readily, also the artificial minnow. There are myriads of tiny fish in the Rimac which take a fly as fast as you can throw it, and these little fellows make an excellent bait for the pec-a-rey. On one occasion we took seven brace one evening; they average about three quarters of a pound, and run up to one pound and a half, and are game fish, giving good sport, but are not much good for the table.

The neighbourhood of the Rimac is not considered altogether safe, and people have been robbed and occasionally murdered there; so it is as well to carry a revolver with one. There is little or no shooting in the immediate neighbourhood of Callao; there is a likely-looking swamp near Chorillons, but it is so much shot over by professionals as to be not worth visiting.


During our stay at Callao, the president, Balta, paid a visit to the "Reindeer," and was received with the honours due to his rank, including a salute of twenty-one guns. This visit was regarded as a special compliment, as it is not customary for one of his Excellency's position to visit a ship of the "Reindeer's" size. It was also of especial interest, as it proved to be the last time the president was destined to go afloat. Our time, meanwhile, passed pleasantly by, enjoying the hospitality of our friends on shore; dances, dinner parties, and picnics succeeded each other, varied occasionally by the attractions of the opera or bull-fight,

according to taste; when our gaieties were cut short by an order from Admiral Farquhar to meet him at Arica on the 20th of June.

Leaving Callao on the 10th we reached our rendezvous on the 19th, and on the 22nd the Admiral arrived in the mail steamer, and shifted his flag to the "Reindeer."

The next day I accompanied him to Tacna, where we were hospitably entertained, and passed three days very pleasantly, when we returned to the ship, and proceeded in her to Islay. Whilst there a party of us rode over to Mollendo, a miserable place with a very pretentious railway station, the terminus of the Arequipa railroad. Several fine clipper ships were at anchor in the roads; one of them, the "Champion of the Seas," was bound for Callao, and as we were also going there we looked forward to a race with this celebrated ship.

We left Islay the next afternoon, and the "Champion" sailed about the same time from Mollendo; at eight p.m. we were bowling off twelve knots an hour under every stitch of



canvas, and by noon the following day we had scored 252 miles since three p.m. the day before: the clipper was nowhere in sight. Our prospects of making a quick run were, however, ruined by the wind falling light, and the morning of the 5th July we were becalmed within sight of our port. Whilst steaming up for the anchorage we observed an American barque drifting into Chorillons Bay and showing signals of distress; so taking her in tow we gave her an offing, and running through the Boqueron Channel reached Callao soon after dark.

The "Champion" came in the next morning, and her skipper was not a little disappointed to find us in before him, though, of course, it was not a fair beating.

The American barque which we had assisted also arrived, and her captain came on board to thank us. The poor fellow was greatly relieved, and somewhat surprised to find that there was nothing to pay.

The admiral took up his quarters at the house of Mr. Petrie, the manager of the Pacific

Steam Navigation Company, and the next few days were devoted to festivities, all Callao being desirous of doing honour to our popular Commander-in-Chief.

On the 18th of July the admiral and his secretary embarked on board the mail steamer "Araucania," one of the magnificent fleet belonging to the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, to rejoin his flag-ship at Coquimbo. The estimation in which he was held by the residents in Callao may be gathered from the following extract from the *South Pacific Times* :—

"From our harbour, in the P.S.N. Co. ship *Araucania*,' on the 18th inst., departed one, who has during a short official visit contrived by means innate to himself to leave an impression not easily eradicated from the minds of all who have had the good fortune to call upon or be presented to the British Commander-in-Chief. If kindness of heart, amiability, intellect, and the social requirements of a gentleman, coupling the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*, as especial qualifications for an officer of responsi-

bility, ever existed in one individual, they are to be found in Admiral Farquhar. During his short stay in his temporary flag-ship the 'Reindeer,' he has endeared himself to the circles amongst whom he moved, and the just appreciation of the representative of the greatest naval power has been evidenced by the way in which all who had an opportunity fêted him.


"On the 'Araucania' passing the 'Reindeer,' the gallant tars of that vessel manned the rigging and cheered as lustily as Jack knows how to cheer."

On the 22nd of July, 1872, or four days after the Admiral's departure, the most disastrous and bloody revolution ever witnessed in Peru broke forth without the slightest warning. I was on the point of stepping into the train for Lima that evening, but seeing the people running to and fro, and shops hurriedly closed, I thought it better to remain and allow the train to go without me.

Rumours soon reached us that a revolution had broken out in Lima, and that President

Balta had been thrown into prison. This turned out to be true, the principals engaged in the transaction being General Tomas Gutierrez and his two brothers, Silvestre and Marceliano; the former issued three bombastic proclamations, to the citizens, the army, and the navy, calling upon them to support him, and proclaiming himself "Dictator" and supreme chief of the republic. The meeting of Congress had already taken place, when, in consequence of these events, the House of Deputies drew up a protest condemning the action of Gutierrez, and declaring him and his accomplices out of the pale of the law.

In Callao the naval commanders met together and unanimously resolved to ignore the Dictator and his Government; the immediate result of their consultation being that the Peruvian fleet, consisting of the "Independencia" and "Huascar," ironclads, the "Apurimac," wooden steam frigate, and the "Chalaca," paddle-wheel steamer, left their moorings in the bay during the night of the 22nd of July, and anchored off



San Lorenzo, out of reach of the batteries at Callao. By this loyal and energetic behaviour Gutierrez was deprived of an arm he greatly relied on; the "Independencia" the next day proceeded to Chilca, a small port to the southward of Callao, where she embarked Señor Don Manuel Pardo, the popular civil candidate for the presidency. One of the first acts of Gutierrez had been to order the arrest of Pardo, but he escaping from Lima made his way across country disguised as a car-driver, and reached the coast in safety.

Gutierrez, having secured the person of the president, endeavoured to induce many of the principal officers of the army to recognize him as their future chief, but to their credit they one and all declined to do so, preferring to resign their commissions instead. In Callao everything remained quiet up to this time, although the shops were closed and business was completely suspended. The Prefect, Don Pedro Balta, brother of the president, gave up his command, and the soldiers usually quartered at Callao

were exchanged for others sent down from Lima, under the command of Silvestre Gutierrez ; but many of these men, who only wanted the opportunity to join the cause of the people who were opposed to the usurper, deserted during the night of the 23rd.

A few stray shots were fired in the streets of Callao the same night. The captain of the port and other officials now sent in their resignations, which did not tend to allay the excitement ; and the foreign merchants consequently formed themselves into a guard for the protection of their property. At this time I thought it advisable to offer H.M.S. "Reindeer" as a refuge for any who might wish to seek the protection of the British flag. In consequence of this many people came on board, amongst them Colonel F. Balta, another brother of the president, who arrived on the morning of the revolution in the mail steamer "Limeña."

Gutierrez being in want of funds to pay his soldiers seized whatever money happened to be in the Mint, and also threatened several Bank

managers with imprisonment unless they advanced him what money he required. An arrangement was therefore made by which the Banks agreed to furnish a loan of \$300,000, the first instalment of \$150,000 being paid down; the balance, owing to subsequent events, was never paid.

On the evening of the 24th of July sharp firing commenced in Lima and in Callao, the soldiers shooting indiscriminately at all they saw. The inhabitants, arming themselves with muskets, cutlasses, and pikes, resisted the soldiers as well as their limited means would allow; the fighting continued all night, several being killed on both sides. On the 25th the city of Lima was placed under martial law, the rails between it and Callao were torn up, the telegraph wires cut, and communication between the two places became impossible. The same night there was heavy firing in Callao, some of the forts being taken by the soldiers and retaken by the people; the civic guard, composed mostly of English gentlemen, behaved with great courage and moderation.

Many of the soldiers having deserted during the night of the 25th, on the following morning Silvestre Gutierrez rode back to Lima for reinforcements, leaving orders to his men to shoot every man, woman, or child they might see; and assuring them that he would return in a few hours, and burn the town of Callao.

He was, however, destined never to return, for whilst at the railway station at Lima he was fired at by the people and killed.

His brother Marceliano, hearing of this occurrence, determined to wreak his vengeance upon the unfortunate president, and calling the officer of the guard, they proceeded to the prison where Balta was confined. Marceliano accused him of being the cause of his brother's death, and fired his revolver at him as he lay upon his couch; the officer of the guard followed his example, and the soldiers completed the work with their bayonets.

Having perpetrated this atrocious murder, Marceliano escorted by a body of soldiers returned to Callao, telling his men that they

should have one hour for cutting throats, and two more for sacking the town.

Most providentially this bloodthirsty villain never lived to carry out his threat, for the same evening, whilst pointing a 300 P^r gun for the destruction of the town, he was killed by a rifle-shot, and soon afterwards the fort fell into the hands of the people.

Whilst these events were taking place we were not altogether idle spectators on board the "Reindeer."

On the evening of the 25th a deputation of gentlemen waited upon me on behalf of the English residents of Callao; they said that all authority and order were at an end, and that the town was at the mercy of an armed and lawless mob, and they requested me to protect them in their difficulties. It was not in my power to assist them to the extent I should have wished without compromising myself, but to give them a feeling of security I landed a few picked men after dark, and distributed them in the houses of the principal residents. These men were

armed with revolvers only, and were supplied with signal rockets to keep up the communication with the ship; their instructions were to confine themselves strictly to the protection of the houses in which they were lodged, and not to interfere in any way with the contending parties.

On the following morning I landed to see how things were going on, and also, if necessary, to escort any who might be desirous of coming on board to the ship. My coxswain accompanied me, carrying the boat's white ensign to show that we were on a peaceful mission. The streets seemed quite deserted, and we traversed them without molestation, until after visiting several houses we reached that of Mr. Grace. This house from being in a very exposed position had been frequently struck with rifle balls, which had pierced the walls in several places: and the guns from the castle, only a few hundred yards distant, were also directed towards it. The ladies of the party were naturally much alarmed, and were desirous of going on board ship; but while

the necessary preparations were being made for their departure sharp firing recommenced between the contending parties, the street in front of the house was raked with rifle shots, several of which also came through the walls and dropped into the rooms, and it became impossible to leave the house. In that country the houses are built of very light materials in consequence of earthquakes, and the walls offer no resistance to a rifle ball. We therefore placed the ladies in an inner room for extra security, until a temporary lull in the firing enabled us to sally forth; when with our colours flying we at length reached the boat, and were soon safely on board.

It was fortunate that we left the house when we did, for on our return, at the restoration of peace, we found that a shell had pierced three of the walls, and had lodged in the very room where the ladies had been sitting.

By the death of Marceliano the safety of Callao was insured, and order was soon re-established. At the same time the news of the death of Tomas Gutierrez was received in Callao

with much rejoicing; the dictator, deserted by his soldiers, retreated to the fort of Santa Catalina, but being attacked there he endeavoured to escape in private clothes: he was speedily recognized, dragged from a shop where he had taken refuge, and slaughtered by the populace. The bodies of the brothers Gutierrez were hung up naked and disfigured from the cathedral towers at Lima, after which they were cut down and publicly burnt in the plaza.

With this closing scene of the drama the Revolution ended as suddenly as it began, and peace and order were restored.

On the return of the "Independencia" to Callao Señor Pardo was received with the greatest enthusiasm, and was at once elected President of the Republic.

CHAPTER V.

Nothing of importance occurred during the remainder of our stay at Callao until we were relieved by the "Fawn" in October.

During the time we had been stationed on the Peruvian coast we had received the greatest kindness and hospitality from the residents both in Lima and Callao, many of whom were especially endeared to us from our having been associated with them during the exciting days of the revolution, and it was with much regret that we now prepared to bid them adieu.

During our long stay in Peruvian waters we had an opportunity of judging of the condition of the country, its climate and resources. The climate is necessarily varied according to the

elevation and geographical position of the places. At Callao it is pleasantly cool in winter, and in summer is not so hot as one would suppose from its position in 12° S.; this is owing to the fact of the sun being almost always obscured.

Between the Andes and the sea coast no rain falls, though this want is partially supplied by a kind of Scotch mist which prevails; in consequence of this absence of rain a great part of the country west of the Andes is little better than a desert, and is destitute of vegetation, but in the valleys and along the banks of rivers sugar, cotton, rice, and maize flourish, and in the hilly parts coffee and tobacco are grown.

Several kinds of wild animals exist in the mountainous regions, the most common being the llama, of which there are four kinds, the alpaca, llama, guanaco, and the vicuña. Perhaps the most valuable of these is the vicuña, on account of its wool: this animal is also used as a beast of burthen, and carries a load of about 100 lbs.

Pumas, jaguars, bears, deer, and also many kinds of smaller animals are to be found in the interior, and the rivers swarm with alligators.

Almost every kind of tropical fruit abounds in Peru; among the most esteemed are the granadilla and the cherymoya.


Although the principal sources of wealth are guano and nitrate, yet sugar, coffee, bark, copper ore, &c., are largely exported. In mineral wealth Peru is inexhaustible, its wealth only requires to be developed, and the country to be opened out, which is being done as fast as possible, for in 1872 there were over 2000 miles of railways either completed or in course of construction.

We sailed from Callao on the 9th of October, 1872, bound for the coast of Mexico, and had been at sea three or four days when, owing to the illness of one of the officers, we put into Payta for the purpose of invaliding him.

This is the most northern port in Peru, it is

a wretched place, without any attraction whatever; but the harbour is a good one, and the anchorage very secure.

Whilst waiting the arrival of the mail steamer I made an expedition to the opposite shores of the bay, accompanied by some of the officers. After being nearly capsized in the surf, on landing, we made our way to a neighbouring village, one of the few remaining inhabited by pure Indians, where we passed the night, and the next morning pushed on to a river twelve miles off. A long and fatiguing walk through heavy sand brought us to the river's bank; several large alligators were basking on the mud, some of which we killed, but in no case did we bag any, as these creatures invariably manage to reach the water, even when mortally wounded. After bagging a number of pigeons and parrots, but seeing no game, we came to a ranch, where we slept, and returned to the ship the following day. The mail steamer having arrived, we took a fresh departure, and after three days of very pleasant



sailing before the S.E. trade wind, we sighted the Galapagos Islands.

These islands are directly upon the equator, and are due west of Ecuador, to which country they belong; the current runs very swiftly past them to the N.W., so it is necessary to be very sure of one's position when steering for them. The first land we made out was Charles Island, the southernmost of the group, on the north side of which there is a good harbour called Post Office Bay, where we anchored.

The same afternoon I landed with the doctor to explore the island; we found the place one mass of cinders and lava, which made it extremely difficult walking. After scrambling about for some time, getting our clothes torn by the dense and thorny jungle, we came across a path which evidently led up to the mountains; but as it was too late to prosecute the search, we returned on board, prepared to follow it up in the morning. During our absence a quantity of excellent fish had been caught, some of which we enjoyed for supper. At sunset we fired a

gun, to attract the notice of any inhabitants who might be on the island, and who would guide us to the settlement which we understood existed in the interior.

At daybreak our party, consisting of the doctor, C—— E——, and myself, accompanied by the sergeant of marines, my coxswain, and two bluejackets, started on our expedition. We were all armed with guns or rifles, and well provided with provisions and water. Striking the trail we had discovered the previous evening, we followed it in single file, and had not gone far when we met two men, one of them on horseback, with a pack of dogs, coming to meet us; they had seen the ship coming in the day before, and had also heard our gun.

The principal man introduced himself in broken English as the commandant of the island, Colonel M. Zerda by name; he was poorly dressed, and seemed in bad health, but was evidently delighted to see us, as a visitor in this out-of-the-way place was a rarity. He

explained to us that the route we had chosen was not the best, the path being bad and the distance great, and advised us to go back and land at another place, called Black Beach Bay, on the west side of the island. We therefore again took to the boat, and pulled round in that direction. On our way we came across shoals of large mullet swimming on the surface of the water, several of which we killed by firing into them. The sea was alive with fish and turtle, and so clear was it that we could see every stone on the bottom, although it was several fathoms deep. Dropping our lines over the side, we immediately caught some immense rock cod, weighing from twenty to thirty pounds each; these fish were quite unsophisticated, and would rush at anything, we even caught some on a bare hook. Having half filled the boat, and being tired of the sport, we signalized to the ship to send another boat, and, having transferred the fish into her, continued on our way. We had a long pull to the landing-place, passing multitudes of seals, penguins, turtle, &c., whilst

an occasional iguana blinked at us from the black scoriæ with which the whole coast was surrounded. All the islands of this group bear unmistakeable marks of fire, and many extinct craters are visible, but only on Albemarle Island is there a volcano in active operation.

Landing abreast of a deserted hut on the beach we started for the interior, the colonel leading the way. The path, gradually ascending, led through the same desolate sort of waste we had traversed the day before, with cinders under foot and thorny jungle around. After an hour's sharp walk we reached a hut, where we rested for a few minutes; from this place the country improved in appearance, trees showed signs of life, and wild flowers grew here and there, and the fresh trade wind made our walk more pleasant. We presently reached a plateau of about 1000 feet high, where the whole style of the country changed, and we emerged from a wilderness into a beautiful park-like country, surrounded by hills and valleys, with trees

IN THE PACIFIC.

laden with fruit, rich grass under our feet, and many varieties of flowers to greet the eye. The temperature also changed in a remarkable degree, in fact we were in a different climate,



THE COLONEL'S HUT.

and it seemed difficult to believe that we were in the same island.

We at length reached the settlement, consisting merely of two or three huts, into one of which, the colonel's own abode, we were heartily welcomed, and refreshed with coffee, whilst a couple of nimble damsels

prepared a more substantial repast. A better site for a settlement could hardly be found; in front of the hut was a pond of good water, on which a flock of wild ducks were disporting themselves; at the back was the colonel's garden, which he showed us with great pride; and where splendid potatoes, lettuces, maize, bananas, oranges, lemons, coffee, and tobacco all flourished in profusion.

In answer to our eager inquiries as to the chances of sport, we were assured that there were plenty of wild cattle, pigs, and goats, and whilst we were resting after our long walk we saw some of the cattle browsing on the hill-sides and shading themselves in the neighbouring woods.

After our repast, I despatched the sergeant and two bluejackets to give an account of a cow which we saw not far off, but they presently returned, after firing several unsuccessful shots. The colonel told us that towards evening the beasts would come down to the pool to drink, and at night they fed close to his hut, and

sometimes broke into the garden; as it was now four p.m., and the rest of the cattle had taken alarm at the firing, we went in search of others. We presently came across a bull and cow, but they made off before we could get a shot at them; we then separated so as to circumvent a herd of cattle which we saw in a valley near at hand, one party going round to stalk them, whilst the rest of us posted ourselves in the track we supposed they would take on being alarmed. From our position we had a good view of the stalk, we could see the other party creeping in on the cattle. Presently a rifle-shot rang out sharp and clear, then another, and away scampered the herd, leaving one beast on the ground and another wounded; the first rose again, but dropped to a second shot, the other got away, and the whole herd galloped off without giving us a chance. On joining the others we found they had killed a fine young bull; it was now getting late, so we retraced our steps to the settlement. There was just light enough remaining to go to the pool after

the ducks, seven of which I bagged in as many minutes.

After a hearty supper of beef and potatoes washed down with grog, we wished the colonel good-night, and prepared to turn in; but we had hardly finished our cigars, when he rushed into the hut in a great state of excitement, flourishing the stock of a revolver over his head. He was followed by the two girls, who were crying bitterly; from what we could gather it appeared that on the way to their sleeping hut they had met a man with whom the colonel was on bad terms; this ruffian had expressed his intention of killing his master the first opportunity. The colonel seeing the man approaching him with a knife in his hand, wisely took the initiative and broke his revolver over his head. This blow caused the six barrels to explode simultaneously, and the man fell, as they supposed, dead. It was difficult to make head or tail of the story, as the two girls were screaming in Spanish, and the colonel swearing in broken English; but as far as we could make

out some one had been killed, so we sallied out with a lantern to look for the body; we could see nothing, however, so we concluded that the Indian's skull had been proof against a blow which would have brained any ordinary mortal. Order being at last restored, we retired again to our respective huts: we were soon aware, from sundry noises outside, that a beast of some sort was feeding within a few yards of us; cautiously stealing out with our rifles ready, we peered into the darkness. which was so intense that we could see nothing, although we could hear an animal breathing and cropping the grass within five yards of us. At last the brute either saw or winded us, and with a loud snort bolted; the sergeant fired, and declared he hit it, when we once more retired to rest. We were disturbed in this way several times during the night, but nothing came of it as darkness favoured the animals; at daylight we found, by their tracks, that the cattle had been feeding all round the hut.

We were all astir as soon as we could see,

and after a cup of coffee formed ourselves into three parties and started for the hills: the sergeant and my coxswain accompanied me. The morning was cold and raw, with a thick fog and rain, which soon wetted us to the skin. We went cautiously along, examining every yard before us, as we expected to come upon the cattle at any moment. After crossing a well-timbered valley, and mounting the opposite hill, we heard the lowing of beasts below us; presently we heard shouts from the hill-side abreast of us, and then several rifle-shots, a ball from one of them coming unpleasantly close to us: the sergeant now said he saw the animals, and rushed forward to get a shot, calling to me to come also. I could, however, hear the crashing of boughs beneath where I stood, and judging that the beasts were coming my way I stood still and kept a sharp look-out below.


It was an exciting moment, for though we could see nothing, it was evident from the crashing of timber that the beasts were close by; we were standing on the slope of a hill

covered with tangled brushwood and small rotten trees, none of which would bear a man's weight. I had my double-barrelled smooth-bore loaded with ball, and my coxswain stood behind me with a Winchester repeating rifle as a reserve.

Presently I espied a fine brindled bull coming up the hill, not forty yards off: getting a good sight of him through the trees, I gave him a ball behind the shoulder; he dropped instantly on his knees, but was quickly up again, looking round for his enemy, when a second ball crashed through his ribs, and he rolled over never to rise again. I had hardly reloaded when an immense black bull came in sight, and received a ball in the shoulder, which dropped him in his tracks; he was succeeded by two others, at both of which I fired, but with what success I could not tell, as they turned and charged down the hill, and were lost to sight. Reloading my gun, a snap-actioned breechloader (Powell), we went up to where the first bull was lying dead; we were about to "*gralloch*" him, and Ricketts,

my coxswain, had put down the rifle for that purpose, when he suddenly called out, "Look out, sir ! here comes the other." I turned round in time to see the black bull which I had wounded, and thought was dead, in the act of charging, not more than ten yards off ; he was in truth a desperate-looking brute, as he came at us head down, the blood pouring from his side ; he had seen us for the first time, and gave a grunt of satisfaction as he charged ; a ball between the eyes at point-blank range, however, stopped him, and the huge beast rolled over dead, almost at my feet.

We now hailed the party in the valley to come and help us, as we had more than we could manage ; this brought up a couple of bluejackets, with whose assistance we dragged the two bulls down the hill, where we found a third beast, also a bull, lying. It seems there had been five of them in the valley, one of which had been killed by E——'s party, and the other four came up to me, as already described. There was considerable argument as



to who killed this beast, several laying claim to having given him the *coup de grâce*; the sergeant vowed that he had shot it in the act of charging, but this statement must be taken *cum grano salis*, seeing that the beast was hit in the stern; it was even reported that the sergeant had been seen to fire into the carcase after it was dead: be that as it may, we had killed three bulls before breakfast, not a bad bag.

We were now joined by the doctor, who also had some adventures to relate; he had made a brilliant stalk to within about fifty yards of a bull and cow without being observed by them. Taking a careful rest in the fork of a tree, up which he was prepared to mount in case of accidents, he took aim at the bull; but alas! as he was about to fire, the ball rolled out of the muzzle, and fell harmlessly to the ground; the bull took the hint and skedaddled.

It was now eight a.m., so we adjourned to the hut for breakfast; some ducks had meanwhile returned to the pond, out of which I bagged five. These birds were a large and hand-

some kind of teal, with red beaks, and bronze green on the wings ; they were excellent eating ; the colonel said that they came in such quantities during the winter that he had killed them with a stick.

We were glad of a spell after our exertions, and enjoyed our coffee and cigars, both of them the produce of the place, whilst the colonel entertained us with an account of his life on the island. From what he told us we concluded that he was a political refugee from Guayaquil, his native town ; and being compelled to leave his country he accepted the post of governor of these islands, acting in the interest of Señor Valdesan, who rented them from the Government of Ecuador. Mr. Valdesan paid an annual rent of 4000 dollars, a mere nominal sum when the value of the land is considered. The principal source of profit is the orchilla weed, from which a beautiful dye is made, and which grows abundantly on the shores of all the islands in this group.


The colonel, who had no remuneration for



his services, complained bitterly of the loneliness of his life, and of his need of more assistance. He had only six men under him, of whom three were sick, one having been lamed by a bull, and of the other three one was the rascal I have already mentioned, whose presence on the island was a constant source of peril to the poor old colonel. He assured us that one or the other must be dead in a day or two, as the fellow had sworn to stab him, and now that his revolver was broken he would be placed at a disadvantage. He begged me to take the man off the island and land him elsewhere. This, of course, I was not prepared to do, but we gladdened his heart by telling him that his pistol should be repaired, and a pair of handcuffs be given him, and we advised him to lose no time in placing his unruly subject *hors de combat*. After breakfast we sent a party to cut up the meat, preparatory to sending it down to the ship on donkeys. In the meantime C—— returned from an unsuccessful hunt after cattle; he had come across a herd,

but in the excitement of stalking them his rifle went off, and so did the beasts.

Having rested and refreshed ourselves, E—— and I, after taking a turn round, to see how the men were getting on with the carcasses, and giving directions for preserving the heads, struck into a thick wood, on the chance of getting a shot at a bull. We had not gone far before a red bull, which had been lying down, sprang up within twenty-five yards of us, and, after running a short distance, turned and stood at bay, as though contemplating a charge, and giving E—— a point-blank shot at his head. No result followed the shot, beyond the speedy retreat of the bull; perhaps it was just as well he did so, for had he charged us in such a place, surrounded as we were by dense jungle, which would have retarded our escape, though it would have offered no obstacle to a heavy beast, we must have either killed him or he one of us. On our return to the hut we sent the meat down to the ship, and the Doctor and C——, with two bluejackets, also




returned on board, leaving E—— and myself with the sergeant and the others to continue the campaign.

Towards evening the cattle began roaring all around, but declined to come out into the open, on account of the reception they had met with already; so, after waiting for them till nearly dark, I went down to the pool and bagged three and a half brace of teal. The natives seemed greatly astonished at seeing birds killed on the wing; and they greeted each shot with shouts of "Caramba." At night the women retired to their own hut, but the colonel preferred to stay with us; he slept in a grass hammock, with three dogs on the top of him; one, a fawn-coloured mastiff named Boxer, weighing about half a hundredweight, lay across his stomach, a white bull terrier on his chest, and a mongrel on his feet; he said they served to protect him, as no doubt they did. During the night we were constantly disturbed by the cattle which were feeding close by, but it was too dark to see to shoot them; the sergeant fired at one by

the water, and, supposing him to be wounded, gave chase. It was just beginning to get light, and with my night-glasses I could distinguish the beast galloping away with the sergeant and a bluejacket in full chase. Presently the gunner's mate, who had remained with me, reported two fine bulls coming across the open, and requested leave to fire on them, at the same time dropping on the knee in the most approved fashion. I told him to hold on until I had examined them with the glasses; they turned out to be the sergeant and his companion returning from their fruitless chase.

By daybreak we were ready for a start, and fortified against the wet morning with strong coffee and bread, the sergeant and another went after cattle, whilst I took another direction, accompanied by Ricketts, in search of pigs. A native armed with a spear came with us as guide.

We walked from daylight until ten o'clock without seeing a single pig, although their tracks were everywhere to be seen, and we had good dogs, but we came across numbers of



cattle, some of which plunged into the thicket, others stopped in the open to take a look at us. I could easily have killed several of them, but did not care to do so, as we should have had some difficulty in getting the meat back to the hut, and we had already as much as we required. We also saw a herd of wild asses, and our guide said there were horses and goats, besides domestic fowls wild on the island, but we worked hard in a drenching rain for several hours, and saw none of them, and we were at length obliged to return to the hut, as we had a long walk to the boat the same afternoon. The colonel told us that the year before our visit there had been a great drought, and that about a thousand head of cattle died; he estimated the remainder at about two thousand. His men usually killed one a week for their own use; their plan was to wait at the water where they came to drink; this custom, though a tolerably sure one, is not unattended with danger, for one of the men had been gored to death by a bull which he had wounded, and

another had been pinned by the ankle whilst attempting to climb a tree, and was on the sick list at the time of our visit. These cattle were originally introduced by the Spaniards three or four hundred years ago; their numbers have of course increased enormously since then; they appear not to have assumed any particular shade of colour, but every variety was represented as in the tame sort; in size they were even superior to domestic cattle, which might be accounted for by the excellent pasturage on the island.

The time had now come for us to be off, so collecting our traps we started for the beach, the colonel and the two damsels accompanying us.

We failed to observe any of the terrapin or land tortoise for which these islands used to be so celebrated, and the colonel informed us that they had been taken away by the whalers in such quantities that they were well-nigh exterminated, but that a few were still to be found on some of the islands, more especially on

Albemarle. On our way down to the boat we noticed the tobacco and cotton plant growing wild, and orange, lemon, and mango trees were common enough.

We stopped for a short time at the same hut where we rested on our way up, and where a somewhat stormy interview took place between the colonel and one of his subordinates, the one, I imagine, who had the revolver broken over his head. The colonel chased the latter round the hut with a rifle, trying in vain to get a shot at him, whilst the wretched fellow, who was armed with a knife about two feet long, showed his agility by dodging about the premises to avoid the colonel's aim; the women meanwhile set up a melancholy howl, while we smoked our cigars and watched this ridiculous spectacle. At length, after considerable theatrical display, and a great deal of bad language, the parties were apparently reconciled, and we all started for the boat, which we reached without further adventure. We found the boat's crew comfortably quartered in the

small hut on the beach, where we had landed two days before. The colonel told us that his son had died near this place some time ago, and thrusting his hand into the thatched roof of the hut he pulled out a human thigh bone. "Ah," said he, "dis is de bone of my poor leetle boy," and, overcome by his emotions, he dropped it on the ground. Boxer and another dog immediately seized it and commenced to worry it, but a kick in the ribs made them drop it, when the colonel reverently replaced it in the thatch. Whilst the boat was being got ready, one of the girls, the best-looking of the two, retired into the inmost recesses of the hut, and presently reappeared *en grande tenue*, with gold earrings and brooch, and wearing a flowing bright-coloured garment. As she evidently wanted to see the ship, I invited her to accompany the colonel on board, which she willingly agreed to. A couple of tars carried her into the boat, and away we went with a flowing sheet, reaching the ship at four p.m. The colonel dined with me, and we passed a

very merry evening, the difficulty of repaying him for his hospitality, and for the provisions, &c., we had received, was got over by giving him such things as would be useful to him on the island. Money was of no use, but the officers, one and all, contributed such things as they could spare, and the result was a goodly hamper of old clothes, shoes, flannel, serge, knives, scissors, and soap, besides needles and thread, and a looking-glass for the Señorita. The poor girl looked the picture of delight as she sat in my cabin admiring her treasures, with her lap full of gilt uniform buttons, and a "Reindeer" ribbon in her hair. As for the colonel, words could not express his gratitude; but what gave him the greatest delight was a brand new revolver and case, and a pair of handcuffs for his unruly subjects. The pistol was fingered to such an extent that it went off in my cabin, lodging the ball in a beam overhead, and as for the handcuffs, he sat up all night clinking them together, occasionally chuckling and cracking his fingers, evidently thinking how

he would serve his troublesome subordinates when he landed. My impression is that the rascals must have had a rough time of it when the colonel again trod his native heather.

The next morning a boat was provided to take our guests back to Black Beach Bay, so as to save them the long walk from the anchorage to the settlement. The poor old colonel was quite overcome at leaving the ship, and declared he would never forget the "Reindeer," and "Felice" seemed to be of the same opinion.

We soon afterwards got under weigh, and, having picked up our boat, we filled away on our course, and the last thing I could make out as I looked back at the island was the figure of the old colonel, and the little girl beside him, standing on the beach where they had been landed, still looking wistfully after the ship as she sped through the water before the fresh trade wind, leaving them far astern in their solitary home.

CHAPTER VI.

A WEEK of favourable winds carried us to the Mexican coast, and after a quick passage of fifteen days from the Galapagos Islands we anchored at Mazatlan. This place, though an indifferent harbour, is the principal seaport on the west coast of Mexico.

During the fine season, from November till June, the anchorage is quite safe, the climate is then delightful, a fresh breeze blows daily with great regularity, giving place to a gentle land breeze at night. Rain seldom falls during this season; and fogs are of very rare occurrence.

From June till November is the rainy season, during which time heavy gales, accompanied by rain, thunder, and lightning, prevail, and the

anchorage is then very insecure : all ships leave the coast at this time, and the small schooners, which carry on a brisk trade during the fine season, are dismantled and laid up.

Hurricanes, known by the local name of *cordonazo*, literally the lash of a whip, may be expected any time after the middle of June, and ships must put to sea at the first warning, to avoid being driven on shore. These gales commence from the south-east, which is a fair wind for leaving the port, they then suddenly shift to the south-west and blow dead on shore, causing a very heavy sea.

The appearance of the town is decidedly pleasing ; the white houses interspersed with cocoa-nut trees give it a bright, refreshing look, especially in the rainy season, when the densely-wooded mountains are covered with the brightest emerald hues.

The principal streets are well laid out and contain some very fine houses, and there is a plaza where all the beauty and fashion assemble to hear a military band, which plays there

occasionally of an evening. The Custom-house, facing the landing-place, has a very imposing look from a distance, but will not bear a close inspection.

A considerable trade is carried on between Mazatlan and the European ports, and the mail steamers call there on their way to and from San Francisco and Panama.

The regular traders from Europe seldom come direct into port, but remain outside until satisfactory arrangements have been made between the owners of the ship and the Custom-house authorities; hence it is no uncommon thing for a ship to remain outside, standing off and on for days and weeks together. This delay is owing to the unsettled state of the country, for the merchant, who has already paid the necessary dues on his expected cargo, naturally objects to paying a second time on account of the Custom-house having changed hands, which it often does: a compromise is usually arranged, and the ship comes into port to discharge, failing which she goes to another place.

The export duty on silver is $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., while that on imported goods is 100 per cent., and sometimes more; the result of this suicidal system is most damaging to the interests of the country, and is calculated to encourage smuggling, which is carried on to a very great extent.

Notwithstanding the profits arising from these monstrous charges there is never any money forthcoming, when required, to feed, clothe, or transport troops, or for any other purpose. The wretched soldiers are badly fed, poorly clad, and seldom paid. If it is necessary to move a body of troops from one place to another a requisition is made upon the foreign merchants for the money, with the understanding that if it is not paid the soldiers will probably help themselves; as a necessary consequence the merchants prefer to advance the money to the alternative of having a lawless, half-starved rabble let loose upon them.

To a sportsman Mazatlan presents unusual attractions; a long chain of lagoons extend from

the back of the town for several miles parallel to the sea-beach ; some of these lagoons are brackish, others quite fresh, but in all of them many varieties of duck are to be found, besides snipe, curlew, ibis, spoonbills, coots, &c.

Leaving the ship at daylight, it was no uncommon thing for one gun to bring back from six to eight brace of ducks before breakfast, by which time the sun is generally too hot to make shooting agreeable. There are a few alligators in these lagoons, but we never found them molest us, although they would occasionally take down a wounded duck or a dog.

Notwithstanding that many native sportsmen, who make a living by shooting, frequent these places, and kill a great quantity of ducks, there is always sufficient left to satisfy a sportsman who goes out for exercise and pleasure, and is contented with a moderate bag. There is also good flight-shooting to be had, by posting oneself in the line of flight about sundown, when the ducks come in from the sea to the pools.

The native sportsman, armed with a rusty old musket heavily charged, takes his place amongst the rushes by the waterside about daybreak, and disdaining single birds, or flying shots, he waits till he sees a good flock of duck on the water, when, stripping off every vestige of clothing, he glides into the water like an alligator, which indeed he somewhat resembles. Sinking himself till only his head is visible, with his right hand he grasps the gun, holding the barrel horizontal, and just clear of the water, and in this way, propelling himself with his legs on the bottom, he stealthily approaches the ducks till within fifteen or twenty yards, when a dose of slugs into the brown of them often kills a dozen and wounds as many more. Three or four such shots make up a heavy bag, with which the Indian trudges back to the town, and sells them in the market for one "bit" each, or eight for a dollar.

I was out one evening with a companion, who mistook one of these fellows in the twilight for an alligator, and gave him a charge of No. 5

as he was stalking some ducks ; a few of the pellets took effect in the most prominent part of his person, which happened to be awash at the moment ; there was a lively scene, and some compliments exchanged, among which a choice selection of Spanish oaths could be plainly heard. My friend, who was an Irishman, wisely moved on, before the fellow had time to dress himself, and we heard no more of it.

In the neighbouring woods there are deer, hares, rabbits, armadillo, Californian quail, and chachalacas (the Mexican pheasant), but the woods are so infested with *garrapatos*, a species of tick, which burrows into the skin, that it is best to keep clear of them. Parrots and macaws abound in countless thousands, though not immediately near the town ; it is a pity to kill them, although they are not bad eating, unless one wants the feathers for salmon flies.

One day whilst shooting quail not far from the town, accompanied by my coxswain, we were surprised by the report of artillery and

a round shot pitching close to us ; this was followed by a shell which burst in a bush within a few yards of us, upon which we moved on ; it appeared that the Mexican artillery were exercising their one field-piece in anticipation of an attack from some rebel troops who were supposed to be in the neighbourhood.

In the harbour and estuaries sharks and turtle abound, besides many kinds of fish, which may be either caught with a seine or killed by torpedoes of dynamite powder ; the latter is very destructive, but is a most dangerous amusement, and many people have lost their lives or limbs by using them.

There is a kind of rock cod called the *maro*, which attains a prodigious size, frequently being killed with the hand-line over 200 lbs. weight, and they have been known to reach as much as 300 lbs.

Devil-fish are also occasionally seen in the harbour, and we once managed to harpoon one from a boat ; the beast towed the boat round the harbour at a great rate, and finally broke adrift.

Mazatlan is not unhealthy, notwithstanding the mangrove swamps in the neighbourhood ; these are flooded with each tide, and in the rainy season become one large lake, but the town being built on a promontory gets the benefit of the sea breeze, and is not affected by the malaria, like many other places on the coast.

The natives living in the ranches scattered about the country are as a rule most civil, and grateful for the smallest remuneration ; they are very poor, and live almost entirely upon *tortillas*, a pancake made from Indian corn, and *frijoles*, the brown bean of the country : on this simple fare a Mexican will go anywhere, especially if it be washed down by a glass of Mescal, a spirit made from the cactus. The native women are not bad-looking, and all have beautiful dark eyes and hair, and small hands and feet.

CHAPTER VII.

AT the time of our arrival on the coast there were rumours of a disturbance at Tepic, a city of considerable importance about fifty-six miles inland from the port of San Blas.

A celebrated rebel chief of the name of Lozada had governed the province of Tepic for several years, and on being ordered to tender his submission to the Government of President Lerdo he declined to do so, and in order to gain time, in the event of a rupture, he despatched a deputation to the city of Mexico, in charge of Señor Don Manuel Zelayetta, the chief of the customs at Tepic, to endeavour to make terms with the Government.

At the same time he warned his people to be

ready for a campaign, and he issued a proclamation to the residents in Tepic, to the effect that if there was a rupture of the peace it would not be his doing, and that in the event of war he would not be answerable for the conduct of his men, nor would he guarantee the safety of those residing in the city.

This proclamation naturally caused much alarm amongst the residents, and the foreign merchants addressed me a letter, requesting me to support them by bringing the ship to San Blas, and coming to Tepic to consult with them as to the best steps to be taken in the matter.

With this object we proceeded to San Blas on the 16th of December, and arrived there the following day, when I immediately went to Tepic, accompanied by some of the officers of the "Reindeer."

A coach drawn by six mules starts from San Blas every alternate day, and occupies from ten to eighteen hours on the journey, according to the season of the year; the distance is about fifty-six miles, and the road the worst I ever

saw, being more like the dry bed of a Highland river than anything else; in the rainy season it somewhat resembles the river itself.

On our arrival at Tepic we were lodged in the magnificent house of Messrs. Barron, Forbes, and Co., where we were most hospitably entertained during our stay by Mr. Heaven, the energetic manager of the house.

The deputation sent to Mexico was not expected back for some time, so we had ample leisure to enjoy ourselves pending their return, when the question of war or peace was to be decided. Horses and carriages were placed at our disposal, and nothing was forgotten which could contribute in any way to our comfort or amusement.

Tepic is situated in a valley 3000 feet above the level of the sea, and contains some 20,000 inhabitants; the climate is far superior to that on the coast; although hot in the middle of the day, the mornings and evenings are cool and pleasant, and there are no mosquitoes or sand-flies as at San Blas.

The valley in which the city lies is surrounded on all sides by lofty mountains, among which San Juan and San-Juan-quey stand conspicuous; at the foot of the former is a curiously-shaped hill called "Cuchillo," evidently an extinct crater, near which is the village of San Luis, at that time the head-quarters of Lozada. A pretty river winds through the valley, and passes close to the town; by following up this stream to its source some excellent duck and snipe shooting may be had.

The river is spanned by a bridge on the road to Guadalajara, and we found that the best sport was to be had from the bridge upwards. The variety of duck we got here was quite astonishing; we frequently bagged five or six different kinds in a day, including mallard, widgeon, teal, pin-tail, shovellers, black duck, &c., besides snipe, ibis, and many kinds of waders.

The shooting was of the prettiest description; by following along the windings of the river one could come suddenly upon a flock of duck, or else spy them along a reach and stalk them.

Here and there, where the river had overflowed its banks, a marshy patch would yield a few couple of snipe, and so a very pretty bag could be made. My last day at this place with another gun was nine couple of snipe and eight brace of ducks before breakfast. It was always advisable to carry a revolver, owing to the disturbed state of the country, but we were never molested.

There are deer, wild boars, and jaguars or tigers as they are called, in the woods, also turkeys, pheasants, and other game, but they are difficult to get at, and we could not spare time enough to make an expedition to any distance from our head-quarters. Besides sport there is very much to interest and amuse one at Tepic; a favourite rendezvous of ours was the cotton factory of Jauqa, belonging to Messrs. Barron, Forbes, and Co. The house looks more like a baronial mansion than a factory; it is surrounded by trees, and has a beautiful garden, through which the river runs; the stream turns the machinery of the factory.

The garden is beautifully kept, and is well supplied with fruit and flowers. Jauqa is one of the principal cotton factories in the country, and supplies all the chief towns in Mexico with



THE COTTON FACTORY OF JAUQA, NEAR TEPIC.

mantas, a species of cotton garment; several hundred operatives are employed on the works.

The sugar estate of Puga, also belonging to Messrs. Barron, Forbes, and Co., is well worth a visit; it is situated about two leagues from Tepic; the building is a fine one, in the old Spanish style,

with a *patio* or courtyard in the centre, at the back of the house is a lovely garden, well stocked with orange-trees and limes, under the shadow of which a swimming-bath is temptingly placed. The machinery on this estate is worked by steam, as they have no water power as at Jauqa. The sugar manufactured at Puga is of very superior quality; it is almost all sold in the country. There is another sugar estate near Tepic, called Bella Vista, belonging to Messrs. Agierrez; this is also a lovely spot, as the name implies; the view from the top of a hill overlooking the factory is magnificent, the valley below being entirely under cultivation with acres of waving sugar-cane and rice, which affords a pleasing contrast to the surrounding scenery.

Excellent coffee is grown on some of these estates, and tobacco of the finest quality. There is a large cigar manufactory at Tepic, and another at San Blas, where very fair cigars may be bought for twenty to twenty-five dollars a thousand.

Not far from Tepic there is a large plain called the Laguna. This was once a lagoon, but was drained by Mr. Barron some years ago at a great expense; by this not only is the sanitary condition of the city much improved, but a valuable tract of country reclaimed, on which many hundred head of cattle and horses are pastured. These animals, from being allowed to roam about undisturbed, have become almost wild, and when any of them are wanted they are hunted down and lassoed.

We went one day to the laguna to see some colts branded, and had a good opportunity of witnessing the skill and horsemanship of the Mexican *rancheros*, for which they are so celebrated. We saw several savage bulls lassoed, and thrown very cleverly; but the most wonderful performance was to see a *ranchero* ride at full gallop alongside of a bull, seize the beast by the tail whilst going at the top of his speed, and by a clever twist throw the animal on to the ground, where he lay looking very foolish.

On this occasion several hundred young mares were driven into a corral, where they were lassoed, thrown, and branded. Several of these poor beasts were very roughly handled by the natives, who had no regard whatever for the feelings of the animals. There was one half-wild mare, which had never had saddle or bridle put upon her, and looked as if she never intended to have. One of Lozada's chiefs, who happened to be present, volunteered to mount this creature for our especial edification. She was in the corral with the others, when three or four Indians lassoed her, and after some desperate struggles threw her down, with such force that blood poured from her nose. The next operation was to get the bridle on, which took about a quarter of an hour, when she was allowed to rise. Another display of kicking and biting then took place, but at last the heavy Mexican saddle was firmly secured and the mare was led forth. Meanwhile, the Indian who was to ride her had strapped on a pair of spurs as big as a saucer, and was smoking his

cigarette, and when all was ready he patted the mare and sprang lightly into the saddle. Immediately a lively scene ensued, the beast rearing, kicking, bucking, and trying to jam the rider's leg against the wall of the corral; but finding all these fail, she threw a somersault in the air, landing on her back. The Indian, who had taken it very coolly, was prepared for this manœuvre, and threw himself clear, ready to mount again as soon as the mare was on her legs. This performance was repeated two or three times, till we stopped it, as it was quite evident that the man would conquer. The poor beast—sweating, bleeding, and trembling in every limb—was then allowed to go, with scarcely strength or energy left to rejoin her comrades in the plain.

A Mexican gentleman also gave us an exhibition of his skill with the lasso, never failing to throw it over the head or horns of an animal whilst going at full gallop; his horse also seemed to enter into the sport with much *gusto*, like an old hunter.

A well-mounted and fully-equipped Mexican is certainly a fine sight, with his saddle, bridle, and accoutrements richly mounted with silver, and his broad *sombrero* and slashed trousers ornamented with the same costly material. All carry a rifle, sword, and pistol, very necessary additions to one's outfit in that country.

We rode one day to the coffee plantation of La Fortuna, and were most kindly received by the proprietor, who showed us over the estate.

One of the great difficulties which planters in these countries have to contend against is the ants. Some of these insects are nearly an inch long; they will strip a tree of its leaves in a single night, and completely ruin a coffee plantation if precautions are not taken to defeat them. I have, whilst hunting in the woods of Central America and Mexico, come across these insects travelling along a beaten path as broad as a man's thigh, made by themselves. There were myriads of them going to and fro, and all of those going in one direction would be carrying a leaf, or part of a leaf, plucked from some

unlucky tree in the neighbourhood. There are several ways of preventing their depredations. Perhaps the simplest is to dig a trench round each plant and fill it with water. It is said that corrosive sublimate sprinkled across their path will drive them mad, when they attack and destroy one another. Coal tar will also turn them; and another plan is to tie wisps of grass round the trees with the points downwards; the ants endeavour to pass the obstacle and lose themselves amongst the blades.

Whenever an ants' nest is discovered near any plantation it is at once destroyed. These nests are generally five or six feet underground; and it is a curious fact that they invariably contain a snake, or one or more scorpions, living in harmony with the ants. What they are doing there I cannot say; probably the ants provide them with food, and in return are protected against a common enemy; but it certainly seems as though they had some understanding between each other.

We had been at Tepic nearly a month, when

it became apparent that a pacific arrangement between Lozada and the Government would be highly improbable, and I was given to understand that hostilities would be likely to commence about the middle of January. I therefore made arrangements to return to the ship on the 13th, and warned all those who were desirous of securing their own safety to accompany or follow us to San Blas, where they would be under the protection of the British flag.

Before daylight of the 13th I left Tepic, accompanied by Mr. Heaven and as many of the officers as happened to be then staying there. Our departure had already been delayed long enough, for we found the roads in the possession of Lozada's soldiers, who immediately stopped us outside the city, but on ascertaining that we were English officers they allowed us to proceed, and we reached San Blas without further molestation.

The road between San Blas and Tepic is not considered a safe one, as a band of brigands

infest the neighbourhood, and frequently rob and abuse passing travellers. These cowardly rascals sometimes catch a Tartar, as the following story will show :—

Mr. S——, a member of a well-known family in Mexico, had, it appears, given offence to a band of brigands, who determined to settle accounts with him. He lived in a hacienda not far from Tepic, and one morning, before he was out of bed, he received a visit from thirty or forty of the brigands. Fortunately he heard them coming, and placed his revolver under the bed-clothes. Presently one of the robber chiefs came in, and, wishing him good morning, entered into conversation. The man, seeing a rifle leaning against the wall, suddenly possessed himself of the weapon, and concluding that his victim was at his mercy, he coolly informed him that he meant to kill him. Mr. S——, to gain time, asked if money would not do as well, at the same moment cocking his revolver under the clothes. The brigand said no, that he must have his blood, and cut short

any further parley by firing at Mr. S—— as he lay in bed. The latter, who was prepared for something of the sort, avoided the shot by dodging, and quickly returned the compliment by sending a ball through the scoundrel's head. Another brigand, who was waiting outside, now came in laughing, supposing Mr. S—— to be killed; but he also was disposed of by a ball between the eyes. Mr. S—— then got up, and finding the rest of the gang in the yard, he shot two more, when the remainder bolted.

Shortly after our departure from San Blas, some of these scoundrels attacked and murdered an unoffending merchant of that place. The poor fellow defended himself in the most gallant manner, and killed four or five of the brigands before he succumbed.

For a day or two after our return to the ship I anxiously awaited news from Tepic, but the telegraph wires had been destroyed, and the coach stopped, by order of Lozada; his soldiers lined the roads, and all direct communication was cut off. In a few days I received a letter

by special messenger from Mr. Heaven, who had returned to Tepic. The bearer of this despatch had contrived to evade the sentries during the night, and, running all the way, had reached the coast by a circuitous route. This letter informed me that Lozada had declared war against the Government (a number of bombastic proclamations, as usual in like cases, announced this event), and that he had despatched 5000 men to attack Mazatlan; while Lozada himself, at the head of another 5000, had marched on Guadalajara, a large city in the interior. Mr. Heaven added that all was quiet in Tepic, and they considered themselves safe for the present.

Under these circumstances it seemed to me that the ship would be of more service at Mazatlan than at San Blas. I therefore returned an answer, informing the residents of my intention of proceeding forthwith to Mazatlan.

When on the point of sailing I received another letter, signed by the leading merchants in Tepic, to say that affairs had assumed a very

threatening attitude in the city, and begging that the ship might remain for the present at San Blas.

The difficulty now was to satisfy all parties ; in point of fact, to be in two places at the same time. It was evident we could not well leave San Blas, and equally plain that we were wanted at Mazatlan, where the foreign merchants would be in need of assistance in the event of the city being captured by Lozada's men. I adopted a compromise. The troops which had already started, would, I was aware, take five or six days of rapid marching to reach Mazatlan, whilst we could do it in twenty-four hours by sea.

I therefore sent back a reply to say that the "Reindeer" would remain forty-eight hours longer at San Blas, so as to allow time for any families to leave the city, after which I should proceed without further delay to Mazatlan.

As nothing more could be done for the present, I went out shooting. San Blas is one of the worst places on the coast ; the anchorage

is simply an open roadstead, and is only safe during the fine season. There is an inner harbour suitable for very small craft, where the coasting schooners lay up during the hurricane months. On landing, one is immediately attacked by myriads of sand-flies and mosquitoes, and the only remedy is to keep continually smoking; fortunately cigars are plentiful and good.

A considerable amount of cedar, rose, ebony, and other fancy woods are shipped from this port. The old town formerly stood on a hill about a quarter of a mile from the present straggling village; it was destroyed by an earthquake many years ago, and the ruins may still be seen.

The present place is unhealthy at certain seasons of the year, owing to the malaria arising from the mangrove swamps in the neighbourhood, the haunt of alligators, snakes, and other noxious creatures.

There is no shooting in the immediate vicinity of the port; but by following up a river, the

mouth of which is a short distance to the southward of the anchorage, some very good sport may be had.

Accompanied by Doctor S——, I ascended this river to its source, seventeen miles from the sea, and starting by night in a canoe paddled by two Indians, we accomplished half the distance by daybreak. The scenery was most monotonous ; nothing was to be seen but mangrove bushes which overhung the water on both sides. Our Indians paddled silently along, driving the frail craft swiftly through the muddy stream. Occasionally an alligator would glide off the mud-bank where he had been reposing, and rise again close to the canoe, with only his eye and snout above water, presenting a tempting though difficult shot, and we passed so many of these reptiles that the smell which they emitted was quite sickening. We killed and wounded several, and nearly capsized the canoe whilst trying to haul one on board. At one place there were at least a dozen of them in sight at the same time, and whilst I was blazing away

at them with a repeating rifle, my dog "Rose," thinking there must be something to retrieve, jumped overboard in their midst; fortunately we dragged her into the canoe before any harm was done. The firing unfortunately disturbed a large flock of *pato real*, (royal ducks), which sailed away overhead. After this the river gradually became narrower, until there was barely room to work the paddles, and we presently reached our destination, a large swamp with rushy patches and pools, whereon many kinds of duck and teal were to be seen.

We now landed, and waded over the marsh, picking up duck, snipe, and a couple of brace of geese. We also saw and bagged for the first time a species of duck called the "pichichi." These birds go about in large flocks, and are not so wild as the other sorts; they are handsome birds, with rich brown breasts and long yellow legs; they move their wings slowly and make a whistling noise whilst flying, and altogether are more like miniature geese than ducks. With a good mixed bag we returned to our canoe, and

reached the ship the same night, none the worse for our expedition.

On returning on board, I found a letter from Mr. Heaven, to say that he was going to make the attempt to reach San Blas with his wife and family on the following day, and that in all probability several other families would follow his example. On receipt of this news several of us decided to ride part of the way to meet them.

The next morning on landing we found the custom-house deserted by the employés, who, one and all took refuge on board the "Reindeer." The captain of the port had disappeared, and his place was filled by one of Lozada's officials. Almost all the horses and mules had been either stolen by Lozada's soldiers or hidden away to avoid being taken, and we found it impossible to procure any conveyance. A good-natured Frenchman, however, lent me his mule, and, taking a young Mexican as guide, I started on the road leading to Tepic. After riding twenty-one miles, we halted at a village

to rest, and whilst there Mr. Heaven and his family drove up in a coach. They had left Tepic before daylight, and fortunately had met with no interruption on the road. We returned to San Blas together, where they took up their quarters, at a house belonging to Mr. Barron.

That evening Mr. Heaven dined with me on board. We had parted for the night, and I was about to retire, when he came alongside again in a canoe, having been warned by a friendly Indian, in Lozada's service, that orders had been sent from Tepic to arrest him and take him back to the city. Under these circumstances I thought it advisable to make him comfortable on board for the night, and to send an officer with a guard of bluejackets to protect the house. The next morning Lozada's people called for Mr. Heaven, and were not a little disappointed to find that the bird had flown, and a party of English seamen, armed to the teeth, were in possession of the premises. As Mr. Heaven was the representative of a wealthy house, and moreover possessed of almost

unlimited powers, it was of the highest importance to Lozada to obtain possession of him, and it was said that he calculated on getting a million dollars from the firm for his ransom. Had the money not been forthcoming, that gentleman's life would in all probability have been forfeited.

A Mexican gentleman in business in Tepic had already been imprisoned by the orders of Lozada for some imaginary offence, and his death-warrant had been read to him. He was, however, eventually released on payment of a large sum of money.

The morning after the attempted arrest of Mr. Heaven, I went on shore to see the official who had given directions for his capture. I found him at his office with his "secretary," and a more rascally-looking pair it would be difficult to find. The captain, as he was called, was a dark, sulky-looking Indian, who evidently could not write, hence the necessity of a secretary. The latter had a club foot, and a diabolical-looking squint. They sat together

at the table, each with his revolver loaded and capped by his right hand, with the barrels pointing across the table; they had the decency, however, to turn them away from me when I sat down. In reply to my remark that "I was astonished that an English gentleman whilst on a visit to San Blas, and my guest, had been grossly insulted by being searched for and ordered to return to Tepic," they replied that they were merely subordinates, and had to carry out their instructions, and that they intended to do so if possible. I informed them that Mr. Heaven was safe on board the "Reindeer," and likely to remain there; but that should he think fit to come on shore, he should do so, and he would be protected. In answer to my question regarding the safety of the ladies and children, they said they did not intend to molest them. The same night a reinforcement of soldiers was sent down from Tepic, and our guard at the house was doubled. Meanwhile the forty-eight hours' grace had nearly expired. During this time many families had left Tepic,

and made their way to San Blas, to seek the protection of the British flag. I was now anxious to reach Mazatlan, and not liking to desert these poor people, I made arrangements to embark the whole of them and carry them to that port.

With this object in view, I landed on the morning of the 25th January, leaving orders for steam to be ready at two p.m. On landing I was handed two letters from the officials before mentioned, forbidding any refugees to embark on board the "Reindeer," and coolly requesting me to comply with the demand. The letters, being written in Spanish, required the aid of an interpreter, and also time for consideration, before an answer, which was requested, could be returned. This unavoidable delay enabled me to send word of the position of affairs to the senior lieutenant, who with commendable alacrity sent all our boats ashore manned and armed. The people flocked down to the beach, and in a wonderfully short time, thanks to the admirable arrangements of the

officers in charge, upwards of 100 men, women, and children, together with a quantity of baggage, were embarked, and at the time appointed the "Reindeer" was steaming out of the harbour with her head pointed for Mazatlan.

Fortunately, we had a quick and pleasant passage, the water was as smooth as glass, and the monotonous thumping of the screw was relieved by the squalling of babes and the wrangling of their nurses. As we had no accommodation for so large a number, the greater part had to remain on deck, no great hardship in such a climate. We spread sails for them to sleep upon, and with awnings sloped over them, and the flags of England and Mexico draped around, the deck presented a very cheerful and homelike appearance. The ladies occupied my cabin, and many of the officers gave up theirs to accommodate the gentlemen. The difficulty of feeding so large a party was got over by rigging a long table on deck, where relays of "square meals" were continually

served for the better class of our guests, while the bluejackets took care of the remainder. My coxswain was placed in charge of the cabin where the ladies were sleeping, with orders to admit no one on any pretence whatever ; and well he did his duty, for from the bridge I could hear several anxious husbands clamouring in vain for admission, and the last seen of the faithful fellow he was stretched across the threshold, apparently overcome by his feelings, but true to the last. Our reception at Mazatlan was most cordial, and we were glad to find that our friends there were in no immediate danger, as Lozada's forces had met with a repulse at Rosario, several leagues distant from the city, in consequence of which many of his men had deserted and returned to their homes.

Lozada in person was soon afterwards defeated by General Corona, before the walls of Guadalajara ; his forces, always disaffected, were now thoroughly demoralized, and a general stampede was the result. Lozada himself, with a handful of followers as des-

perate as himself, retreated to the mountains, where he was eventually betrayed and captured by one of his oldest companions.

He was tried by court-martial in Tepic, and sentenced to be shot, but refusing to have his eyes bandaged, he knelt down with his face to the firing party and died with great courage.

Thus perished the robber-chief of Mexico, the "Tiger of Tepic," as he was appropriately called, one of the most celebrated bandits of his day. For fourteen years Lozada had defied the authorities, and eluded such bodies of troops as were sent to capture him, only leaving his mountain retreat to kill and torture with the most horrible cruelty. There was no crime which he had not committed scores of times, and his name will ever be associated with the most diabolical outrages and unrelenting cruelty.

CHAPTER VIII.

WE remained another three weeks at Mazatlan, to see that affairs were thoroughly settled, during this time I made an expedition in the company of some friends, to a place called the "Presidio," a cotton factory some leagues distant from the town. We had a pretty drive of three hours to the factory, where we slept, and at daylight the next morning we started for a neighbouring marsh, where we made a good bag of ducks and snipe, besides a few quail and rabbits which we found in the scrub. After breakfast, a bath and siesta, we drove to a lagoon, celebrated for wild fowl, several miles farther on. When we reached this place we observed a very remarkable optical delusion.

We saw before us apparently a large sheet of water, in which mountains, trees, horses, and cattle were plainly reflected. On a nearer approach the scene changed, and nothing remained but a dry plain of mud, cracked by the heat of the sun, and over which a gaseous vapour floated. Driving on, the effect was repeated, the animals, the trees, and the mountains really existed, but not the water. At last, after many disappointments, we came to a pool of brackish water, where all the birds in the country seemed to have collected. We got at this one spot nearly fifty head of duck, snipe, and various kinds of waders, which, added to our bag of the morning, made up a very good score.

On the 19th February, 1873, we sailed from Mazatlan, bound to Panama and intermediate ports. We had already overstayed our time on the coast, owing to the disturbed state of the country, but there was no longer any need of our services. A pleasant sail of three days, with fair winds and smooth water, brought us

to Manzanillo, a pretty little port and a good harbour, but where we remained only a few hours, as the place is very unhealthy, especially in the summer months, when some large lagoons at the back of the town are almost dry. At night the land breeze wafts off an odoriferous bouquet from these swamps, which is neither wholesome nor agreeable. The day before we arrived an attempt had been made to purify one of these lagoons by connecting it with the sea, and allowing the tide free access to it; but the only immediate result had been to drive out a quantity of alligators, fish, and lumber into the sea, amongst which was a valuable lot of cedar cut in baulks ready for shipping. One of these pieces, weighing some three tons, we hoisted in and secured.

Manzanillo is the seaport of Colima, from which it is distant ninety miles, and a considerable trade is carried on between the two places. From thence we ran down the coast to Acapulco, where we anchored two days afterwards. The harbour of Acapulco is the finest

on the west coast of Mexico ; it is perfectly land-locked, spacious, and secure. It was formerly celebrated as the rendezvous for the Spanish galleons trading to Manilla, and in those days Acapulco must have been a thriving place ; but now it is in a dilapidated condition. The houses have sloping thatched roofs, which afford protection from the sun and rain, and all have a verandah round them, where the owner may generally be seen reclining during the heat of the day. The town, being shut in by the mountains on all sides, is excessively hot, but there is a gap in one of the hills, through which the sea breeze blows like a funnel. By anchoring abreast of this place, and springing the ship broadside to the breeze, we managed to keep cool, whilst those on shore were sweltering.

There is some good shooting to be had not far from the anchorage, if one does not mind hard work and exposure to the sun.

Accompanied by E——, I went to a place called Marques, about five miles by sea from

the ship: we landed at the head of the bay, where there were a few huts; at the back of these was an unhealthy-looking mangrove swamp, where numerous alligators lived undisturbed. Taking a canoe, we paddled through the mangrove bushes, which were so thick that their branches met overhead, shutting out the light of day; the water was stagnant and of a deep chocolate colour, and emitted a foul stench on being stirred up by the canoe. Not a breath stirred the leaves, and perfect silence reigned in this gloomy spot. Occasionally the head of an alligator would show itself above the surface, and, having "fixed" us with his wicked-looking eye, as though he wondered what possessed us to disturb the solitude of his sanctuary, would sink slowly down again; iguanas blinked at us from the branches overhead, and rattlesnakes glided away through the rotten underwood. We felt inclined, whilst contemplating this scene, to question the monstrous assertion that "only man is vile," but we found that cigars and brandy were of more practical

use in such a place, than poetry, and were absolutely necessary to enable us to proceed.

After paddling for some distance, we came to a clearer space, and the scene became generally more cheerful, many kinds of cranes, ibis, boat-bills, &c., were congregated in the bushes on either side, and flew lazily away at our approach, flocks of macaws, parrots, and parroquets, passed over our heads on the way to their feeding grounds, filling the air with their discordant cries, while from the depths of the neighbouring woods the tapping of the woodpecker or the cooing of the turtle-dove could occasionally be distinguished. We presently landed, hauled up our canoe, and made our way to a lagoon not far off, a most sequestered spot surrounded by trees; a flock of "pichichi" ducks rose on our approach and circled round us, leaving a couple of brace to be transferred to the bag. The water of this lagoon was so thickly covered with a species of lily that we found it difficult to wade, and my poor old retriever could make no headway, as she could neither walk nor swim.

We bagged a few brace of the "Pato Real" or Royal Ducks, the finest ducks in Mexico or indeed anywhere; they appear to be the original wild stock of the Muscovy duck, and have the same red wattles over the beak and eye, their plumage is a lovely bronze green with a white bar on the wings, their claws are of great length, and they perch on trees, as the "pichichi" also do. One fine old cock bird which we weighed turned the scale at six pounds, and we were told that they reached as much as nine pounds. Besides these we killed several kinds of ibis, and some lovely little water-rails, which latter are common in all the marshes of Mexico; these little fellows, though not bigger than a blackbird, have almost the plumage of a pheasant, their breasts and backs are of a rich, ruddy brown, with bright yellow under their wings, beak and eyes red, and a sharp red spur on the joint of the wing; the female is less brilliantly marked. They have long yellow legs and very long toes, which enable them to tread lightly over the leaves of the water-lilies, and when they alight they keep

their wings poised upwards for a few moments to steady themselves; we only shot a few of these little birds for specimens. In the woods we saw many beautiful varieties of jays, pigeons, and woodpeckers, which we did not molest as we had a good bag, with which we returned on board.

Having completed our coaling, we left Acapulco and steered for the Gulf of Fonseca, where we had orders to call; whilst steaming down the coast in a flat calm, we passed great quantities of turtle asleep on the top of the water. I sent away a boat with a clever harpooner to secure some of them, and he returned in about an hour with twenty-two, enough for all hands; we could have got any number of them, as the sea was dotted with them in all directions, but we could not afford the time. It was very amusing to watch the boat stealthily approach the sleeping victim, sometimes the turtle was asleep with one eye open, and would dive in time to save his bacon, but generally the harpooner was too quick for

him, and speared him through back and breast. On many of these creatures' backs sea-fowl had taken up their temporary abode, and occasionally the fact of the bird flying away would rouse the poor turtle to a sense of his danger in time to save himself.

On the 18th of March we steamed into the beautiful Gulf of Fonseca, and anchored off the town of La Union. Fonseca Bay is one of the hottest places on the coast; it contains two ports, La Union, belonging to the Republic of Salvador, and Amapala, to that of Nicaragua. The anchorage at both places is excellent, as the water is always perfectly smooth; at La Union the ship lays on the mud at low water. The bay is enclosed by magnificent volcanic mountains, which accounts for the numerous earthquakes that periodically devastate the country; it is studded with islands, some of considerable size and all of remarkable beauty. We had been two days at La Union, and were on the point of starting for Panama with steam up, when a rumour reached us that a fearful

earthquake had taken place at San Salvador, the capital of the state, and that the city had been completely destroyed during the night of the 19th of March. I could gain but little information from the authorities on shore; and those I consulted were inclined to discredit the story. Whilst I was endeavouring to arrive at the truth, the American mail steamer "Winchester" arrived from the southward, and her captain told me that he had met with very bad weather outside; and that on leaving the port of Realejo, the sea was so confused that his ship was almost unmanageable. This convinced me that some great convulsion of nature had taken place, and I determined to proceed at once to La Libertad, the seaport of San Salvador, to see for myself what had happened, and to render any service in our power. The "Winchester" was also going to touch there on her way up the coast; she sailed an hour before us, but the "Reindeer," putting her best foot foremost, passed her during the night, and arrived at La Libertad the following morning.

From the captain of the port we learnt that the account of the earthquake was too true, and that, as he expressed himself in Spanish, the city no longer existed; he kindly undertook to provide me with a coach, in which, accompanied by Doctor Smyth, the surgeon of the ship, and Mr. Davey, assistant-paymaster, I started for the capital.

The distance from La Libertad is only about thirty-six miles, but as the roads were heavy, being a foot deep in dust, and the hills were so steep, our progress was painfully slow, and by nightfall we only reached a village half way, where we obtained comfortable quarters and supper.

A native family flying from San Salvador to the coast, magnanimously insisted on our occupying the only beds in the house, whilst they slept in the open air. In the morning we expressed our gratitude for this disinterested kindness, when they coolly explained to us that they preferred the open air, as they fully expected that the house, which had been much shaken and

cracked by the earthquake, would fall during the night.

Refreshed by a cup of excellent coffee, we again started in our coach, and reached Santa Tecla, a considerable town, three leagues distant from the capital, by eight o'clock. This place showed signs of having been severely shaken; many houses were cracked, but none were actually thrown down; the town and all the roads leading to it were crowded with poor families leaving San Salvador, carrying all their worldly goods with them; the bullock-drivers were doing a roaring trade, charging ten dollars for what they would do for one under ordinary circumstances.

Driving through Santa Tecla, we pushed on for the capital; partaking in the coach of a good breakfast which had been provided for us by the thoughtful kindness of Captain Searle of the "Winchester."

As we approached the city, signs of destruction became apparent, a massive aqueduct which had spanned the road, and by which the

city was mainly supplied, was broken down, its ruins almost blocking up the road, so that we had some difficulty in passing. From this place till we reached the suburbs of the city, our progress was constantly interrupted by the *débris* of the fallen houses which had once lined the road on either side, till at last the driver stopped and declared he would go no farther. By alternate threats and persuasion, however, we got him to drive into the plaza, where the President and many of the inhabitants were encamped.

We at once waited upon his Excellency, and made known to him the object of our visit, assuring him of the sympathy of her Majesty's Government, and placing our services together with the ship at his disposal. The President, Field Marshal Santiago Gonzales, a fine old soldier, received us with much cordiality, and expressed in the warmest terms his gratification and astonishment at the offer of assistance from so unexpected a quarter.

Having paid our respects to the President, we

made our way, with considerable difficulty, to what had once been the British Consulate, but what was now a heap of ruins, with the English flag flying from a flagstaff in the midst. Here we found the acting Vice-Consul, Mr. Blair, assisted by a few other English gentlemen,



THE ENGLISH CONSULATE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE OF SAN SALVADOR.

working with a will to save what they could out of the wreck.

They gave us a hearty welcome, and insisted on our taking up our quarters with them in a rude kind of tent which had been pitched in the

courtyard of the Consulate ; we then proceeded together to make an inspection of the ruins. It was indeed a sad scene of desolation : the once thriving city, containing originally 40,000 inhabitants, was completely destroyed ; as the captain of the port truly said, it no longer existed.

Curiously enough, the only two houses left standing were built of wood, showing very clearly the great advantage of that material over stone for withstanding earthquake shocks : one of these was an hotel and the other a clerical institution, and they were completely gutted. The palace, built partly of wood and partly of stone, was completely destroyed ; the wooden part still remained, but the stone had fallen, leaving great gaps in the building. All the substantially-built stone buildings, including several churches and the cathedral, the walls of which were of immense thickness, were a mass of ruins ; the spire of the latter remained in the position I have endeavoured to represent in my sketch. One of the bells must have been

swung completely round, and remained mouth up.

It appeared that the first violent shock took place on the 4th of March, destroying many



THE CATHEDRAL, SAN SALVADOR, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

houses, and that the quaking of the earth continued at intervals till the 19th when at two a.m. there were two slight shocks, followed soon afterwards by a very violent one, which completed the destruction of the city.

Fortunately, owing to the previous shocks, many of the residents had left the place, and the others were mostly living in the courtyards of their houses, or had camped out in the plaza, so that the loss of life, though considerable, was not nearly so great as it might have been. Mr. Biddle, the resident minister for the United States, had a very narrow escape; his house had fallen like the rest, and he had barely time to save himself and his five little children by rushing into the *patio*, before the walls fell. An English lady had also a miraculous escape; she was sleeping in the consulate when the great shock took place; the walls fell, and the room she was in was completely wrecked, she must have been killed but for some of the beams which lodged diagonally across the room, and thus prevented the walls from crushing her.

Accounts differed as to the number killed and wounded, and the truth could not be ascertained, as many bodies lay buried under the ruins. In the hospital many poor wretches owing to their infirmities were unable to escape,

and were killed by the falling walls ; and some prisoners, who were being removed from gaol, were killed in the same way.

In some places the earth had opened, leaving great yawning fissures, and many graves had been rent asunder and the bodies exposed ; in consequence of this it was at one time apprehended that an epidemic would be added to the other horrors. The action of the Government during this terrible time was most praiseworthy. The President having removed his family to Santa Tecla established himself under canvas in the plaza, and by his admirable regulations, and the discipline which he enforced, maintained order. The city was placed under martial law, and by a Government decree citizens were authorized to shoot any one interfering with their property, or even being found with property in their possession of which they could give no satisfactory account. These may seem severe measures, but any one acquainted with the lawless condition of such countries must be aware of their necessity. Sentries were

placed at the corners of the streets, with orders to fire at any one lurking about after dark ; and judging by the way the rifle balls whistled about during the night they must have kept a bright look-out.

During our stay in the city—some forty-eight hours—we experienced seven or eight shocks of earthquake of more or less severity; they seemed to come on about sunset and again at daybreak. These did no further damage, indeed there was not much more that could be done, unless the earth opened and swallowed us all up ; with this we were actually threatened, some of the cracks being of considerable width and depth. Notwithstanding these warnings, a decree was issued by order of the President on the day following the disaster, saying that the city would be rebuilt upon its old site. One cannot help admiring the pluck of the old soldier,—a quality, however, which when carried to excess smacks somewhat of obstinacy. The city of San Salvador had already been entirely destroyed by earthquakes no less than eight times within 150 years,

besides being partially ruined every ninth year ; the last time it was destroyed was in 1854, and now again in 1873. The ground on which the city is built is a mere shell, and produces a hollow sound when struck by a heavy object ; it is said that the Indians would never build on that site, and it is certainly tempting Providence to do so. San Salvador has no less than seven volcanoes within a radius of thirty miles of it ; the mountain of Ysalco was in full blast during this time, but the suppressed volcano of St. Thomas was supposed to be the one which did the mischief.

The effect produced upon the nervous system by these constant shocks was such that several persons became insane, and upon animals and birds it was remarkable ; many horses and mules were rendered useless from fright, and trembled at the slightest sound ; at every shock cocks crowed, and pigeons left their resting-places and wheeled wildly in the air.

During these calamities considerable sympathy was shown for the poor Salvadorians

from all parts of the country, one city alone contributing 100 cart-loads of provisions and 3000 dollars in cash. It was not much that we could do in this way, as we were already running short of provisions, but we landed all that we could spare, reserving for ourselves barely sufficient to carry us to Panama. The services of Doctor Smyth were happily not needed, most of the wounded having been removed into the country; the President, the American Minister, and the English Consul all gratefully declined to take shelter on board, or to be removed to another place, bravely preferring to remain at their posts; so, as there was no object in remaining longer in the city, we prepared to return to the ship.

Already carpenters were at work erecting temporary sheds in the plaza, the people were recovering from the depression into which they had been thrown, and a military band played in the evening as if nothing had happened. It was arranged that Smyth and Davy should return by the coach, and that Mr. Blair, the

Vice-Consul, and myself should ride. Saying farewell to the gallant old President and our assembled friends, we mounted our horses and rode clear of the city. We first went to the sugar estate of Monte Christo, where we received a hearty welcome from Mr. Bogen, the proprietor; his house had been destroyed and the chimney of the factory had fallen down, and the family were camped out under the trees.

Mr. Biddle, the American Minister, was staying here with his children, the little ones were playing about, happily unconscious of the terrible danger they had escaped. After an excellent breakfast we took leave of our hospitable entertainers, and accompanied by Mr. Biddle, reached La Libertad after a ride of five hours. The country between San Salvador and the coast is mountainous and thickly wooded, many of the trees are of immense size, but the timber is of little or no value; wherever the hill sides have been cleared, sugar, coffee, tobacco, and maize have been planted, and seemed to thrive luxuriantly.

During our absence the sea had risen considerably, and we found the ship rolling heavily at her anchor, warning us that it was time to be off. The American Minister and Mr. Blair spent the night on board, and landed the next morning under the salutes due to their respective ranks. The same day, having embarked a few refugees, we sailed for Fonseca Bay, and anchored off Amapala the following morning. The town, or rather village, of Amapala is built on Tiger Island, one of the largest in the bay; it was selected as the terminus of the railway, projected across the continent of Nicaragua, but if one might judge from the condition of the railway plant which was lying about, it will be a very long time before the undertaking is completed.

We were told that game was to be found on the island of Zacate Grande, the largest of the group, and conveniently near to the anchorage; so I took the opportunity whilst the coaling was going on to pay it a visit, accompanied by E—— and my coxswain. We left the ship

before daylight, taking with us two Indians, a pair of ill-conditioned looking fellows, as guides. Landing at daylight, we commenced the ascent of the mountain, leaving one of the Indians behind to join us afterwards, as we understood. There was no path whatever, so we followed up the dry bed of a water-course: it was terribly hard work, and our progress was continually interrupted by large boulders and dense thorny jungle. After toiling upwards for several hours we reached an open space near the top, where the sun poured its fierce rays upon us; no game or even trace of any could we see, so after anathematizing our guide we commenced the descent. This proved to be nearly as bad as the ascent, and to make matters worse we lost our way and suffered a good deal from want of water. The heat was so great that the Indian vomited; but what concerned me more was that my retriever Rose did so likewise; however, after blundering about for some time we caught sight of the boat and reached the beach thoroughly exhausted, and profoundly disgusted with our

excursion and the incapacity of our guide. Our complimentary remarks in the choicest Spanish were quite lost upon this individual, and to the terms of endearment which we applied to him in English he was equally impervious. We found also that the other Indian had played us false, and taking his gun had gone hunting on his own account, leaving his clothes to show that he meant to return; the rascal no doubt knew where the game was likely to be found, and had sent us off on a fool's errand in the opposite direction. I think, however, that we squared accounts with him in the long-run, for leaving a ship's biscuit and a bottle of water by the side of his clothes, we took to the boat and returned on board, leaving him to reflect upon the base ingratitude of his conduct, and of the advisability of being more civil to Englishmen in future.

We were given to understand that his wife used some rather strong language when she found that her lord and master was left on the island, but as we sailed the next morning before

daylight we never heard how or when this interesting couple were reunited.

After touching for a few hours at the small port of Realego to land a mail we proceeded on to Panama, where we arrived on April 3rd.

We found orders awaiting us from Admiral Hillyar, our new Commander-in-Chief, to refit, and to proceed to Vancouver's Island, a prospect which we all hailed with delight after our long spell in the tropics.

We had not been twenty-four hours in port before a revolution broke out on shore, and the rifle-balls were flying about the streets in all directions. Fortunately order was restored without much bloodshed, a few black soldiers only being killed.

There are few places more beautiful than the Bay of Panama. Seen on a calm day, with its lovely islets reflected on the water, it will bear comparison with the finest tropical scenery in the world. The anchorage, though perfectly safe, is a bad one, for although the bay is of great extent, there are so many rocks and

shoals in it, that the actual anchoring space is limited; it is, moreover, so shallow, that large ships have to anchor three or four miles from the town; and even in the "Reindeer," drawing only fourteen feet of water, we could not approach nearer than one mile.

The City of Panama is a picturesque, tumble-down old place; it is very dirty, and is seen at a great advantage from a distance. The town was originally built some miles to the eastward of the present site, but was destroyed by Morgan, the buccaneer; and the ruins may still be seen. The climate is hot and unpleasant all the year round, and the place has the reputation of being unhealthy, although we did not find it so. Indeed many of the ailments common to Panama are, I suspect, more often due to "cocktails" (a mixture of brandy, ice, bitters, sugar, and lemon) than to climate.

Now cocktails are very insinuating things when cleverly prepared, and, with the thermometer at 90° in the shade, are not to be despised. They should, however, be indulged

in moderately. The question is what is considered moderation. One individual assured me that he was obliged to be very abstemious, and that he seldom indulged in more than eight cocktails before breakfast, though he admitted to have taken fourteen on one occasion.

The distance between Panama and Colon by rail is forty-seven miles, and the scenery *en route* is very fine. Starting from Panama, the line gradually ascending winds its way through dense forests, until the summit is reached, at the village of Matachin, when it descends to the Atlantic shore. The stations on the line are excessively pretty; they are built of wood, with broad verandahs around; each has its little garden tastefully laid out with fruit-trees and flowers.

Colon is a miserable place, and is more unhealthy than Panama, owing to the swamps at the back of the town. A little excitement is created on the arrival and departure of the mail steamers, when many "cocktails" are con-

sumed, after which the place relapses into its usual stagnant condition.

After a short stay at Panama we ran down to Taboga to coal and give leave to our men.

This lovely island is about nine miles from Panama; it is generally resorted to by her Majesty's ships, as the anchorage is good, and vessels may lie within gunshot of the shore in safety. The town has fallen to decay since the Pacific Steam Navigation Company have withdrawn their works to Callao, and the inhabitants are of the lowest class. A supply of coal is usually kept here by the above Company for the use of her Majesty's ships, for which they are charged from twenty-five to thirty dollars per ton. Considering that coal could be brought out from England and placed alongside her Majesty's ships in the Bay of Panama for seventeen dollars per ton it must be admitted that we pay dearly for the accommodation. This is no random statement, but is based on calculations made by myself, and includes freight from Cardiff, the cost of discharging at Colon, trans-

porting across the isthmus by rail, storing at Panama, and lighterage for bringing it alongside. I am, of course, supposing the prices to be the same as at the time of our visit.

Taboga is mountainous, and well wooded; here and there spaces have been cleared away on the slopes of the hills for the cultivation of pine-apples, which grow to great perfection, both on this island and on the neighbouring one of Taboquilla. From the flag-staff at the top of the island a fine view may be obtained of the Bay of Panama, and on a clear day the Pearl Islands may also be seen.

CHAPTER IX.

ON the 30th of April we sailed for Vancouver's Island. There are several ways of making this passage, depending upon the season of the year, the style of vessel, and the fancy of the captain. With an auxiliary steamer, carrying a good supply of coal, probably the quickest way would be, after clearing the Gulf of Panama, to steam along the coast of Central America until sufficient northing had been made to insure picking up the north-east trade wind, when one should stand out from the land; the trade would probably be picked up about 200 miles from the coast, and the ship placed under canvas. This plan would necessarily entail a considerable expenditure of coal,—a rare and expensive article in the Pacific.

The other route, and the one generally adopted, is to stand to the southward after leaving the Bay of Panama, until the south-east trade is met with, even though you may have to cross the equator to do it: having picked up the south-east trade, run along parallel to the line until sufficient westing is made, when haul up to the northward for the northern trade. The "Reindeer" being a smart ship under canvas, with but little capacity for carrying coal, we preferred the latter route. The great object in either case is to make westing, and an intermediate course between the two routes would entail a tedious passage, owing to the vexatious calms and contrary currents which prevail in and about the latitude of Panama. A strong current sets out of the Gulf of Panama on its western shore, and a corresponding one sets in on the eastern, so that either of them can be made use of, according as one is bound in or out of the gulf. Ten days after leaving Panama we found ourselves becalmed one lovely morning in sight of our old

acquaintances the Galapagos Islands. As the sun rose, dispelling the haze which often hangs over the high land of this group, we were able to make out the different islands more distinctly. Indefatigable Island lay right ahead, with James' on the one bow, and Barrington on the other. Charles Island we could not see, on account of the distance. A breeze springing up enabled us to head up for the latter, and we looked forward to visiting our old quarters in Post-Office Bay, and seeing the Colonel again, but the wind drawing ahead, combined with the strong current sweeping us to leeward, prevented this arrangement; so we bore away, and running under the lee of Indefatigable, anchored in Conway Harbour the same afternoon. This island is one of the largest of the group, being second only to Albemarle; it is nearly round, mountainous towards the centre, and sloping gradually to the sea on all sides. Like all the islands of this group, with the exception of Charles, Indefatigable is uninhabited. The anchorage at Conway Bay is exceedingly good,

and the water is so clear that we could see our anchor laying on the bottom in ten fathoms. The shore looked rather inviting, and I landed with the Doctor and C—— to examine it; but after clambering about over cinders and decomposed lava, we were glad to take to the boat again and fish. We had capital sport, and caught numbers of large rock cod and other beautifully-marked fish, but the sharks and dogfish were so numerous that they carried off all our gear, obliging us to return on board. The next day several shooting and fishing parties were organized and despatched in all directions. Many beautiful doves were seen, of a kind peculiar to these islands, and so tame were they that several might have been killed at a shot. We found two sorts of iguanas, the marine species and the land; the former are most repulsive-looking reptiles; they feed almost entirely on sea-weed, and are always to be found basking on the rocks near the water; their colour so closely resembles that of the black scorixæ that it is very difficult to distinguish

them. The other kind are handsome creatures, very much like an ordinary lizard on a large scale, and very brilliantly marked; this sort feed on cactus, and both kinds are excellent eating. We saw no terrapin, although they are said to be on the island; probably they inhabit the higher parts, where they find moisture.

From Conway Harbour we ran down before the brisk trade wind to James' Island, and dropped our anchor in James' Bay. On our way across we passed through an immense herd of sea-lions and seals, they were gambolling about and evidently enjoying themselves, and seemed greatly astonished at the ship as she rushed through their midst.

James' Island is by far the prettiest of the group; unlike the others, the mountains are densely wooded from the summit to the base, excepting at one place where the burning lava has evidently poured down the mountain side into the sea, destroying every tree and shrub in its course. The anchorage in James' Bay is a good one, though not so good as at Conway

Harbour; several extinct volcanoes can be seen, some of fantastic form and of great height.

Accompanied again by the Doctor and C——, I landed for a stroll with the gun; there was a belt of mangrove bushes along the beach where we landed, behind which was a salt-water lagoon.

Peeping through the bushes, we saw, to our surprise, a flock of teal, and two lovely rose-coloured flamingo; a right and left soon disposed of the latter, when I waded into the lagoon after the teal, with Rose swimming alongside me. The birds, probably never having seen a human being before, were absurdly tame, and kept flying overhead and around me, keeping my breechloader actively employed, and giving my coxswain and Rose ample occupation in gathering the slain. There were four more flamingo in the lagoon, three of which were brought to bag, the total result being twenty-four teal and five flamingo. The Doctor and C—— not having their guns with them were unable to join in the battue. The

teal were excellent, and the flamingo are said to be also very good eating; but of this we were not aware until too late, when their bodies had been thrown away, only their beautiful skins being preserved. The tongue of the flamingo was esteemed as a great delicacy by the Roman emperors, and we had the five tongues cooked, but we failed to discover anything particularly *recherché* about them. The next day a party of sportsmen landed and disposed of eight or ten brace more teal, whilst I, with the same companions, ran down the coast, to see if we could find fresh water where it was so marked on the chart. We found the place, but no water, although in the rainy season there must be plenty, as the rocks bore unmistakeable traces of having been swept by a mountain torrent. Pursuing our course in the boat, we came across what is called a seal rookery, where several of these animals were basking; with our rifles we killed seven or eight of them before they reached the water, but we had some difficulty in getting them into

the boat, owing to the heavy swell breaking on the rocks. One young seal defended its mother's dead body with such bravery and determination that I could not pass it to bend the line on to the carcase. This touching incident, added to the fact that their skins though extremely pretty were not of great value, made me regret that we had killed any of them, and I determined from henceforth never to shoot another.

We succeeded in capturing one young seal alive, notwithstanding a very vigorous resistance; he was transferred to the ship, and comfortably established in the copper punt, which was prepared for his reception. The seals which we shot were females, with one exception; this one was so heavy that it took four men to lift him.

The fishing here was even better than at Indefatigable Island, and we were not so much troubled with sharks; many of the fish were so heavy that they broke our tackle or straightened the hooks. We caught one beauty of a bright

canary colour, weighing twenty pounds; I tried to preserve this fish, but the colour faded.

Whilst we were at anchor off a point fishing we heard a great commotion in the water to seaward, and looking in that direction we saw a shoal of gar, or pipe fish, making towards the boat in a succession of frantic leaps, closely pursued by two enormous fish, which seemed intent upon their capture; so terrified were the wretched gar fish that they rushed head-long against the boat, rattling on her side like a shower of grape shot, and leaving many of their number dead upon the surface.

We soon afterwards returned on board, and getting under weigh we ran through the channel separating James' Island from the adjacent one of Albemarle.

Our seal lived for ten days in the punt, which was regularly filled with salt water every morning and drawn off after it had had its bath. It refused the only food we had to offer, indeed it was not to be expected that it would take kindly to a regimen of salt beef and biscuit, and

it must have died of starvation had it not escaped overboard one dark night when we were more than 1000 miles from the nearest land. During the animal's residence on board we had ample opportunity for observing its habits; it was apparent to us that these creatures prefer to be dry and warm, and only take to the water in search of food. This one spent most of its time sleeping in the bows of the punt, occasionally scrambling out to have a look round the ship or gazing wistfully over the side as though it longed to plunge overboard, but feared to do so on account of the water rushing so swiftly past. The hind flippers are not unlike a pair of black kid gloves tied together at the wrists, and when moving about the deck the seal looked ridiculously like a man laying on his stomach with his feet tied together, propelling himself forward by his elbows. These creatures are known to be very affectionate, and this one frequently sighed and looked at us in the most sentimental manner, as though longing to be restored to the bosom of its family. I

was not sorry when it escaped, although I question very much if it ever found its way home again. After a pleasant run of forty days from the Galapagos we sighted Cape Flattery Light, at the entrance of the Straits of San Juan de Fuca, and on the 22nd of June we anchored in the snug harbour of Esquimalt, Vancouver's Island.

To my mind Vancouver is one of the most delightful of our colonies, combining as it does the rare attractions of pleasant society, lovely scenery, and good sport with rod and gun. It is true that we arrived there at the very best time of the year, when the climate is perfect, and picnic and dinner parties were the order of the day, to be followed in due season by salmon and trout fishing and deer, grouse, and wild-fowl shooting. To us the mere fact of hearing English spoken, meeting English people, and rosy-faced girls and children, was refreshing after a long spell in tropical climates, where we had been heartily sick of the everlasting black hair and eyes of the *senoritas*, and the constant

talk of dollars, cocktails, and revolutions from morning till night.

We came to Vancouver prepared to be pleased, so no wonder it was all *couleur de rose* with us. The road from Esquimalt to the town of Victoria is pretty enough, but is sadly disfigured by the numerous pot-shops which line each side of it, offering irresistible temptations to poor Jack when he goes on shore. There are some good shops in the town, and many pretty villas standing in their own grounds, with well laid-out gardens in the neighbourhood. The Government house is substantially built, and commands a magnificent view of the straits and of the adjacent island of San Juan, with the mountains of British Columbia in the background.

The harbour of Esquimalt is perfect, and so well sheltered that the day after our arrival we placed the ship on the beach and thoroughly repaired her stem where it had been damaged by the ice in the Straits of Magellan.

About the month of July the salmon make

their appearance in the harbour in chace of shoals of herrings. The usual way to take salmon in these waters is to troll with a spoon bait, veered about sixty to eighty yards astern of the boat; the pace should not exceed two or three miles an hour; the best time is about daybreak, and again at sundown. The Indians use a herring bait, and they bend the line on to their paddle, which communicates a twist to the bait at every stroke; for herrings they use an iron rake, which they plunge into the shoal, and literally rake the fish into the canoe. There is capital sea-trout fishing at the mouths of the lagoons, with fly; the fish take best at the turn of the tide, and good trout may also be taken in any of the numerous lakes in the island.

Grouse-shooting commenced on the 1st of August, but long before that date the popping of guns might be heard in the woods round about Esquimalt; the midshipmen of course had the credit of this, and probably they were not altogether guiltless, but most of it was due to the Indian pot-hunters, who armed with an

old musket skulk about the woods, shooting grouse on the trees, and disposing of them in the market at Victoria.

These Indians are a very degraded race, more especially near the towns, where civilization in the form of whisky and disease have been brought to bear on them ; the women are repulsively ugly, and heighten their loathsome appearance by painting their faces vermilion. The Indians of the interior are said to be very superior to those near the coast : they are wonderfully clever at carving in wood ; their canoes are the most beautiful models, and it is supposed that the lines of the first American clipper ship were taken from one of them. They are also expert in the manufacture of gold and silver ornaments, and are capital miners, and among some of the tribes cannibalism may be added to their other accomplishments.

Two kinds of grouse are to be found in the woods of Vancouver's Island, the blue and the willow grouse ; the former are fine birds of a dark slate colour ; they are generally to be met with

on the high ground, and give excellent sport if shot on the wing and not potted on the tree, to which they invariably fly when flushed. The willow grouse is a smaller and handsomer bird, and inhabits the low, swampy ground; it is said to be the best eating of the two.

Black-tailed deer are also plentiful, especially about the neighbourhood of Green or Skirt Mountains, and indeed everywhere except in the immediate vicinity of Esquimalt, where they are much disturbed. I have seen as many as eight to ten in a day's shooting within a few miles of the ship. They may be killed either with the rifle or smooth bore. I prefer the latter, one barrel loaded with ball, the other with buck shot, for a snap shot in the woods. The deer lay very close, often jumping up out of the bracken at one's feet, when the buck shot will generally roll them over; but should that fail, they invariably run for the highest ground, and stand still for a few moments, giving time for the second barrel. Should they not do so of their own accord, a shrill whistle or shouting

at them will often stop them. These animals are so much the colour of the surrounding rocks and bracken that unless one is accustomed to their appearance and habits it is often not easy to distinguish them, especially as they frequently stand perfectly still, looking at one, until the danger is passed. There are several ways of killing deer in Vancouver; some gentlemen in Victoria keep hounds, and drive them to the guns, which are posted to command the passes; another way is to drive them into the water, where they are easily killed; the settlers also lay in wait for them at night, and shoot them when they come to feed on their crops; but the most sportsmanlike plan is to stalk them on the bare hill-tops, where they resort in the early mornings and evenings, or go into the woods, where they are to be found during the heat of the day, and take the chance of springing them. During the beginning of August I had several days' shooting in company with one of the officers of the flagship, a capital sportsman and a good shot; we usually

brought back from ten to fifteen brace of grouse, and a few duck, and now and then a deer; this may be considered a good bag for two guns: a dog is indispensable, probably a close-working retriever is about the best. In the middle of August we proceeded in the ship to Horseshoe Bay, about fifty miles from Esquimalt, to collect and bring down spars for the dockyard. Streaming through the channel which divides the Island of San Juan from Vancouver, we threaded our way amongst lovely islets and romantic scenery, and arrived in a few hours at our destination.

Horseshoe Bay, as one would suppose from the name, is an excellent harbour, sheltered from all winds; one solitary house and a saw-mill are alone visible from the anchorage; the settlement at Chemainus is about three miles distant. The timber at this part of the island is as fine if not superior to any on the coast, many of the trees are 200 feet high and as straight as a candle; one not far from Chemainus measured fifty-seven feet in circumference,

ten feet from the ground; the top of this tree had been blown off, otherwise it would have been fully 300 feet high. The biggest trees are by no means the best for ships' use; the one selected for a fore yard for the "Repulse" was a beautiful spar, without a branch, and scarcely a knot for the first 100 feet from the ground; the price asked for this spar was only 25*l.* the same tree would have been worth 400*l.* at Valparaiso.

There is good sport to be had in the neighbourhood of Chemainus, both deer, and grouse; and ducks are to be found in great numbers on the flats at the mouth of the river; but the best sport is to be got on "Admiral" and "Thetis" Islands, a few miles from the anchorage at Horseshoe Bay, as the grouse are not often shot there, and the deer swim off to them to escape from panthers, which infest the woods on the mainland.

One day whilst shooting with an officer of the "Repulse," who had come with me for the trip, we happened to look in at a farm-house to ask

for a glass of water, or milk if we could get it. The old lady of the house was busy making butter, and had apparently turned out the wrong side, so our reception was not of the most cordial character. My poor old dog Rose was the first to catch it, she had taken up her quarters under the table, from which she was speedily ousted with the butt end of a broomstick, which we half expected would be applied to our shoulders afterwards. However, after being well rated for a pair of poachers, we were given a glass of skimmed milk, and took our departure. The next Sunday after this many of the neighbouring farmers with their wives and families came on board the ship at my invitation to attend Divine Service, and dine with me afterwards. To our great amusement, among the earliest of the arrivals was our excitable hostess, arrayed in her holiday best; the poor old lady's horror and astonishment at finding that the two dirty-looking poachers were officers in her Majesty's service was amusing. But to make matters worse, whilst

we were at dinner a dog was reported to be swimming off to the ship. I gave orders to receive the animal and give him some food; presently a big shaggy poodle, dripping with wet, came down into the cabin, wagging his tail and evidently much pleased with his reception. The old lady at once recognized her favourite dog, and exclaiming, "Why it's my Peter," went off into hysterics. Her apologies for having treated us so shabbily were rather embarrassing. However we pacified her by promising that we would look in again, should we ever pass her door. Some time afterwards we did pay her a visit; needless to say we met with a very different reception: old Rose was treated to as much milk as she could stow, and my coxswain sent away staggering under a cargo of fruit, eggs, and butter enough to last us a fortnight. There is good trout-fishing in the Chemainus river, and salmon also frequent it. One of the settlers showed us the water, and also the latest style of fly-fishing. Having hooked a trout of two pounds, he turned his

back upon the river and walked up the bank with his rod over his shoulder, dragging out the fish by the "hair of the head." In one pool we saw several large salmon, which we tried in vain to catch; my companion C—— rose one to the fly and hooked it, but it broke away. This proves that salmon in Vancouver will rise to a fly, a fact which has always been disputed. As soon as our spars were ready we shipped all the smaller ones, and making a raft of the others, towed them astern and returned to Esquimalt. Our experience of the sport to be obtained at Horseshoe Bay induced me, not long after this, to go back there on a fortnight's leave of absence. On this occasion I was accompanied by C——, of her Majesty's ship "Repulse," my coxswain, and old Rose; we embarked on board a small steamer plying between Victoria and Nanaimo, taking with us a light skiff to carry us across to the islands.

During this visit we were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Askew, of Horseshoe Bay, and enjoyed some excellent sport, bagging in one day

twenty-two brace of grouse, and two deer on Thetis Island; we also had some good duck-shooting and trout-fishing at Chemainus, returning to Esquimalt much pleased with our expedition and the hospitality of our kind host and hostess. By this time the grouse had been pretty well thinned in the neighbourhood of Esquimalt; so I turned my attention more especially to the deer, and spent much of my spare time hunting in the woods, accompanied only by my coxswain. We generally landed before daylight, and by going very quietly to work and firing at nothing but deer we often managed to bag one before we had been many hours from the ship. One evening I wounded a deer near Tyler's farm, where I was putting up; so we went back to the house for a dog which they had there. Putting the animal on the trail he led us to a thick clump of bushes, when out jumped a beautiful buck, which I shot; this deer weighed 136 pounds clean: the wounded one escaped. On another occasion we had hunted all the morning without success, when

finding ourselves on the top of Green Mountain, we dislodged a large boulder, which bounded from ledge to ledge into the valley below; the noise startled a splendid buck which had been lying down below us, and which we never should have seen but for this *ruse*; unfortunately I only got a glimpse of the beast's head, and missed it clean.

A retired army officer used to live at Elk Lake, some miles from Victoria, and I paid him a visit at his invitation to have a day's hunting together. He lived in a small hut built with his own hands, on the borders of the lake; the site was well chosen with a view to sport, at the back of the hut were dense woods extending in every direction, and reaching down to the water's edge. The lake was well stocked with trout, and wild fowl frequented it in the winter. I received a cordial welcome from the captain, and two magnificent hounds greeted my arrival with howls of delight. It was arranged that I should take a rickety old canoe which lay on the beach, and paddle into the middle of the

lake, while the captain hunted in the woods. Taking up my position I had leisure to admire the scene, which was most beautiful; the lake was as calm as a millpond, and every rock and tree was reflected as in a mirror; the old craft, however, leaked so badly that I had to devote my attention to keeping her afloat. Presently I heard the hounds baying and the captain swearing, at least so it sounded to me, then the dogs gave tongue again, their voices echoing from shore to shore; the sound gradually died away, and I concluded that a deer had been started, but had gone in the wrong direction, away from the water. I waited patiently, listening for the slightest sound, and at last, long after I had given up any hope of getting a shot, I heard a crash among the rushes at the far end of the lake, and presently saw something gliding along the water, leaving a long ripple behind it. Knowing that it must be a deer I paddled in a direction to intercept its course, and coming nearer made it out to be a buck swimming boldly for the opposite shore.

Deer present but a small mark in the water, as only the head and horns are visible, and the only result of the two barrels which I fired was to turn the animal back towards the shore he had just left. The deer swam so fast it was hard work to keep up to it, and the canoe leaked so badly that it was doubtful if it would float much longer, but there was no time to bale, so I worked hard with my paddle, and just as the deer was striking soundings, I crammed in a couple of cartridges and rolled it over as it was leaving the water. The captain came up soon afterwards and was pleased with the result, as he had lost the trail and was going home. I paid him another visit shortly afterwards, when I was posted down by the sea shore with my coxswain, as the deer sometimes took that way, the captain hunting in the woods as before. The hounds soon started a deer, which led them away from where I was posted; hours passed, the rain came down in torrents, and we were consoling ourselves for our bad luck with a pipe, when we saw a deer come out of the wood half

a mile off, and deliberately walk into the sea; he then trotted along towards us, keeping in the shallow water, evidently to throw the dogs off the scent. Now and then he would stop and listen and then trot on again. We kept perfectly still and the deer passed within forty yards of where we were sitting, when I shot him; he proved to be a nice young buck with fair horns; we had a hard job to carry him back through the woods to the hut, turn and turn about, over our shoulders.

I tried for several nights lying in wait for deer in the paddocks where they came to feed on the farmers' crops; but though I frequently heard them jumping the palings and feeding within a few yards of me I never succeeded in getting a shot, owing to the darkness of the night. On a moonlight night it must be a sure and easy way of killing them. It is, however, cold work, and one is very apt to get a touch of fever and ague, as I did, for my trouble. An invaluable recipe for shooting in marshy countries is a bottle of sherry and quinine mixed, a

preparation which our surgeon thoughtfully provided me with on all such occasions.

To any one fond of yachting Vancouver presents unusual attractions. There are many excellent harbours on the east coast ; the water is always smooth, and the scenery cannot be surpassed ; game is abundant, and easy to procure. To my mind there is nothing to equal the intense enjoyment of wandering, gun in hand, in those glorious woods, unfettered by the presence of an over-fed, velvetene-coated gamekeeper ; there is a freedom about it which cannot be obtained in the old country.

As regards settling down, I should hardly consider Vancouver to be the best place to choose. Land is difficult to procure, except at a great distance from Victoria, and labour is not to be had, unless it be an occasional Chinaman, or a rascally Indian ; so that unless a man be prepared to work with his own hands he had better go elsewhere.

Our colonies are all more or less thronged with broken-down gentlemen, who go out with

the vague idea of getting something under Government, or else on the chance of something turning up. Too often they fail, and are reduced to earning their bread in any way they can.

Vancouver's Island is not singular in this respect. On one of my shooting expeditions I came across two poor fellows, encamped under a rude kind of tent ; one had been an officer in the army, the other in the navy : their present employment was breaking stones, or something equally honest and remunerative. The class of men wanted in Vancouver are carpenters, blacksmiths, &c., any of whom can earn ten dollars a day ; even at sawing timber a man can get forty to forty-five dollars a month in the season. This fact is the great drawback to the place, from a naval officer's point of view, for the temptation to desert is so great that it is almost impossible to prevent it. Many a silly fellow, after running all sorts of risks to reach the American side of the Straits, finds to his cost that he was far better off on board his ship on

his comparatively small but certain wage. At Nanaimo there are some extensive coal-mines, which promise a good return to the fortunate proprietors; the coal is cheap and good, but burns quickly, and makes a terrible smoke.

Doubtless the completion of the railway projected across the continent of North America, to connect Canada with British Columbia, will infuse new life into Vancouver's Island, but at present there seems to be little probability of its fulfilment. Towards the latter end of October we received orders from the admiral to proceed with all despatch to Panama, to meet some supernumeraries who were expected there. It was with much regret that we bade adieu to our friends in Victoria, for from the popular governor, Mr. Trutch, as well as from those of a less exalted position, we had experienced much kindness and hospitality during our stay of four months in the colony; but so it is always in a sailor's life; one makes friends at every port, only to part, and seek for new ones elsewhere.

In compliance with our instructions we took our departure on the 28th of October, and steaming out of Esquimalt Harbour found ourselves in a dense fog in the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. The fog accompanied us almost all the way to San Francisco, where we arrived after a quick run of four days. These fogs are a very serious drawback to the navigation of this coast. The shores of California, more especially in the vicinity of San Francisco, are often enveloped in them for weeks together, and many a good ship has been lost in consequence when almost at her destination. The coast is admirably supplied with lighthouses and powerful steam fog-horns; the latter may be heard ten miles off on a calm day. So thick was the fog off the entrance to the port that we passed through the Golden Gates without seeing the land on either side, and anchored in the harbour at daylight of the 1st of November. The fog cleared away soon afterwards, showing us the harbour in all its noble proportions, with crowds of clippers waiting for their cargoes of grain for

Europe. The appearance of San Francisco from the anchorage is rather disappointing, and it is not until one has landed and traversed some of the principal streets that one can realize the wonderful energy by which a city, second only to New York or Chicago, has been raised in the short space of twenty-five years. A considerable part of the town is built on land reclaimed from the sea; many of the finest houses are built of stone faced with iron, which gives them a handsome and substantial appearance. There are many first-class hotels; perhaps about the best is the "Grand," where the charge for board and lodging is only three dollars a day, or five if a sitting-room is required. In this respect the Americans are far ahead of us; there is not, to my knowledge, any hotel in England which can compare with a first-rate house in New York or San Francisco. Owing to the extraordinary temptations offered to seamen to desert, it is quite out of the question to give leave to the men to go on shore at San Francisco. There are hundreds of crimps and land-

sharks of every sort, ready to pounce upon the unfortunate sailor directly he lands, and he seldom gets beyond the first grog-shop. where he is speedily drugged, robbed, and smuggled on board an outward-bound merchant-ship, and the first thing the poor fellow discovers on coming to his senses is that he is in blue water, bound he knows not where, and with but little chance of redress, as he is branded as a deserter from her Majesty's service.

The following is a recipe found upon the person of the proprietor of a Californian drinking saloon. For whisky—

{ Ten gallons of kerosene,
 3 lbs. of potash,
 1 oz. of strychnine,

mixed with soft water. If gin is required, add quantum sufficit of oil of juniper !!!

CHAPTER X.

THERE is much to be seen at San Francisco, but our very limited stay prevented our visiting everything; and as soon as the coaling was finished we sailed for Mazatlan, where we arrived on the 16th of November, after a passage of eleven days. Whilst shipping a small freight which awaited us, I took the opportunity of paying another visit to the lagoons, accompanied by two of the officers; our united bag amounted to twenty brace of ducks. We were unable to get any coal here, so we touched at San Blas, and laid in a quantity of wood instead. I took advantage of this delay to run up to Tepic with Lieutenant B—— to see our friends again. The last time we were at Tepic was

immediately before the Revolution, when many of the principal families were away, and those that remained were somewhat *triste*. Now all was changed; Lousada was dead, and 3000 Government troops were established in the city under General Ceballos. We met with a very cordial reception; our old quarters in Mr. Barron's house were prepared for us, and a banquet was given in our honour, followed by a ball and garden party at Jauga. On taking our departure the general provided us with a guard of cavalry, under whose escort we returned to San Blas, and putting to sea the same night arrived without further adventure at Panama.

The unfortunate supernumeraries for whom we had been sent had not arrived, having caught the yellow fever at Jamaica; we consequently had to reconcile ourselves to a delay of some months at Panama, awaiting further instructions from the commander-in-chief.

During this delay I had leisure to examine the different propositions for constructing a canal across the isthmus of Panama.

There have been numerous projects for connecting the Pacific with the Atlantic Ocean. Among the schemes which are now considered to be impracticable are those proposed across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec ; the Chiriqui route, in the northern part of the province of Panama ; the Atrato, and the Darien routes. An exhaustive survey has lately been made by Captain Selfridge, of the United States Navy, of that part of the isthmus south of Panama. His plan, which is commonly called the Napipi route, has many supporters, but the general opinion is that even if this route be practicable, the expense attending it would be so great as to prevent its ever being carried out.

There are two routes which find favour ; the one by the lake of Nicaragua, and the other by the Isthmus of Panama, in the immediate vicinity of the railway. With regard to the first, it is maintained that the land about Lake Nicaragua is lower than on the Isthmus of Panama, that there is in the lake itself an inexhaustible reservoir, and an excellent seaport at

San Juan del Sur, the proposed terminus on the Pacific side.

Mons. Lesseps is said to be in favour of this plan; he considers that a canal with weirs can be easily constructed, and he is, I believe, of opinion that it is impossible to construct a canal without weirs in any part of the American continent.

Against this project it may be said that to construct a canal with weirs is a most expensive operation; that they are liable to get out of order; that the distance between the two oceans is greater at Nicaragua than at Panama; and that there is no good port available on the Atlantic side.

If a canal with locks be thought practicable, there seems to be no reason why one should not be constructed across the Isthmus of Panama in the vicinity of the railway; a survey is now being made to ascertain the best point where the Chagres River can be dammed up, so as to form a reservoir, with this object in view. Another plan has been proposed; namely, to

construct a tide-level canal from Colon to Panama. It is generally considered that the difference in the rise and fall of the tide at these places offers no serious obstacle to this project. In fact, the question resolves itself into one of money ; there can be no doubt about the success of the undertaking when once the canal is constructed. A glance at the map is sufficient to show the immense amount of traffic which would be turned through this channel. Much of the commerce at present carried round Cape Horn or through the Straits of Magellan would go through the canal, which would be the most direct route for ships bound to Australia, China, Japan, and all ports on the Pacific coast.

CHAPTER XI.

DURING our stay in Panamanian waters I made several expeditions in search of sport and adventure. One of these was to a place called Obispo, on the Panama Railway.

Having through the courtesy of Mr. Corwine, the agent for the railway company, obtained a free pass for E—— and myself, we started by the one o'clock train from Panama, and an hour afterwards drew up at the pretty bungalow called the Obispo Railway Station, where we received a hearty welcome from the hospitable station-master and his wife, who had kindly invited us to stay with them, as there was no hotel at the place. It was too late to shoot that evening ; so we strolled down the banks of

the Chagres River, disturbing a party of dusky señoritas who were enjoying a bath. Following along the course of the stream, we picked up some very fine jaspers ; these stones, though of



THE OBISPO STATION ON THE PANAMA RAILWAY.

no great value, are very handsome, and take a fine polish. There are some very large fish in the river, and our host told us that he had seen them taken up to 100 lbs. weight. I have no doubt that good sport might be had with rod

and line. After a pleasant evening at the station we turned in for the night. The next morning I was surprised to find my lip swollen to a great size, and I could not imagine what animal had so unceremoniously refreshed himself upon me. A huge spider, with a body as big as a walnut, got the benefit of the doubt, and was killed, though I really believe the poor fellow was innocent. Our hostess said it was probably done by a vampire bat, as they sometimes came in through the venetians during the night.

After a cup of coffee we started for the woods, and, guided by a native, followed a trail through the thick jungle for several miles. The heat was intolerable, notwithstanding that the trees met overhead, completely obscuring the sun's rays; not a breath of air stirred the foliage, dripping with the rain of the previous night. The only signs of life were a few humming-birds and some magnificent butterflies of a deep cobalt blue, as large as the crown of one's hat. Presently the rain came down in torrents; the

lightning flashed ; thunder rolled amongst the hills ; and we were not sorry when we espied a solitary hut, where we took refuge from the storm. The tenant of this hut was a poor Irishman, who told us he was prospecting the country for gold ; unlike the generality of his countrymen he seemed of a sulky disposition, but a glass of whisky made him more communicative. He told us that gold was to be found in considerable quantities in the mountains near ; and he volunteered to show us where he had been working. Shouldering a pickaxe he led the way to a secluded spot in the depth of the forest, a tiny rivulet trickled along the bottom of the dell, and on each side the earth had been cleared away. The miner told us there was plenty of gold far up the hill sides, but that an hydraulic pump was required to raise water up to the desired level, to make it pay for being worked. He then proceeded to initiate us into the process of gold-washing ; driving his pickaxe apparently at random into the bank, he shovelled the loose earth into a pan

and then washed it in the stream. It was most interesting to watch how little by little he got rid of the superfluous rubbish, until nothing remained but fine black sand interspersed with tiny specks of gold. The miner washed several pans of earth, and all contained more or less of the precious metal; we also washed a pan or two ourselves, but should certainly have lost the gold at the last moment had not the man saved it by a clever turn of the pan. We returned soon afterwards to the station, and caught the train for Panama, taking with us some gold dust as a memento of our visit.

We saw no game on this occasion, but we found traces of deer, pig, and jaguars, which the impenetrable nature of the bush made impossible to follow up.

There can be no doubt that gold exists in considerable quantities on the Isthmus of Panama, although probably it would not pay for working it; besides which, there is so much trickery practised that one cannot believe half what one hears, and not always what one sees.


I heard of an individual who sent a sample of earth to New York to be essayed; great was his indignation when the answer came back to say that it was worthless, for said he, "I salted it myself," meaning that he had distributed an ounce or two of gold dust amongst the earth before sending it. This was a smart trick, but the Yankee was the smarter man of the two.

A gentleman living near Panama keeps a pack of hounds, with which he hunts in the neighbouring woods; he kindly gave me an invitation to a *chasse*. We drove from the city before daylight, and arrived at the rendezvous just as day was breaking, where we were met by the huntsman and hounds! They were, perhaps, not exactly what an English fox-hunter would have expected to have seen. The huntsman, who was on foot, was a withered old native, armed with a "machété," or big knife, with which to cut a trail through the woods; his dress was of the lightest description consistent with decency, being no more than a cloth tied round his loins; no doubt it was

admirably suited to the climate, and the work he had to perform. The hounds were the most nondescript pack I ever saw; there were two English fox-hounds, who seemed rather ashamed at being seen in such company, a greyhound, a bull-terrier, and half a dozen mongrels, some with curly tails, some with stumpy tails, and one with no tail at all. However, as their worthy owner assured me, although they were not much to look at, they were devils to go! and he guaranteed them to hunt anything from a tiger to a cat.

Our first beat was one of the savannahs, or large open plain, a few miles distant from the city. The guns being posted, the hounds were turned into a wood near at hand. We were all on the tiptoe of expectation, when a frightful din commenced, the old native shouting, and the dogs giving tongue: presently a deer bounded out, close to where my coxswain was placed, pursued by the greyhound, the bull-dog, and the rest in succession. Ricketts being merely placed as a stop, had no gun; so he

turned the deer towards me, and I rolled it over as it bounded into the bush. Great was the rejoicing over this beast, the hounds crowded round; the old native came out of the bush, perspiring freely, and scraping the "gar-rapatos" or ticks off his skin with his "machété." This beginning seemed to promise well for a good day's sport, but much to my disappointment the deer was hoisted up into the carriage, and we drove back to Panama to breakfast. I subsequently had several other days' hunting with this wonderful pack; the different animals brought to bag was most amusing, and fully bore out the character their owner gave them. On one occasion, after waiting at my post for at least an hour, a deafening chorus burst forth, apparently close at hand. Come! I said to myself, a tiger at least this time, but nothing appeared, and as the noise seemed to be concentrated at one spot I went to the place. I found my host and his dogs assembled round a hole in the ground, into which some animal had evidently bolted. The scene was most ludicrous,



the larger dogs, including the greyhound and the bull-dog, stood off, ready for anything to bolt, and keeping up an awful din; the rest of the pack were in the hole, and their tails, those that had any, could just be seen. The old native had cleared away the bush with his "machété," as though he expected a Bengal tiger to come out, and one of the party stood ready to fire whenever the beast should appear. In answer to my inquiries as to what kind of a beast was expected, I was told that possibly it might be a "cornejo pintado," literally a painted rabbit, a species of animal I have never yet seen. A little diversion was created by an unfortunate armadillo, which bolted out of the scrub and was rolled over in the open by the whole pack; the greyhound first caught it, and I could hear the poor creature's shell crunching under his powerful jaws. Meanwhile the old native had dug down upon the hole, from whence a low moaning could be heard; the yelping of the dogs was now redoubled, and one of the sportsmen approached the spot with his

gun, after taking a look round to see the coast clear. Presently a mass of yellow fur was descried, into which both barrels were discharged, and a miserable harmless ant-eater was dragged forth in triumph; the poor creature had bravely refused to desert its young one, which was soon afterwards ignominiously pulled out. I tried to keep this little fellow alive, but he pined away and died in a short time. Some days afterwards I made another expedition, in company with one of our officers, to a country house called Limon, belonging to Señor A——, some twenty miles distant from Panama. We started during the night, so as to insure landing at high water, and after a pleasant sail of three hours arrived at a small village on the beach, where we procured horses, and reached the house at two a.m. Notwithstanding the unseasonable hour our host and hostess were awaiting us, and we received a warm welcome from these kind-hearted people. We spent a couple of days most pleasantly at this place, bathing in the river, shooting ducks on the

pools, and lying out for deer during the night. This last occupation was by no means agreeable, owing to the swarms of mosquitoes, ticks, and other vermin, which gave us no peace. Our host told us that he usually built himself a platform in a tree, under which the deer came to feed during the night, and in this way he had killed hundreds without being molested by mosquitoes; such luxurious kind of shooting is certainly excusable in these countries, but we had no time to enjoy it.

The country about Limon is most beautiful, resembling an English park, with fine timber and rich grass on which many hundred head of fat cattle are pastured. Not far from the hacienda is the village of Choreros, a favourite bathing-place of the Panamanians during the hot season. Declining the kind offer of our host to stay and have some deer and wild pig shooting, we returned on board.

Notwithstanding the immense importance of the Port of Panama, and the large number of vessels trading to it, there is not a single

lighthouse on any part of the coast. The attention of the Government of Panama having been called to this fact by the Government of her Britannic Majesty, their Congress voted the sum of 35,000 dols. (7000*l.*) for the purpose of erecting lighthouses where they were most needed, and applied to H. M. Chargé-d'Affaires at Bogota for assistance in the matter. In consequence of his representation, I was ordered by the Admiral to proceed in the "Reindeer," upon the arrival of his flag-ship, to examine the adjacent coasts, and to report upon the best sites for erecting lighthouses, and placing buoys and beacons in the Bay of Panama. Whilst waiting the arrival of the "Repulse," I took the opportunity of consulting with the captains of the English and American mail steamers, whose local knowledge was of great use to me on this subject.

One morning, whilst we were at anchor off Taboga, we saw the flag-ship coming up from the southward, so we got under weigh and ran down to meet her, and accompanied her to the

anchorage off Panama. We had hardly anchored when we observed a great glare in the town, and it soon became apparent that a fire of no ordinary magnitude had broken out. The flames rose on high, lighting up the spires of



GREAT FIRE AT PANAMA—H.M.S. "REPULSE" AND "REINDEER" AT ANCHOR IN THE BAY.

the Cathedral, which stood out in bold relief against the dark background, throwing out sparks and volumes of smoke. With our glasses we could see the houses falling in all directions. The sight was a very grand one, but there was no time to be lost, and we

prepared to render every assistance in our power. As soon as the flag-ship's steam launch could be got ready, we started for the scene, with boats and fire-engines, and a strong party of officers and men, under the immediate superintendence of Captain Wilson of the "Repulse." Unfortunately the tide was out, and we could not approach nearer than a quarter of a mile from the landing-place, so we had to get out, and wade through the mud to the shore. Placing guards over the British and American Consulates, we made our way to the Plaza, where a terrible scene presented itself. The Grand Hotel had already been destroyed, and about one-third of the city was blazing fiercely, the picturesque old cathedral had fortunately escaped. Owing to the absence of water our fire-engines were useless, and all that we could do was to pull down houses, and thereby prevent the further spreading of the flames. This occupied us till 2 a.m. when all further danger was over, and we returned on board.

Panama has on several occasions suffered



severely by fire, and in all probability will continue to do so until steps are taken to organize an efficient fire-brigade, and arrangements made to insure a good supply of water. On this occasion, even had water been pro-



THE GRAND HOTEL, PANAMA, AFTER THE FIRE.

curable, the fire-engine belonging to the town was out of order, and the nearest one was at Colon, nearly fifty miles away; a locomotive was sent for it, and returned at 4 a.m., by which time the fire had burnt out, and a million dollars' worth of property had been

destroyed. The native police and the soldiery distinguished themselves during the fire by getting drunk and preventing those who were endeavouring to save their property from being able to.

A day or two after this event we sailed to carry out the Admiral's instructions relative to the lighthouses; two officers of the flag-ship came with me for the sake of sport or any amusement they could get. The next morning we were off Cape Mala, a headland terminating the western shore of the Gulf of Panama. The current sweeps round this cape with great velocity, and carried us rather past it, but as this was one of the most important places for a lighthouse to be fixed, we beat back, and anchored under the lee of the point for the night.

Cape Mala is rightly named, it is a low rocky, and most dangerous headland, with reefs extending for nearly a mile, on which a heavy sea continually breaks.

All steamers approaching Panama from the

northward have to round Cape Mala, and those coming from the south generally sight it. I was particularly anxious to examine this place, and tried in vain to effect a landing, but the heavy surf prevented me, and I was obliged to content myself with a sketch of the point. Thinking it possible that we might be able to get on shore lower down the coast, and so reach the point, we ran down to the southward, and anchored off the mouth of the river Juera. A heavy surf was breaking across the bar, at the entrance of the river, and as far as we could see on either side; but at length, after considerable difficulty, we succeeded in landing on a precipitous part of the coast, and scrambling up the cliffs overhead. From this place we found it impossible to penetrate inland, on account of the dense and thorny jungle; after struggling for several hours, and getting our clothes torn, we had to give it up, and effect an ignominious retreat by way of a precipice, down which we came with more expedition than we cared for. So steep was

this place, that one of our party was very nearly added to the bag, whilst performing the flying trapeze from tree to tree, and a brace of wild turkeys which he had shot were lost from his belt.

Leaving this inhospitable coast in disgust, we made sail and stood over to the eastern shore of the Gulf, and anchored in Piñas Bay the following day. This side of the Gulf is far superior to the western in every respect, the harbours are good, the water generally smooth, and the scenery more beautiful. Piñas Bay is an excellent harbour; two lovely islets, called the 'Sentinels,' guard the entrance, and are a guide for making the port. The harbour abounds with every description of the finny tribe; with one haul of our seine we captured a most wonderful draught of fish, the net was so full as to be in danger of bursting, and several boat-loads had to be taken out before it could be drawn ashore. There must have been many thousands of every size, shape, and colour, including the corvino,


a fish scarcely inferior to a salmon in beauty and excellence, also rock-cod, mullet, gard-fish, Spanish-mackerel, and many others.

Whilst we were fishing, the natives of the place came down to the beach to see what they could get. I never beheld such a miserable, unwholesome-looking lot; they all appeared to be afflicted with the leprosy, and one old woman seemed by the look of her skin to be a kind of cross between a toad and an iguana. We of course allowed them to take as much fish as they wanted, as we had enough and to spare, and after they were satisfied, dogs, pelicans, and turkey-buzzards also crowded to the feast. When we left the bay the water was still covered with dead fish, the refuse of our haul.

From Piñas Bay we worked along the shore to the northward, so as to take advantage of the current which sets in that direction on the eastern side of the Gulf; the water was smooth, the breeze fresh, and the ship tore through the water ten knots an hour. By sunset we had

overhauled a schooner which we had seen at noon ten miles dead to windward.

There is a dangerous reef between Cape Escopardo, and Galera Island, called the San José Bank, one rock of which is nearly awash; the strong current running out of the river San Miguel, sets directly upon this reef, and it is necessary to be particularly cautious in approaching it. During the night the wind dropped, and we found ourselves being drifted unpleasantly near the shoal, so we anchored to avoid being set upon it. The vicinity of the reef was indicated by large shoals of fish, including sharks, porpoises, &c.; several whales were also in sight. As soon as the tide had turned, we weighed our anchor and stood over to the Island of San José, one of the Pearl group, and anchored in a fine bay on the east side of it. The next morning I ran down in the gig to examine the southern point of the island, with a view to the erection of a lighthouse upon it. A heavy surf broke upon the rocks near the



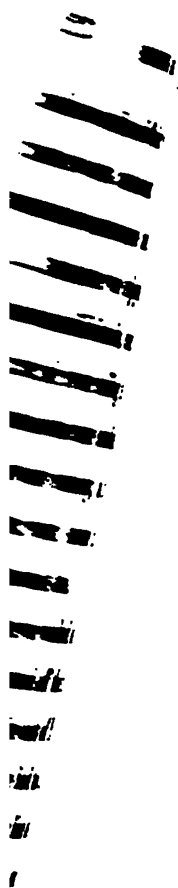
point, but we found a good landing-place in a sandy cove close at hand. This point is only second in importance to Cape Mala, and a light upon it would be of especial benefit to ships bound to Panama from the southward. With these two places lighted, one with a fixed light, the other a flashing, to distinguish them, the navigator would have no difficulty in making the port of Panama in any weather. The engineering difficulties of placing these lighthouses would be but slight, and the expense of keeping the lights going might be met by a trifling tax on all ships coming to the port.

From San José we stood over to the Isla del Rey, the largest of the Pearl Islands, and from thence to Pedro Gonzales, where there is a capital harbour.

There is no sport to be got at these islands, except seining, but still they have much to recommend them. An artist would find ample occupation among the lovely islets and fantastic rocks of this archipelago; all the islands are

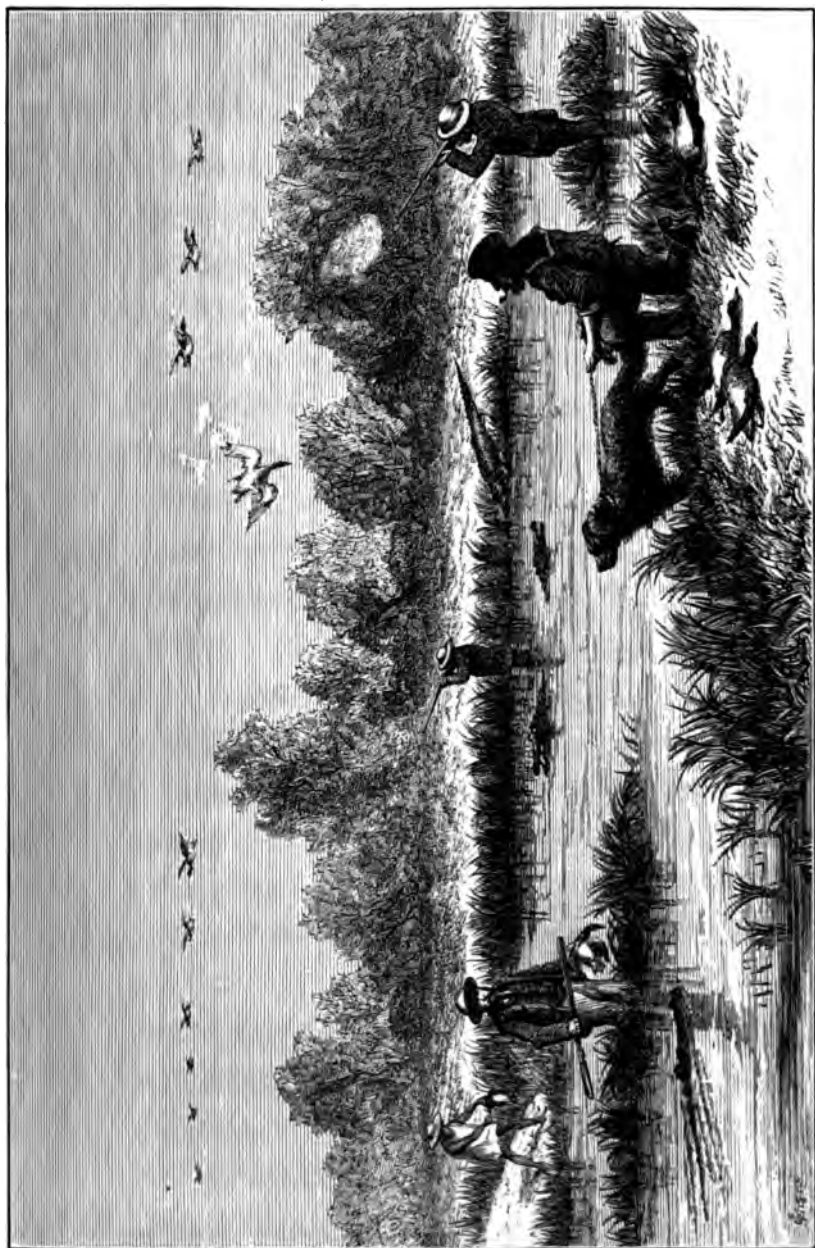
overhauled a
noon ten mil

There is
Escopardo,
José Bar
awash;
the riv
reef, a
cautio
the
bein
we
vi
s'



thickly wooded, and their bright sandy beaches, fringed with cocoa-nut trees, give them a particularly picturesque and pleasing appearance. Altogether we enjoyed our short visit to these beautiful islands, combining pleasure with duty; for if ever sailing is pleasant, it is so when one has the rare combination of fine weather and lovely scenery, a fresh breeze and smooth water, with secure harbours in every direction under one's lee.

From Pedro Gonzales we worked our way to the northward, and anchored off the mouth of the Pacora river, twelve miles east of Panama. The coast here is so flat that we had to anchor five miles from the shore; a long line of surf breaks constantly on the beach, and on the bar at the river's mouth, so that it is difficult to make out the entrance. Being anxious to explore this river, I started in the gig, accompanied by my two guests from the flag-ship. We got over the bar with some difficulty, and pulled up the river for several miles, shooting at the alligators which swarmed on the banks,



DUCK-SHOOTING AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

and in the water. We killed or wounded several of these brutes, but they generally managed to reach the water, and sank before we could secure them. We made an example, however, of one old rascal that we caught asleep on the bank with his mouth open.

G——, a capital shot, first gave him a ball down his throat, which somewhat astonished him, and before he had time to recover, we landed and despatched him with several more shots at point-blank range, besides digging a long knife into him below his armour-plating; at each stab he turned his head round and snapped his jaws together with a horrid crash. We left him apparently dead, and yet when we passed the place the next morning, his body had disappeared, having probably been dragged away and devoured by his companions. When night came on we lit a fire, and lay down to sleep on the bank of the river; but what with the cold, the heavy dew, and the mosquitoes, we had a wretched time of it, and were not sorry when the approach of day

enabled us to stretch our cramped limbs again.

Taking to the boat, we dropped down to the mouth of the river, and having picked up a native who volunteered his services as a guide, we walked along the beach for nine miles till we came to a lagoon on the borders of which were many kinds of duck and water-fowl. Dispensing round the lagoon, we opened a brisk fire on the ducks, bagging several of them; but most of the birds that fell in deep water were at once seized by alligators, which infested the place. Although these creatures will seldom attack a man in shallow water, still it is not pleasant to have them in close proximity to one's legs; at one place I had a brace and a half of ducks floating about dead, near me, and as no alligator appeared to claim his share, I waded in after them. I had already secured two, and was about to lay hold of the third, when an alligator rushed past me under water, and took the bird almost from my hand. As he turned with it in his mouth, he stirred up

the mud with his tail, and I half expected to be laid hold of by the leg the next moment. Needless to say, I lost no time in placing myself on terra-firma.

Our guide proved most useful in retrieving ducks, although he had a wholesome horror of alligators; it was a most ridiculous sight to see him with his thin bare legs in the water, booming off an alligator with his machété, and shouting out "Caiman! Caiman! Caramba!" &c.


Owing to the presence of these beasts, old "Rose" was not allowed into the water, but was given in charge of my coxswain, who kept her out of danger.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks to our shooting, we made a very pretty bag, amounting to twenty-five brace of ducks and teal, with which we tramped back to the boat, and returned on board, and the next day rejoined the flag-ship at Taboga.

On the 9th April we sailed from Panama, bound to the coast of Mexico, a part of the station we were already too familiar with. A

few days before we took our departure, we had an opportunity of trying our speed with our sister ship, the "Cameleon;" the event was not so exciting as it might have been, on account of the lack of wind, still it was a pretty sight, as the two smart little vessels ran alongside of each other under every stitch of canvas. The course was from Taboga to Panama Roads; we started in a dead calm, but after drifting about for some time, a light breeze sprang up, just enough to fill our sails; gradually the breeze freshened, the "Reindeer" drew ahead, and passed San José rock a quarter of a mile ahead, the wind then suddenly shifted, taking us both aback, and placing the "Cameleon" to windward, so that she was able to reach her berth first.

The morning after leaving Panama we were becalmed in sight of Coiba Island, a place strongly recommended in our sailing directions, for having excellent wood and water; we anchored in Damas Bay about sundown, to lay in a supply of the former, and thus economize our coal.



At daylight the following morning a strong party were landed to cut wood, whilst E—— and myself shouldered our guns, and started to explore the island.

The settlement marked on our chart was deserted, but the footprints of men and dogs in the sand, and the remains of a deer, showed that the place had been lately visited. The jungle was so thick that we found it impossible to penetrate any distance inland, so after following the shore along for several miles, we took to the boat, and ascended a river until we could go no farther; even then we were unable to land, except in the middle of a mangrove swamp. I am satisfied that there is plenty of game on the island, but we had no time to search for it. In the graphic account of Lord Anson's visit to Coiba Island, we read of large alligators swimming in the sea, of flying snakes in the woods, and such like curiosities; but I am bound to say that we saw nothing of the kind; indeed the worthy parson who wrote the account appears

to have borrowed largely from his imagination.

In other respects Coiba deserves the glowing description given of it. It is a beautiful island, densely wooded with every kind of tropical tree, and possessing excellent water, and a good anchorage. The wood which we got here was of the very best quality for steaming purposes, some of the trees are of great size, and are well adapted for masts and spars.

Whilst lying at anchor in Damas Bay I noticed that although the sea-breeze set in with great strength, raising a considerable sea in the bay, it remained calm in the offing, and on taking our departure with a fine breeze, we were disappointed at losing it as soon as we were clear of the bay, and whilst we remained becalmed for several hours, we could see that a strong breeze was blowing in the harbour all the time.

I have frequently noticed this in other tropical places, and account for it by supposing that the wind blows into these ports like

through a funnel, gathering strength as it approaches the land. Until one is aware of this peculiarity, one is apt to suppose that one is losing a fine breeze by remaining in port, when in all probability it is precisely the reverse.

Near to Coiba is the picturesque island of Rancheria, where there is a settlement, but which we had no time to visit. On the evening of the 15th April, we were close to the small island of Caño, where there are said to be some Indian relics of interest; we hove-to for an hour, whilst I landed with the doctor to examine them. We found the remains of an Indian encampment, and a burial-ground, which we did not disturb, but darkness prevented further investigation, so we returned on board, and proceeded on our way. The next evening we put into Herradura Bay to cut wood, our supply from Coiba being exhausted.

Herradura is a small port at the entrance of the Gulf of Nicoya, and is probably seldom or never visited; we were led to believe by our

sailing directions, that it was an excellent harbour, but such was not our experience of it. We anchored after dark, close to the shore for convenience in wooding the next day, but daylight disclosed a long line of breakers, extending all round the bay, and we found it impossible to land, except by wading up to our middle in water. We managed, however, to send a party on shore to cut wood, and another to bathe in a small pool close to the beach, where the water was described by the same authority as being most excellent. This is just the description I should have expected from an alligator, if his opinion was consulted, for we found it to be quite brackish; and no wonder, for at high tide the sea swept over the narrow strip of beach, which separated the pool from the sea. Hauling one of our boats over this piece of beach, we launched it in the lagoon, thinking to find a river by which we might make our way into the interior. We found a small stream of beautifully clear water, running over a gravelly bottom, with many small fish

therein, but it was too shallow for the boat, so we got out and walked up the bed of the stream until we traced it to its source in the mountains. With the exception of a couple of wild turkeys, we saw no game whatever; but there were many tracks of deer, and panthers, leading down to the water, we also found wild plantains and sugar-cane growing, and orange-trees, heavily laden with fruit, but the latter, though they looked tempting, were quite sour.

On our return to the pool we found that the bathing party had discovered an alligator's nest, with thirty-nine eggs in it; the fond parent was not forthcoming, but was probably not far off. Most of the eggs contained young alligators, which were very lively on being released, and took kindly to the water, but they soon succumbed to the too affectionate handling of the blue-jackets, who wanted to make pets of them. I took a couple of eggs on board, and endeavoured to hatch them in the natural way, by the heat of the sun, but they never came to anything; this was to be regretted, as arrangements had

been made for their comfort, even to messing in the gun-room, where there were only two members. We shot some rare and curious birds at this place, including several kinds of cranes, and a boatbill; one of our sportsmen also killed a fine turkey, weighing ten pounds. Leaving this port, we worked along the coast to the northward, taking advantage of the sea-breeze by day, and the land-breeze by night; it is only by closely observing the direction, force, and duration of these winds, and the set of the currents, that a passage can be made, under sail, on these coasts. We found that the sea-breeze set in with tolerable regularity about noon, at which time we endeavoured to place the ship at such a distance from the land as to enable us to make a long stretch on our course till sundown, when the wind died away. By this time we were generally about a mile from the shore, where we lay becalmed, awaiting the land-breeze, which usually reached us at ten or eleven p.m. The first sign of this wind was wafted off to us in the form of a strong smell

of decaying vegetable matter from the mangrove swamps; presently our upper sails would feel the gentle air, which, gradually freshening, would carry us away from the land to an offing by daybreak, when this wind in its turn died away. We found that the land-breeze was not nearly so regular as the other, and sometimes it did not come at all.

On the 23rd April we were off St. José de Guatemala, and stood in till within a quarter of a mile of the pier; the people on shore evidently expected us to anchor, but as we had no object in doing so, and moreover the Admiral had expressed himself verbally to me that he saw no necessity for our going there, we tacked and stood out to sea again. As it happened, it was most unfortunate that we did not anchor, for the very next morning a scandalous and cruel outrage was perpetrated on Mr. Magee, the acting British vice-consul. Of course no one could have foreseen this, but had we touched at San José that night in all probability it would never have occurred; as it was we heard nothing

of the affair until we reached Mazatlan a month afterwards, too late to be of any assistance. But the most extraordinary thing was, that two days after passing San José, the American mail steamer "Costa Rica," passed us on her way to San Francisco. She had left St. José the day before, and the passengers on board of her were desirous of communicating with us, and informing me of the outrage ; they had in fact a letter for me on the subject, but for some unaccountable reason the captain of the vessel passed on without taking any more notice than the usual ceremony of dipping his colours. Owing to this unfortunate blunder it was several weeks before a man-of-war reached St. José to demand satisfaction for the outrage and the moral effect which would have been produced by the appearance of the English flag within forty-eight hours of the perpetration of the insult was lost.

I felt it my duty to report the conduct of the commander of the "Costa Rica" (so contrary to the usual courtesy of the captains of mail

steamers) to the company's agent. His excuse was that he did not stop because we did not leave-to or lower a boat, which of course we should have done had I any idea of the importance of his news. It is not in accordance with the custom of her Majesty's ships to stop a mail steamer belonging to another nation, without having good reasons for doing so.

A day or two after this occurrence we observed two fine water-spouts, which did not approach within gunshot of us, but near enough to see clearly of what they were composed. In common with many others, I had always been under the impression that these so-called water-spouts consisted of a column of water, drawn up from the sea, and meeting a corresponding depression in the clouds overhead ; the agitated condition of the sea at the base of the column would tend to confirm this view, which, however, is an erroneous one. I watched very closely the formation of these phenomena, which are produced by a whirlwind, causing the cloud to draw to a point, which, presently assuming a

spiral form, descends and meets the sea beneath, causing the agitation of the water, and drawing up quantities of spray, which gives it the appearance of a solid body of water. The column, rapidly revolving, presently sways to and fro, and then gradually fades away.

During the time we were watching the water-spouts the sea was alive with whales, porpoises, sword-fish, devil-fish, and shoals of smaller fry, which last were attended overhead by pelicans, albatross, frigate birds, and other birds of prey. Whilst crossing the Gulf of Tehuantepee we experienced the usual "norther," which blows almost without intermission across the isthmus from the Gulf of Mexico. This wind, amounting sometimes to a fresh gale, blows with such regularity that the navigator can always rely upon it, and, by previously hugging the coast so as to place the ship well to windward, can make a fair wind of it, whether bound up or down the coast. It blows across the low land like a funnel, being kept in by the mountains on either side of the isthmus, consequently it com-

mences very suddenly, and leaves off in the same manner. It appears soon to exhaust itself on leaving the land, so that the farther one is from the shore the weaker it becomes, and I believe that at a couple of hundred miles off it would not be felt at all. This part of the coast is admirably lighted by volcanoes, many of which may be seen burning during the night; these not only afford a magnificent spectacle, but are also of use to the mariner, whilst navigating these seas, where the coast line is not very accurately determined, and is moreover lighted in no other way.

On the 29th April we anchored in the small but sheltered harbour of Guatulco; this port is very difficult to distinguish, and would be still more so if it were not for a cave, with a hole at the top, at the entrance; this rock, called the "Bufadero," or bellows, spouts up water like a whale, and the noise can be heard at a considerable distance. Guatulco is only interesting from having been visited by Sir Francis Drake, more than 300 years ago: it is a

very snug anchorage, and is convenient for cutting wood, any quantity of which can be got close to the ship. From thence we proceeded to Acapulco, where we arrived three days afterwards.

Whilst the coaling and refitting was going on I accepted the offer of one of the merchants of a mount for E—— and myself, for the purpose of visiting a marsh, at a place called *Pied-de-la-questa*, about twelve miles over the mountains, from the town, where we heard there was capital shooting.

Our departure was somewhat delayed by the behaviour of my steed, which showed his decided objection to the journey by bucking me off, gun cartridges and all, into the middle of the plaza. His owner assured me that this was his regular practice before starting, but that once under weigh he was as quiet as a lamb. I preferred to take his word for this, and exchanging the animal for another, we took a fresh departure. We were accompanied on this occasion by a Yankee loafer, who was reported

to be the best sportsman in the place, but he proved to be a better hand with the bottle than with the "scatter-pellet," as he called it. He told us confidentially that he came with us because the next day was a fast day, and that he always made a point of getting drunk on those occasions. Leaving Acapulco about three p.m., we followed our guide over the mountains in single file ; a worse bit of travelling it would be difficult to imagine, the track was merely a water-course, intercepted by rocks and roots of trees, and it was wonderful how our horses kept their feet. After riding through a forest for some miles, we reached the top, and descended into the valley below, reaching the village of Pied-de-la-questa about sundown. We put up for the night at a ranch, kept by an aged crone and two buxom daughters, and we passed a pleasant evening over our pipes and grog. Our guide entertained us with an amusing account of his adventures, in all of which he was the hero. By his own account he was a deserter from an American man-of-war, had distinguished

himself in fights, both afloat and ashore, scalped more Indians than Mayne Reid ever heard of, and killed bears, buffalo, and elk, by the cart-load. As the night wore on he got drunk and offensive, and as his language was not edifying he was put to bed. We also retired to the couches prepared for us, the women dispersed themselves about the ranch, and several dusky brats lay promiscuously on the ground.

The crowing of numerous cocks roused us before daylight, and we were soon ready for a start. Near to the village was a large lagoon, about twenty miles long by five broad in the widest part, extending from the village in a line parallel to the sea, from which it was separated by a strip of beach. It was arranged that E——, piloted by the Yankee, should make his way along this beach to a ranch called "Casadero," and that I should go by water to the same rendezvous. A native who rejoiced in the name of "Walk-in," or what sounded like it, accompanied me to assist in paddling the canoe. Launching our rotten old craft, we paddled

quietly along the margin of the lake, occasionally landing to shoot a noisy "Chachalaca" that would insist in calling our attention to his whereabouts. These birds are not unlike our English hen pheasant, but are not so large; they are exceedingly stupid, and sit on the trees gazing at one, and uttering a cry like that produced by running a stick sharply across a "shingle" roof or paling.

Now and then a duck would rise from the rushes, when the paddle was quickly exchanged for the gun to bring him to the bag; or a rabbit would scuttle away into the bush, giving one only a snap shot; besides these there were hundreds of cranes, ibis, curlew, bitterns, boat-bills, spoonbills, and flamingo to be seen, and alligators in every direction.

We arrived in due time at "Casadero," a solitary ranch by the water-side; by this time I had three brace of ducks, a rabbit, and a couple of chachalaca in the canoe, besides a few ibis and curlew. To my disappointment E—— did not appear, so after waiting two hours for rest and

refreshment, I took to the canoe again, and pushed on for the upper end of the lagoon, where "Walk-in" declared there were any number of ducks. For an hour or more we paddled along under a burning sun, disturbing the alligators which were basking on the banks, sometimes eight or ten of them would glide into the water together, and rise again close to our frail craft, as though they would like to improve the acquaintance of its occupants; occasionally one would become too familiar, when a charge of buck-shot delivered into the eye at three yards, generally had the desired effect, and sent him off, lashing the water with his tail and staining it with his blood. At length we reached the head of the lagoon, and, peeping through the rushes, we saw a large swamp, wherein many thousands of duck, widgeon, and teal were feeding in fancied security.

Pushing the canoe through the rushes, we launched her in this sanctuary, when the sport began. "Walk-in," naturally a man of few words, now showed himself to be not wanting in intel-

ligence; he had never seen birds killed on the wing before, and the rapidity with which a snap-actioned breech-loader could be loaded and fired quite astonished him; leaving the canoe, he danced about the marsh, picking up the ducks which were falling in all directions. The shots alarmed all the birds in the neighbourhood, and the place seemed alive with duck and teal, which kept flying overhead presenting every variety of shot. There was shooting enough for a dozen guns, and I hoped that E——, hearing the shots, might join me, but as it turned out, he was at that moment many miles away. I blazed away until my gun was hot, and the ammunition beginning to give out, when we set to work to gather up the slain. Whilst I had been shooting, the alligators had not been idle, and all my birds which had fallen in deep water had disappeared, many of the cripples also had escaped in the rushes; however, we picked up at this one place fifteen brace of ducks, and a couple of teal. The sun was setting as we turned our faces towards

home, and the sky was still darkened by immense flocks of ducks preparing to settle in their favourite retreat. Our canoe leaked so badly with the additional weight she carried, that it was with difficulty we kept her afloat; and darkness had long set in, when, after paddling for four weary hours we again hauled her up on the beach near the village.

On joining E——, I found that he had never reached Casadero, the Yankee having lost his way, and so lost him a capital day's sport; he had, however, bagged a magnificent "pato-reale," weighing fully eight pounds.

We slept at the ranch that night, and the next morning were in the saddle before daylight, on our way back to the ship. As we rode through the woods the chacalacas were calling in all directions, and hopping from tree to tree; E—— bagged five without going off the path, and we might have got many more had we cared to do so.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM Acapulco we went to Manzanillo, where we shipped a quantity of wood, and several tons of the husks of the Coquilla nut for fuel. This palm grows in great abundance in the woods near Manzanillo; the nut is used for making oil, and contains such a quantity that it will burn like a candle. We found the husks sufficient for our purposes; they throw out so great a heat, that we could steam by their aid alone, without using coal or wood. Our chief engineer reported so favourably of them, that I ordered a large supply to be ready for us on our return; the only expense attached to this kind of fuel is the labour of collecting it. Whilst here I rode over to a lagoon a few miles from the

village, in company with O—— and a friend who kindly supplied us with horses. The marsh we went to has the reputation of being extremely unhealthy, and is no doubt the cause of the town having such a bad name; the water of the lagoon is of a dirty cocoa colour, and emits a foul stench; notwithstanding which we waded over most of it, and made a fair bag of ducks, and some roseate spoonbills; the latter were most beautiful birds.

A day or two after leaving Manzanillo we anchored in our old quarters at San Blas.

I fear the morality of this place is at a very low ebb. On one occasion I gave a passage to an individual residing not 100 miles off; this man had been to San Francisco on special business, and was returning home. He told me he had done pretty well, and showed me with great pride and satisfaction a number of labels to be pasted on cigar-boxes, the said cigars being manufactured on his premises. Every well-known Havana brand was represented, having been very exactly forged in

San Francisco, so that, as he explained, his customers could be supplied with the best article at the shortest notice and at the lowest possible price. Besides these, he had a large collection of assorted wine labels, fac-similes of the most famous brands, to be placed on his own bottles, containing the most abominable compounds. On my asking him if he considered this style of dealing to be honest, he said, "Well, captain, fact is, when I was in California, I went to a phrenologist, who examined my head carefully for some time without remark; at last he exclaimed, 'Why, sir, you *must* be a scoundrel!' and he added, with ingenuous candour, 'I *am* a scoundrel.'"

Whilst here, I took another run up to Tepic, accompanied by one of our officers, and a couple of bluejackets as a guard. We took our places in the diligence before daylight, and were consequently unable to see the faces of our fellow-passengers, until we arrived at Navaretti, where we stopped to breakfast. We

then found, to our dismay, that the other seats were occupied by a Mexican, and his wife and children, all in the worst stage of small-pox. This disease had been raging at Mazatlan and San Blas for some time, but was said to be passed. There was no help for it, as we could not stop where we were, nor go back; and as they were not likely to do so, we travelled together for the rest of the journey, some thirty miles. During this time we smoked without ceasing, so that we could hardly see each other's faces, and fumigated ourselves so thoroughly, that we felt no evil effects from the contact; it is to be hoped that our fellow-travellers were all the better for it.

During the three days we stayed at Tepic we enjoyed some good sport at the river, bagging twenty brace of ducks on two successive days. On our arrival at Mazatlan from San Blas, a few days afterwards, we found that there was no freight ready for us, and that none was expected for a month. I therefore decided to employ this time in visiting some

places of interest in the Gulf of California, including Guaymas, and La Paz, where we had orders to call. We accordingly sailed for La Paz on 3rd of June, and two days afterwards sighted the lofty and barren island of Ceralbo, on the western side of the gulf. Off the north end of this island there is, according to the admiralty chart, a group of rocks, marked "dangerous," but which in reality do not exist in the spot mentioned. We kept a particularly good look-out for them from the deck and the mast-head, but no signs of rocks, shoals, or even discoloured water were to be seen. The navigator is cautioned not to place too much reliance on the charts of this part of the coast, as the survey was a "running" one, it might rather be called an imaginary one, for points, bays, and shoals are marked which do not exist, save in the imagination of the surveyors. The coast-line on the eastern shore of the gulf is also notoriously inaccurate. At one place we were several miles inland by cross bearings; the recent

most excellent survey of the gulf by the United States' S.S. "Naragansett," will, however, supply this want. There really was an islet, apparently ten or twelve feet high, not marked in the chart, off which an American schooner was anchored, superintending the operations of a fleet of small craft, engaged in the pearl fishery. Passing this little fleet, we steered through the Lorenzo Channel, and anchored off the town of La Paz, within pistol-shot of the pier. La Paz is the brightest, prettiest little seaport in Mexico; the houses are painted blue, yellow, and pink, and rows of trees are planted along the streets, giving the town a picturesque appearance, not common in these latitudes. It is very hot on shore during the day, and no one stirs out till about five or six p.m. The nights are deliciously cool. On board ship it is pleasant enough, although the thermometer ranges between 90° and 100° in the shade, as a strong wind blows regularly through the day, until sunset, and always from the same direction. The anchorage is very

secure, but is not suited for ships drawing more than fifteen or sixteen feet of water, and the passage leading up to it is so intricate, that it is advisable to take a pilot; whilst steaming through this channel we could see the bottom the whole way, and frequently had not more than six inches of water under our keel.

After a stay of four days at La Paz, we ran down to Pichilique Harbour to coal, stopping on our way to assist an American schooner, which had run ashore, in attempting the passage without a pilot. This is one of the best harbours on the coast; the anchorage is sheltered and spacious, with plenty of water in it. The morning after our arrival, I landed abreast of the ship before daylight, accompanied by E——, to see what chances of sport there might be. We soon found abundant tracks of deer, hares, and quail, so after arranging upon a rendezvous, we separated, each following up a valley leading inland. We found the country to be barren and desolate, little better than a sandy desert, covered with

cactus bushes and thorny scrub. The heat was intolerable, and there were no signs of water. On reaching the rendezvous, I found Ricketts (my coxswain), who had come suddenly upon two fine deer, a buck and a doe, but his gun missed fire. I had seen one deer, but only caught a passing glimpse of it, as it bounded away. E—— had seen nothing. We now took the shelter in a ranch, from the heat of the sun; owner of the ranch told us that there were plenty of deer in the neighbourhood, and that they drank no water, the cactus supplying all their wants in this respect. This we found to be the case. He said there was no water near at hand, except in a well by the house for their own use, and even that was brackish. The fruit of the cactus is so juicy and nourishing, that not only can animals subsist on it without other food or drink, but the natives will travel all day under a burning sun, with no other provision than a few of them tied up in a handkerchief or carried on a stick.

In the cool of the evening we made a fresh

start, taking the native as a guide, when I bagged a fine deer, and Ricketts wounded, but lost another. We slept at the ranch that night, and hunted again the next day, but without success, although we saw several splendid bucks ; and the coaling being completed, we returned on board. The coal which we obtained here was anthracite, from Philadelphia, a description not suited to our furnaces ; the result was, that when we tried to steam out of the harbour, we were unable to do so, and had to anchor again ; but when once it was well alight, it burnt so furiously that there was no getting it to burn out, and we steamed for several hours without putting fresh coal on the fire.

Passing by the Island of Espritu-Santo, we anchored the following day on the north-west side of the Island of San Joseph.

This island is barren and mountainous, like the adjacent coast, from which it is separated by a channel from three to four miles wide. Abreast of where we anchored was a salt-water lagoon, abounding in turtle and fish

of every description, from sharks to sprats ; our seining party had capital sport, getting enough fish to last us for a week.

From the numerous tracks, it was evident that there must be many deer on the island, so all our sportsmen who could muster a gun or rifle landed in search of them. Ascending the mountains in different directions, we hunted in all the likely places, but with very poor success, several deer were seen, but only one bagged, by O——. The heat was terrific, and the labour very severe, owing to the total absence of water, the heavy sand, and the mountainous character of the island. In the afternoon I ran down in the gig, and landed at another place, where, after toiling for several hours, I killed another small deer.

Some years ago deer were far more numerous on San Joseph than they are at present ; but immense numbers were slaughtered by an American professional hunter, or rather butcher, for the sake of their hides. I was told, by the man who bought the skins, that this individual

killed from 150 to 160 deer in a week, and that the air reeked with their putrefying carcasses ; I can quite credit this, from the quantity of bones and horns which we found in all directions. San Joseph shows traces of mineral wealth, and shipments both of gold and silver have been made from this island to San Francisco. From thence we ran along the coast to the northward, enjoying the pleasant breezes and smooth water which prevail in the Gulf of California during the fine season. The mountains on the western shore of the Gulf are destitute of vegetation, and of fantastic form, showing unmistakable traces of some great terrestrial convulsion of former times.

Nearly abreast of Guaymas, is Mulegé Bay, a spacious harbour with plenty of water ; but there are several rocks about the entrance, which are not marked on our charts ; they are, however, easily avoided, as the sea breaks constantly over them ; the rocks marked on the chart are placed in a wrong position, and are apt to mislead one. I was desirous of visiting

Mulegé, to obtain possession of a boat, which had been stolen from the coal-agent at Pichilique, and conveyed thither. The anchorage is to the northward of the bay, and is very difficult to be distinguished, a cluster of palm-trees off the mouth of a river being the only guide. The town of Mulegé is situated about a mile and a half up this river, and cannot be seen from the anchorage; it is a miserable place, composed of about 120 adobe huts; but there are a few edifices of a better class in course of construction. On a hill close by is the old mission of Mulegé; the building has now fallen to decay. The town was formerly supported by the pearl fisheries, which have declined; but the discovery of extensive copper-mines has infused new energy into the place. These mines are said to yield a fair profit to the owners, the ore varies in richness from ten to fifty per cent., and consists of black oxide and sulphates, it lies in horizontal strata, very much broken. About 500 operatives are employed on the works.

The river between the town and the sea is so shallow that only boats of light draught can ascend it, and then at high water ; there is but one tide each way in the twenty-four hours ; the mouth of the river is well adapted for hauling the seine, and our people got in a few hauls enough fish to supply the ship and half the town as well.

It has been proposed to form a settlement at a place some few miles to the northward of Mulegé, and I was given to understand that a company had been formed to colonize it. This spot has been christened by the high-sounding title of El Paradiso, and described as a land flowing with milk and honey ; but in the opinion of men living on the spot, well qualified to judge of the merits of this "Paradise," it is a wretched country, without any recommendation, and any unfortunate emigrants would starve there, as they did at Magdalena Bay.

Not far from Mulegé is the island of San Marcos, from whence large quantities of gyp-

sum have been shipped to San Francisco ; and about 100 miles to the northward of this, near the Californian shore, is the small island of Rossa, where an enterprising Englishman has established himself. This individual is exporting in large quantities a substance called "Phosphate of Ammonia," but which is by some considered to be another name for guano ; he claims that the article is a mineral, and has "denounced" the island as a mine which he has discovered.

The mining laws of Mexico provide that any one who discovers a mine shall have the exclusive right to it, upon payment to the Government of a few trifling fees, and a small sum to the nearest judge, for giving judicial possession.

In about the same latitude, but nearer the coast of Sonora, is another island, named San Georges, on which a large quantity of the same substance has been discovered. There are also other islands in the Gulf, known to possess guano in considerable quantities, but which have not as yet been disturbed ; on the largest

of them, "Tiburon," there are Indians living in a savage state.

From Mulegé we sailed for Guaymas, the most important port in the Gulf of California. As we approached the eastern shore, the temperature increased in a marked degree; in this respect there is a great difference between the two sides of the gulf, although they are not more than 150 miles apart in some places. We reached Guaymas on 20th of June, and anchored off the town. This is one of the hottest places on the coast; during our stay the thermometer averaged 96° in the shade, and in August and September it is much hotter. By springing the ship broadside to the sea-breeze we managed to keep her tolerably cool during the day, but at night, when the wind died away, it was most oppressive.

A story is told of a lawyer of Guaymas who, having departed this life, found it so comparatively cold in his new habitation that he sent back for his blanket.

The town is built at the foot of a barren and

rugged range of mountains, which encompass it on all sides ; it is a wretched-looking place, and has been likened to a churchyard turned upside down. The harbour is spacious, but shallow, and only fit for small ships ; it is studded all over with islands, two guarding the entrance, and is so well protected by nature that in the hands of any other nation it would be made impregnable. It is a curious fact that all the drinking water at and about Guaymas is quite brackish, and, to our taste, was most unpalatable ; our friends on shore declared that it was particularly wholesome, but I noticed that the old hands invariably qualified it with a suspicion of the barley bree.

There is excellent shooting in the neighbourhood ; deer, hares, and duck ; it is as well to be cautious whilst shooting, on account of the rattlesnakes, which infest not only the mainland, but all the islands in the gulf. These reptiles come out of their holes about early dawn, and again at sundown ; they are fond of lying about the paths, and are, therefore, most

dangerous. On one occasion, whilst looking for deer on the top of some mountains not far from the town, my retreat was fairly cut off by a rattlesnake which commanded the narrow path by which I wished to descend; whenever I advanced I could hear the warning rattle, although I could not see the creature to shoot it, on account of the thick scrub, and as I had only thin shoes and trowsers on, I had to go round by another way. Shooting at Guaymas in the dry season is rather a labour, owing to the excessive heat and lack of water, obliging one to carry a supply, which soon becomes so heated as to be quite nauseous. We bagged some hares and other small game, but were unlucky with the deer, in consequence of which a chasse was arranged by some friends on shore. About three a.m. a boat-load of sportsmen called alongside for me; they were accompanied by an officer of the garrison, two drummers, and a couple of buglers, carrying their instruments, and a bundle of hand-rockets, the use of which will be presently seen.

Our destination was an island a few miles outside the harbour, on which deer had been sometimes seen. We reached the place about daylight, and having landed the musicians at the back of the island, we took up our position in the boats, between the island and the nearest beach, so as to intercept any deer or other animal which might take to the water. Presently a rocket gave the signal to advance, the band immediately set up a most hideous uproar, occasionally varying the entertainment, when they could spare the wind, by a selection of the choicest Spanish oaths; the general effect was most peculiar, and was sufficient to scare any beast that might be on the island. Unfortunately they were not at home that day, so we had to content ourselves with blowing up fish with torpedoes of dynamite, and such like innocent amusements, until it was time to return on board.

One great drawback to hunting in the northern division of Mexico is the presence of the Apaché Indians who infest that part of

the country. These fiends, who are no better than wild beasts, commit the most horrible atrocities, murdering travellers, burning haciendas, and generally devastating the country. Treacherous and cowardly, they are so swift in their movements that it is almost impossible to capture them, and long before the troops who are sent after them are on their track, they are secure in their mountain fastnesses. Truly it may be said that their hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them. Whenever any of these wretches are by chance caught, they are, in the significant phraseology of the country, made "good Indians;" it is to be hoped that when the railway now projected to Guaymas is completed this tribe will become a thing of the past.

After a stay of ten days at Guaymas, we prepared to retrace our steps towards the south.

We had now traversed the west coast of Mexico from one end to the other, and visited every port of any consequence; everywhere we heard the same old story of revolutions,

brigands, murders, robberies, and wholesale smuggling. No wonder that the unfortunate country does not advance. The natural resources of Mexico are immense, her gold, silver, and copper mines are among the richest in the world, and the soil will produce the finest crops of sugar, coffee, tobacco, maize, rice, cotton, &c. Emigration is wanted to open up the vast resources of the country. The present population is about eight millions, of whom six millions are Indians, who are useless, and won't work. There is abundant field for the emigrant, in thousands of acres uncultivated, hundreds of mines unworked; but before emigrating, people naturally expect some guarantee for the safety of themselves and their property, and that cannot be said to be the case at present.

Without railways, or even good roads, it is impossible for any country to progress; the first step in the right direction is the completion of the Vera Cruz Railway, which is pronounced financially a success. It is intended

to extend this line to Acapulco, on the west coast, and another line is to connect the city of Mexico with San Blas. It will probably be long before these railways are completed; but when they are, it is to be hoped that peace and order will be restored to this beautiful but unhappy country.

CHAPTER XIII.

LEAVING Guaymas, we recrossed the gulf, and stopped off Mulegé, to pick up the boat we had been in search of, from thence we went to Carmen Island, and anchored in Salinas Bay, on the south side of the island. Near to the anchorage is a salt lake, several miles in circumference; the deposits of salt are formed by natural evaporation, the lake replenishing itself by invisible channels from the sea. The salt is of excellent quality, and is so abundant that thousands of tons are annually taken away, and yet there is no perceptible diminution. It is difficult to calculate the amount obtainable from this source; but the estimate of persons familiar with the subject place it at a million tons annually.

Carmen Island also contains copper in considerable quantities, and shipments of small lots have been made to Europe and the United States. The ore varies in richness from ten to forty per cent., and possesses traces of gold; but as no regular veins have been discovered, the works have been abandoned. The anchorage at Salinas Bay is an open one, and exposed to the southward, so we only remained there a few hours, and then stood over to the mainland, to examine a small port called Escondito, or the Hidden Port. This place is scarcely mentioned on our charts, and has certainly never been properly surveyed. The entrance to the port is most difficult to distinguish, and it is necessary to approach it with caution, there is an outer anchorage, with deep water and good shelter, wherein we dropped anchor. The entrance to the inner harbour is only thirty yards across, and has a depth of sixteen feet at high water in the channel; the tide rushes through this gap with great velocity. Inside is a splendid sheet of water of a nearly

circular form, about a mile in circumference, and very deep; small coasting vessels lie up here during the hurricane months, and so perfect is the shelter that a vessel might be at anchor inside without any chance of being seen by passing ships.

A long well-wooded valley extends up from this harbour towards the mountains. It looked a likely spot for game, so I landed to explore it, accompanied as usual by E——. We found many tracks of deer and other animals, but we had not time to penetrate far inland before darkness overtook us, and we returned on board. Our seining party had good sport, hauling the seine in the gap, and capturing some fine fish. Before daylight the next morning we were off again in the gig, and landed on a part of the coast about six miles to the southward of the port. We soon came upon tracks of deer in the sandy soil, especially round the cactus-bushes, where they had been feeding during the night; one was speedily started, but escaped, and soon afterwards two

more jumped up, one of which I killed. Having grallocked the deer, and sent it on board, we continued hunting all day, but without any further success. Towards evening we came to a ranch, where we took shelter for the night. The Mexican who owned it gave us a hearty welcome to his humble abode, and offered to go with us in the morning. After supper we all retired for the night, E—— and myself upon a couch in the open air, the boat's crew rolled themselves up in the boat's sails, and the children of the establishment were passed up, one by one, on to the flat roof of the hut, where they stowed themselves amongst the thatch.

Before daylight we were again astir, and, guided by our host, started for the mountains. We toiled for several hours, seeing many deer, but without getting a shot, until on our return home, when Ricketts killed a fine buck, and I had a snap shot at another. We then returned to the ship, and, getting under weigh, left Escondita, and stood to the southward.

At daylight next morning we were off the island of Catalina, a most precipitous place, with no good anchorage, so we merely dropped a kedge for a few hours. This island also possesses several veins of copper, which have been partially explored. There are some wild goats on the island, as on most of the others in the Gulf; also some sheep, which are said to be wonderfully fat and well-flavoured; the natives occasionally come over from the mainland and hunt them with dogs. From Catalina we returned to San Joseph, and anchored in a snug bay on the south-west side of the island.

We found some pearl-fishers established here, and several small craft engaged in the same trade were anchored near. They seemed to be doing a good business, one firm belonging to La Paz having cleared 40,000 dollars in the season. I was given some of these pearls, both white, black, and pink; they seem to be in no way inferior to the oriental ones.

From some specimens of pearl oyster-shells which were given me, I noticed that wherever

there was an accidental depression in the outer shell, causing a corresponding rise on the inner surface, the fish had covered it over, thereby forming a half pearl, from which it would appear that the animal readily accommodates itself to the presence of a foreign body. I believe that whole pearls could be manufactured in the same way by the introduction of a small substance, such as a shot, or seed, for the fish to operate upon.

We had another day's shooting at San Joseph, and bagged a deer, besides catching immense quantities of fish. From thence we went back to Pichilique, and a few days afterwards returned to Mazatlan.

Whilst waiting for our freight, which was daily expected from the mines, I took the opportunity of spending a few days on shore in the comfortable house of Messrs. Kelly and Co. During this time one of our men was attacked in the suburbs of the city by a Mexican, who inflicted some terrible wounds upon him with his macheté. On being apprised of the circum-

stance, I went to the house where the poor fellow had been carried, accompanied by our surgeon. The man had already been attended by a Mexican doctor, and most kindly treated by the humble owners of the house. Some Mexican gentlemen acted with most praiseworthy energy on this occasion. They rode after and captured the ruffian within a few hours of the assault. He was brought before the authorities and committed to prison, pending his final examination. The Prefect assured me he would be shot, and said he was only too glad of the chance, as he had not shot any one for a long time, and he begged me to wait a few days to witness the execution. I could not oblige him, however, as the rainy season had set in, and I was anxious to get off the coast without delay.

A day or two after this I was returning from a visit to Palmyllias, a very pretty spot some leagues from Mazatlan, where I had been with my friend O'Ryan, when we met Mr. Kelly and two officers of the "Reindeer." They had

thoughtfully driven out to give me the first news of my promotion, which they had just seen in the *Gazette*. Saying farewell to our friends at Mazatlan, we sailed once more for Acapulco, where we found Commander Anson waiting to relieve me.

The cruise of the "Reindeer," as far as I was concerned, was now ended; and, having transferred the command of the ship to my successor, I took my passage on board the Pacific mail steamer "China" for San Francisco *en route* for England.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALTHOUGH naturally overjoyed at the prospect of returning home after an absence of three years, it would be untrue to say that I parted from my shipmates without regret. Even for the ship herself I had an affection; she had carried us safely for 50,000 miles or more, and it was with a sad heart, for the moment, that I took a last look at the bonnie little craft, as the old "China" steamed out of Acapulco Bay, and the wash from her paddles drowned the strains of "Auld Lang Syne." The steamers of the Pacific mail are not celebrated for speed, and the most the old "China" could score was 200 miles a day, and sometimes not that, so it took us ten days to reach San Francisco.

During a short stay in the city I enjoyed the hospitality of the Union Club, a most excellent institution, and had the pleasure of becoming acquainted with Mr. Booker, our popular and esteemed Consul, who has lived in San Francisco ever since it was built. Having been so fortunate as to have met with an agreeable companion going the same way as myself, we started by the Union Pacific Railway for New York.

Travelling by this route is most luxurious, the charge for a Pulman sleeping berth is three dollars a day, in addition to the ordinary first-class fare, this secures a comfortable bed at night, and, if a party of four can be arranged, a snug little drawing-room during the day. For these long journeys the American form of carriage is a decided advantage, it is pleasant to be able to stretch one's legs by walking from one end of the train to the other, or, if one prefers it, to enjoy a cigar on the platform, watching the magnificent and ever-changing scenery.

Leaving San Francisco, the line passes over

a level, park-like country as far as Sacramento, from whence it rises gradually to Colfax, where the train stops for the passengers to dine. The fare at these places is excellent, and enough to satisfy the most fastidious, except in the matter of wine, but with good coffee, tea, or milk, one is better without it. The charge for a good "square" meal is from half a dollar to a dollar, according to the distance from a terminus.

We reached Cape Horn in time to see this magnificent pass before dark, and arrived at what is called the "Summit," or the highest point of the Sierra Nevada, crossed by the railway, the same night that we left San Francisco. This point is 7000 feet above the sea, but the mountains tower another 3000 feet higher still. The view of Donner Lake, with the full moon shining on it, was one of the most beautiful sights I ever saw, and one could hardly realize the terrible tragedy which occurred near this peaceful spot, and from whence the lake takes its name. The facts, as related to me by the conductor of the train, are as follows:—

In the year 1846, a party of emigrants, consisting of a Mr. Donner, with his wife and four children, and about a dozen others, encamped near the lake whilst on their way from one of the Eastern States to seek for a new home in California. They had a number of cattle with them, which were lost in a snow-storm the first night, leaving the unfortunate emigrants to face the horrors of starvation in addition to other perils. Some of the party made a desperate effort to reach the nearest settlement, and, after encountering many hardships, they succeeded, but Mr. Donner was too ill to undertake the journey, and his wife and children, with one other, a German, remained with him in the wilderness.

The storm continued for several weeks, and nothing was heard of the family till the spring of the following year, when a party of men started out in search of them. They reached the camp with infinite difficulty, and found but one survivor, the German, and he was mad. The rest of the family had perished from starvation, the German had kept himself alive by eating the bodies of the

others, and, when discovered, was greedily devouring a human arm.

A good deal of fine scenery about the summit is shut out by snow-sheds, of which there are some forty miles completed.

Descending from the Sierra Nevada mountains, the line traverses in succession the forty-mile desert, the valley of the Humbolt river, and the great American desert to Ogden, where passengers who wish to visit Salt Lake City have to change.

From Ogden to the city is two hours by rail, the line skirts along the borders of the great Salt Lake for thirty or forty miles, passing many beautiful and thriving villages, and giving one a view of the lake on the one hand, and the Wasatch Mountains on the other.

The city is pleasantly situated at the foot of this range, it is exceedingly pretty, and the streets are broad and clean, with rows of trees on either side. There are several good hotels, some kept by Mormons, others by "Gentiles," as those who are not Mormons are designated.

We put up at the "Townshend House," kept by a Mormon with three wives. As we arrived on Sunday we went to hear service performed at the Tabernacle, an immense building capable of accommodating 8000 people; we heard some very fine music and good singing, and a very indifferent sermon, after which we went, according to custom, to pay our respects to the President, Brigham Young.

I have copied out verbatim an extract from one of Brigham Young's sermons, which I clipped from a Salt Lake paper, and which will probably give a better idea of the character and eloquence of this remarkable man than any description of mine.

"Brigham's ultimatum to his wives, from one of his recent sermons :—

"I wish my women to understand that what I am going to say is for them as well as others, and I want those who are here to tell their sisters, yes, all the women in the community. I am going to give you from this time till the 6th October next for reflection, that you may deter-

mine whether you wish to stay with your husbands or not, and then I am going to set every woman at liberty, and say to them, Now go your way. And my wives have got to do one of two things, either round up their shoulders to endure the affliction of this world, and live their religion, that is polygamy, or they must leave, for I will not have them about me. I will go into Heaven alone, rather than to have scratching and fighting about me. I will set all at liberty. What! first wife too? Yes! liberate them all. I want to go somewhere or do something to get rid of the whiners.

“I do not want them to receive part of the truth and spurn the rest out of the doors.

“Let every man thus treat his wives; keeping raiments enough to cover his body, and say to your wives, Take all I have and be set at liberty; but if you stay with me, you shall comply with the law of God in every respect, and that, too, without any murmuring or whining. You must fulfil the law of God, and

round up your shoulders to walk up to the mark, without any grunting."

From this it would appear that perfect harmony does not always prevail in the Prophet's seraglio. In fact it is high time that this gigantic swindle should be suppressed ; there is no doubt, however, that the days of Mormonism are numbered. Brigham Young, by repudiating his wives, has done more to effect this than any amount of oppression could have brought about. The women are decidedly plain, and are evidently of the servant-girl class ; most of them are brought out from Europe, especially from Wales, Sweden, and Norway, under false pretences, and, I quite believe, would gladly return to their native countries if they could.

Leaving Salt Lake City, we returned to Ogden in time to catch the train going east.

To the westward of Ogden the best money to have with one is American gold, or eagle dollars, as one loses by the exchange in California on all other coin ; even on English sovereigns there is considerable discount. To the eastward of

Ogden, greenbacks are the best to take. From Ogden the track again ascends rapidly, passing through the "Devil's Gate," Weber and Echo cañons, including some magnificent scenery, until the summit of the Rocky Mountains has been reached.

In the neighbourhood of Ogden, Corinne, and Evanstone, we saw immense quantities of wild fowl. Either of these places would be good head-quarters for a sportsman; there is excellent trout-fishing at the latter place. Echo and "Sherman" are also celebrated for sport of all kinds.

After leaving Laramie; the highest point on the Rocky Mountains, and of the entire route, is reached at an elevation of 8240 feet; from thence the line descends gradually to Omaha. Whilst crossing the prairie we saw many herds of antelope, which seemed not the least alarmed by the passing train, often feeding within rifle-shot. We also put up several packs of grouse or prairie chicken.

Laramie is a good central spot for sport

of all kinds, wapiti, antelope, and bears being found in the neighbourhood. Grand Island and Loup-Fork are also good places for shooting.

I mention these places from the amount of game we actually saw near them, and not from hearsay. At Omaha the line crosses the Missouri river by a magnificent bridge, to Council Bluffs, from whence to Chicago the scenery is very uninteresting.

Our short stay at the latter place prevented us from taking more than a run through the streets of this wonderful city. Chicago, after having been twice burnt down, contains 300,000 inhabitants, and yet is but forty years old. The breadth of the streets and the magnificence of the houses is surprising, and scarcely any traces of the late fire are to be seen.

On that part of the route between Omaha and Chicago known as the Burlington route, a dining-room car is attached to the train, this is a very great convenience, and does away with the necessity of stopping for meals. As

good a dinner can be had in this car as in any first-rate hotel, including wines; the cost is about the same. From Chicago we travelled by the Michigan Central Railway to Detroit, where the whole train is embarked on board a ferry steamer and disembarked again at Windsor, on the Canadian shore; from whence we continued by the Great Western Railway of Canada to Buffalo. Here my companion was unfortunately taken ill with a sudden attack of cholera. It was night-time, and there was no doctor handy, but I got him round by applying fourteen mustard plasters to his stomach, combined with brandy and chlorodyne inside, and he was able to go on with me the next morning to Niagara.

How any one can pretend that they are disappointed with the Falls is to me incomprehensible. I can only attribute it to ridiculous affectation; to my mind, anything more majestic it would be impossible to conceive. The finest view is undoubtedly from the Canadian side. The great drawback to

the place is the crowd of touters, car-drivers and vagabonds of every degree who throng the tourist at all points. Whilst contemplating some magnificent view, a scoundrel appears and shouts in one's ear, "Take yer to the rapids for half a dollar!" One gets cheated at every turn. After being swindled on the American side, we endeavoured to escape by crossing over to the Canadian, where we were fleeced in the most systematic, though not so objectionable a manner. We were induced to go to the top of a house, to see the best view of the Falls, "free of charge." This was all very well, but on descending we were hustled into a side room, surrounded by a bevy of pretty girls, and not allowed to depart until we had invested in a heap of trash, in the shape of agate earrings, necklaces and brooches, which could be bought at any seaside watering-place for half the money. To add insult to injury, we were expected to pay duty on our purchases on re-crossing to the American shore. The bridge-

keeper, however, had some conscience, as he allowed us to go by, merely remarking that "he guessed we'd paid enough already."

After a couple of days spent most pleasantly at Niagara, we took the train for New York. We were delayed for a few hours by a broken bridge at Rochester, but this delay enabled us to see the Hudson river to great advantage. Here again, though unmolested by touters, much of the romantic beauty of the river is spoilt by the numerous advertisements of quack medicines, which are posted up on every conspicuous point, rock, or tree, and deface the whole landscape. What can be more ridiculous, not to say disgusting, than, when following with your eye some lovely bend of the river, to come suddenly upon "Gargling Oil," "Vinegar Bitters," "Try Jones's Pills," &c., painted in such staring letters that but little else can be seen. Not but what many of the American advertisements have great humour and originality in them. For instance, an individual recommends his opening medicine

on account of its wonderful effect upon an Indian, who had accidentally swallowed a clasp knife ; when one dose of this medicine opened the knife and killed him.

On reaching New York we put up at the "Windsor Hotel," and on the 9th September, 1874, we embarked on board the Cunard steamer "Russia" for England.

On leaving America I left many good friends, more especially amongst the officers of the United States' Navy, with whom I had had much intercourse in the Pacific. They are, as a rule, most courteous and hospitable, and above any petty prejudices against the old country. Indeed, I have always found the best people in America are proud of their connexion with the old country, and of her glorious deeds in days gone by, as Englishmen may well be of the advancement of America.

The wholesale abuse occasionally heaped upon the English by the American Press by no means represents the feeling of the better class, but is written to pander to the taste of the rowdy

Fenian blackguard, who is never so happy as when abusing his native land.

A rapid and prosperous voyage across the Atlantic brought us safely to Liverpool, where we arrived on the 19th of September.

Appended is my bag whilst in command of the "Reindeer."

Species of Game.	Where killed.
2 Wild bulls . . .	Galapagos Islands.
1 Wild pig . . .	Falkland Islands.
3 Wild sheep . . .	" "
1 Guanaco . . .	" "
49 Rabbits . . .	" "
4 Goats . . .	Juan Fernandez.
64 Pigeons . . .	Chili.
2 Spur-winged plover . . .	"
69 Partridges . . .	"
1 Woodcock . . .	Straits of Magellan.
14 Deer . . .	Vancouver's Island and Lower California.
175 Grouse . . .	Vancouver.
8 Chachalacas . . .	Mexico.
6 Hares . . .	"
108 Wild geese . . .	Falkland Islands and Mexico.
528 Duck, teal, and widgeon . . .	" " "
40 Parrots and macaws . . .	Mexico and Central America.
23 Californian quail . . .	Lower California.
96 Snipe . . .	Mexico and Vancouver.

Species of Game.	Where killed.
28 Curlew . . .	Mexico.
41 Ibis . . .	"
4 Roseate spoonbills . .	"
5 Scarlet flamingo . .	Galapagos.
112 Other birds, names not known.	

Also a varied assortment of seals, sea-lions, ant-eaters, armadillos, and alligators, &c.

NOTE.

The guns I used were built for me by Messrs. Powell and Son, of Carr's Lane, Birmingham. They saw much service during the three years I was in the Pacific, and were never out of order. The snap-action is simple, and always to be depended on.

W. R. K.

THE END.

Alcott (Louisa M.) Work. A Story of Experience. New Edition. In One volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s. Several Illustrations.

Also, Rose Library, "Work," Part I. 1s.

—— **Beginning Again. A Sequel to "Work."** 1s.

—— **Shawl Straps.** Small post 8vo. Cl. extra, gilt, 3s. 6d.

Alexander (Sir James E.) Bush Fighting. Illustrated by Remarkable Actions and Incidents of the Maori War. With a Map, Plans, and Woodcuts. 1 vol. demy 8vo. pp. 328, cloth extra, 16s.

Alexander (W. D. S.) The Lonely Guiding Star. A Legend of the Pyrenean Mountains and other Poems. Fcap. 8vo. cloth. 5s.

Amphlett (John). Under a Tropical Sky: a Holiday Trip to the West Indies. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.

—— **Warnton Kings.** Crown 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.

Andersen (Hans Christian). The Story of My Life. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

—— **Fairy Tales, with Illustrations in Colours by E. V. B.** Royal 4to. cloth. 1l. 5s.

Andrews (Dr.) Latin-English Lexicon. 13th edition. Royal 8vo. pp. 1,670, cloth extra. Price 18s.

"The best Latin Dictionary, whether for the scholar or advanced student."—*Spectator*.

"Every page bears the impress of industry and care."—*Athenaeum*.

Anecdotes of the Queen and Royal Family, collected and edited by J. G. HODGINS, with Illustrations. New edition, revised by JOHN TIMBS. 5s.

Angell (J. K.) A Treatise on the Law of Highways. 8vo. Second Edition. 1l. 5s.

Anglo-Scottish Year Book, The, for 1874. By ROBERT KEMPT. Fcap. 8vo. 1s.

Arctic Regions (The). Illustrated. See Bradford.

—— **German Polar Expedition.** See Koldewey.

—— **Explorations.** See Markham.

Art, Pictorial and Industrial. New Series, vols. 1 to 3, 18s. each. In numbers, 1s. each.

Ashton (Frederick T.) The Theory and Practice of the Art of Designing Fancy Cotton and Woollen Cloths from Sample. With fifty-two Illustrations. Folio. 2l. 10s.

Assollant (A.) *The Fantastic History of the Celebrated Pierrot.* Written by the Magician **ALCOPRIBAS**, and translated from the Sogdien by **ALFRED ASSOLLANT**, with upwards of One Hundred humorous Illustrations by Yan' Dargent. Square crown 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Atmosphere (The). *See* **Flammarion.**

Auerbach (Berthold). **Waldfried.** Translated from the German. 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Australian Tales, by the "Old Boomerang." Post 8vo. 5s.

" " an Autobiography. By **FENTON**. 3 vols. 8vo. 31s. 6d.

BACK-LOG Studies. *See* **Warner.**

Backward Glances. Edited by the Author of "Episodes in an Obscure Life." Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 5s.

Baldwin (J. D.) *Prehistoric Nations.* 12mo. 4s. 6d.

— *Ancient America, in notes of American Archæology.* Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Bancroft's History of America. Library edition, vols. 1 to 10, 8vo. 6l.

Barnes's (Rev. A.) *Lectures on the Evidences of Christianity in the 19th Century.* 12mo. 7s. 6d.

Barnum (P. T.) *Struggles and Triumphs.* Crown 8vo. Fancy boards. 2s. 6d.

Barrington (Hon. and Rev. L. J.) *From Ur to Macpelah; the Story of Abraham.* Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Barton (J. A. G.) *Shunkur.* A tale of the Indian Mutiny. Crown 8vo., cloth. 5s.

THE BAYARD SERIES. Comprising Pleasure Books of Literature produced in the Choicest Style as Companionable Volumes at Home and Abroad.

Price 2s. 6d. each Volume, complete in itself, printed at the Chiswick Press, bound by Burn, flexible cloth extra, gilt leaves, with silk Headbands and Registers.

The Story of the Chevalier Bayard. By **M. DE BERVILLE.**
De Joinville's St. Louis, King of France.

The Essays of Abraham Cowley, including all his Prose Works.

Abdallah ; or, the Four Leaves. By EDOUARD LABOULLAYE.

Table-Talk and Opinions of Napoleon Buonaparte.

Vathek: An Oriental Romance. By WILLIAM BECKFORD.

The King and the Commons: a Selection of Cavalier and Puritan Song. Edited by Prof. MORLEY.

Words of Wellington: Maxims and Opinions of the Great Duke.

Dr. Johnson's Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. With Notes.

Haslitt's Round Table. With Biographical Introduction.

The Religio Medici, Hydriotaphia, and the Letter to a Friend. By SIR THOMAS BROWNE, Knt.

Ballad Poetry of the Affections. By ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Coleridge's Christabel, and other Imaginative Poems. With Preface by ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

Lord Chesterfield's Letters, Sentences and Maxims. With Introduction by the Editor, and Essay on Chesterfield by M. De Ste.-Beuve, of the French Academy.

Essays in Mosaic. By THOS. BALLANTYNE.

My Uncle Toby; his Story and his Friends. Edited by P. FITZGERALD.

Reflections ; or, Moral Sentences and Maxims of the Duke de la Rochefoucauld.

Socrates, Memoirs for English Readers from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By EDW. LEVIEN.

Prince Albert's Golden Precepts.

"We can hardly imagine better books for boys to read or for men to ponder over."—*Times*.

A suitable Case containing 12 volumes, price 31s. 6d. ; or the Case separate, price 3s. 6d.

Beecher (Henry Ward, D.D.) Life Thoughts. 12mo. 2s. 6d.

—— **Sermons Selected.** 12mo. 8s. 6d.

—— **Norwood.** Crown 8vo. 6s.

—— **(Dr. Lyman) Life and Correspondence of.** 2 vols. post 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Bees and Beekeeping. By the Times' Beemaster. Illustrated. Crown 8vo. New Edition, with additions. 2s. 6d.

Bell (Rev. C. D.) Faith in Earnest. 18mo. 1s. 6d.

— **Blanche Nevile.** Fcap. 8vo. 6s.

Bellows (A. J.) The Philosophy of Eating. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

— **How not to be Sick, a Sequel to Philosophy of Eating.** Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Better than Gold. By Mrs. ARNOLD, Author of "His by Right," &c. In 3 volumes, crown 8vo., 31s. 6d.

Benedict (F. L.) Miss Dorothy's Charge. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

Bickersteth's Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer.

The following Editions are now ready:—

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
No. 1. A Small-type Edition, medium 32mo. cloth limp	0	6
No. 1. B ditto roan limp, red edges	1	0
No. 1. C ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	3	6
No. 2. Second-size type, super-royal 32mo. cloth limp	1	0
No. 2. A ditto roan limp, red edges	2	0
No. 2. B ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	3	0
No. 3. Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. cloth, red edges	2	6
No. 3. A ditto roan limp, red edges	3	6
No. 3. B ditto morocco limp, gilt edges	5	6
No. 4. Large-type Edition, crown 8vo. with Introduction and Notes, cloth, red edges	3	6
No. 4. A ditto roan limp, red edges	4	6
No. 4. B ditto morocco, gilt edges	6	6
No. 5. Crown 8vo. with accompanying Tunes to every Hymn, New Edition	3	0
No. 5. A ditto with Chants	4	0
No. 5. B The Chants separately	1	6
No. 6. Penny Edition.		

Fcap. 4to. Organists' edition. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

The Church Mission Hymn Book has been recently issued: it contains 120 Hymns for Special Missions and Schoolroom Services, selected, with a few additions, from the Hymnal Companion. Price 8s. 4d. per 100, or 1½d. each.

* * A liberal allowance is made to Clergymen introducing the Hymnal.

An 8 pp. prospectus sent post free on application.

✂ **THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER**, bound with **THE HYMNAL COMPANION**. 32mo. cloth, 9d. And in various superior bindings.

The Hymnal Companion is also sold, strongly bound with a Sunday School Liturgy, in two sizes, price 4d. and 8d.

Bickersteth (Rev. E. H., M.A.) The Reef, and other Parables. One Volume square 8vo., with numerous very beautiful Engravings, uniform in character with the Illustrated Edition of Heber's Hymns, &c., price 7s. 6d.

— **The Master's Home-Call; Or, Brief Memorials of Alice Frances Bickersteth.** 3rd Edition. 32mo cloth gilt. 1s.

"They recall in a touching manner a character of which the religious beauty has a warmth and grace almost too tender to be definite."—*The Guardian*.

— **The Shadow of the Rock. A Selection of Religious Poetry.** 18mo. Cloth extra. 2s. 6d.

— **The Shadowed Home and the Light Beyond.** By the Rev. EDWARD HENRY BICKERSTETH. Second Edition. Crown 8vo, cloth extra, 6s.

Bida, The Authorized Version of the Four Gospels. With the whole of the magnificent etchings on steel, after the drawings by M. Bida.

The Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John, appropriately bound in cloth extra, price £3 3s. each, are now ready. (St. Mark in preparation.

Bishop (J. L.) History of American Manufacture. 3 vols. 8vo. *cl.* 5s.

— (J. P.) **First Book of the Law.** 8vo. 1l. 1s.

Bits of Talk about Home Matters. By H. H. Fcap. 8vo. cloth gilt edges. 3s.

Black (Wm.) Three Feathers. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

— **Kilmeny: a Novel.** Small Post 8vo. cloth. 6s.

— **In Silk Attire.** 3rd and cheaper edition, small post 8vo. 6s.

"A work which deserves a hearty welcome for its skill and power in delineation of character."—*Saturday Review*.

— **A Daughter of Heth.** 11th and cheaper edition, crown 8vo., cloth extra. 6s. With Frontispiece by F. Walker, A.R.A.

"If humour, sweetness, and pathos, and a story told with simplicity and vigour, ought to insure success, 'A Daughter of Heth' is of the kind to deserve it."—*Saturday Review*.

Black (C. B.) New Continental Route Guides.

— **Guide to the North of France, including Normandy, Brittany, Touraine, Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, Alsace, and the Valley of the Loire; Belgium and Holland; the Valley of the Rhine to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy by the Brenner Pass.** Illustrated with numerous Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp. 9s. 6d.

Black (C. B.) New Continental Route Guides.

- **Guide to Normandy and Brittany, their Celtic Monuments, Ancient Churches, and Pleasant Watering-Places.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 2s. 6d.
- **Guide to Belgium and Holland, the North-East of France, including Picardy, Champagne, Burgundy, Lorraine, and Alsace; the Valley of the Rhine, to Switzerland; and the South-West of Germany, to Italy, by the Brenner Pass, with Description of Vienna.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo., cloth limp, 5s.
- **Paris, and Excursions from Paris.** Illustrated with numerous Maps, Plans, and Views. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, price 3s.
- **Guide to the South of France and to the North of Italy: including the Pyrenees and their Watering-Places; the Health Resorts on the Mediterranean from Perpignan to Genoa; and the towns of Turin, Milan, and Venice.** Illustrated with Maps and Plans. Small post 8vo., cloth limp, 5s.
- **Switzerland and the Italian Lakes.** Small post 8vo. price 3s. 6d.
- **Guide to France, Corsica, Belgium, Holland, the Rhine, the Moselle, the South-West of Germany, and the North of Italy.** With numerous Maps and Plans. Complete in One Volume. Limp cloth, price 15s.
- **Railway and Road Map of Switzerland, West Tyrol, and the Italian Lake Country.** Boards, price 1s.

Blackburn (H.) Art in the Mountains: the Story of the Passion Play, with upwards of Fifty Illustrations. 8vo. 12s.

- **Artists and Arabs.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo 7s. 6d.
 - **Harz Mountains: a Tour in the Toy Country.** With numerous Illustrations. 12s.
 - **Normandy Picturesque.** Numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.
 - **Travelling in Spain.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 16s.
 - **Travelling in Spain.** Guide Book Edition. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
 - **The Pyrenees.** Summer Life at French Watering-Places. 100 Illustrations by GUSTAVE DORE. Royal 8vo. 18s.
- Blackmore (R. D.) Lorna Doone.** New edition. Crown, 8vo. 6s.
- "The reader at times holds his breath, so graphically yet so simply does John Ridd tell his tale."—*Saturday Review*.
- **Alice Lorraine.** 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

- Macomber, R. I. Common Nouns. 2nd and cheaper ed.
 ———. Case Transp. Second series. 2.
 ———. Idioms of Engl. 2nd ed. 2c 6d.
 Macomber, H. Case of Life. New series. 3p. 3c.
 Macomber's Higher Chemistry. 2d. 3p. 12c.
 Macomber, C. C. Readings for the Common from the
 Harvard Field of Literature. 2d. 2nd. 2c.
 Macomber, J. Case of the Transposition. 2d. 10c.
 ———. Early Life of the Transposition. 2d. 10c. 6d.
 ———. Common Facts of Old Colonial Days. 2nd. 12c. 6d.
 Book of Common Prayer with the Hymnal Companion.
 2nd. 2nd. 2c. 10c. 2c. 10c. 2c. 10c.
 Books suitable for School Prizes and Presents. Fuller
 description of each book will be found in the alphabet.
 Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 2c. 6d.
 ———. An Iron-Hunting Game. 3c.
 Alcott's Aunt Jo's Scrap-Book. 3c. 6d.
 ———. Capt. and Chew Chase. 3c. 6d.
 ———. The Famous Girl. 3c. 6d.
 ———. Little Women. 3c. 6d.
 ———. Little Men. 3c. 6d.
 ———. Street Scrap. 3c. 6d.
 Annals of the Queen. 3c.
 Accomplish The. By P. Macomber. 3c.
 Backward Glances. 3c.
 Baptist Series See Japan.
 Blacksmith Rev. E. H. Shadow of the Rock. 2c. 6d.
 Black Wm. Kilmory. 2c.
 ———. In Silk Attire. 2c.
 ———. A Daughter of Beth. 6c.
 Blackmore R. D. Cradock Howell.
 ———. Clara Vaughan. 2c.
 ———. Lucia Deane. 2c.
 Burritt's Ten Minutes Talk on all sorts of Topics. 2nd.
 2nd. 2c.
 Butler's Great Lone Land. 3c. 6d.
 Changed Cross The. 2c. 6d.
 Child's Play. 3c. 6d.
 Christ in Song. 3c.
 Craik (Mrs.) Adventures of a Brownie. 3c.

Books for School Prizes and Presents, *continued*—

- Craik (Mrs.) *Little Sunshine's Holiday.* 4s.
 Craik (Miss) *The Cousin from India.* 4s.
 — Miss Moore. 4s.
 Dana's *Corals and Coral Islands.* 21s.
 — *Two Years before the Mast.* 6s.
 Davies's *Pilgrimage of the Tiber.* 18s.
 De Witt (Mad.) *An Only Sister.* 4s.
 Erkmann-Chatrian's *The Forest House.* 3s. 6d.
 Faith Gartney. 3s. 6d. cloth; boards, 1s. 6d.
 Favell Children (The). 4s.
Favourite English Poems. 300 Illustration. 21s.
 Forbes (J. G.) *Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise.* Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.
 Franc's *Emily's Choice.* 5s.
 — *John's Wife.* 4s.
 — *Marian.* 5s.
 — *Silken Cord.* 5s.
 — *Vermont Vale.* 5s.
 — *Minnie's Mission.*
 Friewell (Laura) *The Gingerbread Maiden.* 3s. 6d.
 Gayworthys (The). 3s. 6d.
 Gentle Life, (Queen Edition). 10s. 6d.
 Gentle Life Series. (*See Alphabet*).
 Getting on in the World. 6s.
 Glover's *Light of the Word.* 2s. 6d.
 Hayes (Dr.) *Cast Away in the Cold.* 6s.
 Healy (Miss) *The Home Theatre.* 3s. 6d.
 Henderson's *Latin Proverbs.* 10s. 6d.
 Holland (Dr.) *Mistress of the Manse.* 2s. 6d.
 House on Wheels. By Madame STOLZ. 2s. 6d.
 Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea.* 10s. 6d.
 " " " 6s.
 Kingston's *Ben Burton.* 3s. 6d.
 Kennan's *Tent Life.* 6s.
 King's *Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada.*
 Low's Edition of *American Authors.* 1s. 6d. and 2s. each.
 Vols. published. *See Alphabet under Low.*
 Lyra Sacra Americana. 4s. 6d.
 Macgregor (John) *Rob Roy Books.* (*See Alphabet.*)
 Maury's *Physical Geography of the Sea.* 6s.
 Parisian Family. 5s.
 Phelps (Miss) *The Silent Partner.* 5s.
 Picture Gallery *British Art.* 12s.

Books for School Prizes and Presents, continued—

- Picture Gallery Sacred Art. 12s.
 Ready C. Ready. By Captain ALLEN, R.N. 3s. 6d.
 Reported the Post. 12s. Numerous Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
 Sea-Girls. 1s. Beautiful Woodcuts. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
 Stanley's House. From Livingstone. 12s.
 Stone Mrs. Pink and White Tycanny. 3s. 6d.
 — Old Tower Fables. Each extra 6s. and 2s. 6d.
 — Minister's Warning. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
 — Pearl of Our Island. 3s.
 — My Wife and I. 6s.
 Teacher's German Reader. See Teachers.
 Taylor C. B. Sacred Records. 2s. 6d.
 Tennyson's Letters to Young People. 1s. 6d. and 2s.
 Twenty Years Ago. 6s.
 Under the Blue Sky. 1s. 6d.
 Verne's Mercurius. 1s. 6d.
 — Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. 12s. 6d.
 Whitney's Mrs. Beebe. See Alphabet.

Bowie (T. G.) The Defence of Paris, narrated as it was.
 8vo. 12s.

Bowler (G.) St. Mark's Gospel. With Explanatory Notes.
 For the Use of Schools and Colleges. By GEORGE BOWLER, late
 Second Master of the Newport Grammar School, Isle of Wight. 1 vol.
 folio, 6s.

Bradford (Wm.) The Arctic Regions. Illustrated with
 Photographs taken on an Arctic Expedition to Greenland. With Descriptive
 Narrative by the Artist. In One Volume, royal broadside, 25 inches
 by 20, beautifully bound in morocco extra, price Twenty-five Guineas.

Bremer (Fredrika) Life, Letters, and Posthumous Works.
 Crown 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Brett (E.) Notes on Yachts. Fcp. 6s.

Bristed (C. A.) Five Years in an English University.
 Fourth Edition, Revised and Amended by the Author. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.

Broke (Admiral Sir B. V. P., Bart., K.C.B.) Biography
 of 12.

Brothers Rantzau. See Erckmann-Chatrian.

Brown (Colin Rae). Edith Dewar. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo. 17.11s. 6d.

Browning (Mrs. E. B.) The Rhyme of the Duchess May.
 Demy 4to. Illustrated with Eight Photographs, after Drawings by
 Charlotte M. B. Morrell. 21s.

Burnitt (E.) The Black Country and its Green Border Land. Second edition. Post 8vo. 6s.

—— **A Walk from London to Land's End.** Cr. 8vo. 6s.

—— **Lectures and Speeches.** Fcap. 8vo. cloth, 6s.

—— **Ten-Minute Talk on all sorts of Topics.** With Autobiography of the Author. Small 1st 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.

Bush (R. J.) Reindeer, Dogs, and Snow Shoes. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Bushnell's (Dr.) The Vicarious Sacrifice. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

—— **Sermons on Living Subjects.** Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.

—— **Nature and the Supernatural.** Post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

—— **Christian Nurture.** 3s. 6d.

—— **Character of Jesus.** 6d.

—— **The New Life.** Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Butler (W. F.) The Great Lone Land; an Account of the Red River Expedition, 1869-1870, and Subsequent Travels and Adventures in the Manitoba Country, and a Winter Journey across the Saskatchewan Valley to the Rocky Mountains. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 7s. 6d. (The first 3 Editions were in 8vo. cloth. 16s.)

—— **The Wild North Land: the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America.** Demy 8vo. cloth, with numerous Woodcuts and a Map. Fourth Edition. 18s.

Akim-foo: the History of a Failure. Demy 8vo. cloth. 16s.



ADOGAN (Lady A.) Illustrated Games of Patience. By the LADY ADELAIDE CADOGAN. Twenty-four Diagrams in Colours, with Descriptive Text. Foolscap 4to., cloth extra, gilt edges, 12s. 6d.

California. See Nordhoff.

Canada on the Pacific: being an account of a journey from Edmonton to the Pacific, by the Peace River Valley. By Charles Horetzky. Cloth. 5s.

Carlisle (Thos.) The Unprofessional Vagabond. Fcap. 8vo. Fancy boards. 1s.

Ceramic Art. See Jacquemart.

Changed Cross (The) and other Religious Poems. 2s. 6d.

Child's Play, with 16 coloured drawings by E. V. B. An entirely new edition, printed on thick paper, with tints, 7s. 6d.

Chief-Pieces of Art and Master-pieces of Engraving,
selected from the magnificent Collection of Prints and Drawings in the
British Museum. Represented in Photography by SCOTT'S CALCUTRA.
Imperial Size. Thirty-eight Photographs, cloth gilt. *6s. 6d.*

China. *See Illustrations of.*

Christ in Song. Hymns of Immortality, selected from all Ages,
with Notes. By PHILIP SCHAFER, D.D. Crown 8vo, bound paper,
beautifully printed at the Chiswick Press. With Musical Letters and
Comments and harmoniously bound. New Edition. *5s.*

Christabel. *See Bayard Series.*

Christmas Presents. *See Illustrated Books.*

Chronicles of Castle of Amehoy. *42s.* With Photographic
Illustrations. *2s. 6d.*

Clea Vaughan. *See Blackmore.*

Coffin G. C. Our New Way Round the World. 8vo. *12s.*

Conquered at Last ; from Records of Din Hall and its inmates ;
A Novel. 3 vols. Crown 8vo. *32s. 6d.*

Cook (D.) Young Mr. Nightingale. A Novel. 3 vols.
Crown 8vo., cloth. *32s. 6d.*

Courtship and a Campaign ; a Story of the Milanese Volun-
teers of 1861, under Garibaldi. By M. DALRY. 2 vols. cr. 8vo. *22s.*

Craddock Nowell. *See Blackmore.*

Craik (Mrs.) The Adventures of a Brownie, by the Author
of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With numerous Illustrations by Miss
PATTERSON. Square cloth, extra gilt edges. *5s.*

A Capital Book for a School Prize for Children from Seven to Fourteen.

— **Little Sunshine's Holiday** (forming Vol. 1. of the
John Halifax Series of Girls' Books). Small post 8vo. *4s.*

— **John Halifax Series.** *See Girls' Books.*

— **Poems.** Crown, cloth, *5s.*

— (Georgiana M.) **The Cousin from India**, forming
Vol. 2. of John Halifax Series. Small post 8vo. *4s.*

— **Only a Butterfly.** One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth,
10s. 6d.

— **Miss Moore.** Small post 8vo., with Illustrations, gilt
edges. *4s.*

— **Without Kith or Kin.** 3 vols. crown 8vo., *31s. 6d.*

— **Hero Trevelyan.** 2 Vols. Post 8vo. *21s.*

- Craik's American Millwright and Miller.** With numerous Illustrations. 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*
- Cummins (Maria S.) Haunted Hearts (Low's Copyright Series).** 16mo. boards. 1*s.* 6*d.* ; cloth, 2*s.*
- Curtis's History of the Constitution of the United States.** 2 vols. 8vo. 24*s.*

DALTON (J. C.) A Treatise on Physiology and Hygiene for Schools, Families, and Colleges, with numerous Illustrations. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Dana (R. H.) Two Years before the Mast and Twenty-four years After. New Edition, with Notes and Revisions. 12mo. 6*s.*

Dana (Jas. D.) Corals and Coral Islands. Numerous Illustrations, charts, &c. New and Cheaper Edition, with numerous important Additions and Corrections. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 8*s.* 6*d.*

"Professed geologists and zoologists, as well as general readers, will find Professor Dana's book in every way worthy of their attention."
—*The Athenæum*, October 12, 1872.

Daughter (A) of Heth, by WM. BLACK. Eleventh and Cheaper edition. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 6*s.*

Davies (Wm.) The Pilgrimage of the Tiber, from its Mouth to its Source ; with some account of its Tributaries. 8vo., with many very fine Woodcuts and a Map, cloth extra. Second Edition. 18*s.*

Devonshire Hamlets ; Hamlet 1603, Hamlet 1604. I Vol. 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

De Witt (Madame Guizot). An Only Sister. Vol. V. of the "John Halifax" Series of Girls' Books. With Six Illustrations. Small post 8vo. cloth. 4*s.*

Draper (John W.) Human Physiology. Illustrated with more than 300 Woodcuts from Photographs, &c. Royal 8vo. cloth extra. 1*l.* 5*s.*

Duer's Marine Insurance. 2 vols. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Duplais and McKennie, Treatise on the Manufacture and Distillation of Alcoholic Liquors. With numerous Engravings. 8vo. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Duplessis (G.) Wonders of Engraving. With numerous Illustrations and Photographs. 8vo. 12*s.* 6*d.*

Dussauce (Professor H.) A New and Complete Treatise on the Art of Tanning. Royal 8vo. 2*l.* 10*s.*

— **General Treatise on the Manufacture of Vinegar.** 8vo. 1*l.* 1*s.*



WELLS'S Catalogue of Books (The) Published during 1865 is also extensive, comprising also the important scientific publications.

The Volume, comprising over 400 Pages, shows the Titles of nearly New Issues and New Editions issued during Nine Years, with the Date, Price, and Publisher; Names the Lists of Learned Societies, Printing Clubs, and other Literary Associations, and the Books issued by them; a separate Publisher's Series and Collections—altogether forming an indispensable adjunct to the Bookdealer's Establishment, as well as to every Librarian and Literary Club and Association. 30s. half-bound.

••• The subsequent Volume, 1866 is 1866, of which a very few remain on sale, price 2s. 6d. as was the former Volume, 1865 is 1865, price 2s. 6d.

— **Supplements**, 1865, 1866, 1867, 3s. 6d. each; 1866, 1867 is 1867, 3s. each.

English Writers, Chapters for Self-improvement in English Literature, by the author of "The German Life," &c.

— **Manners and their Progress**: With some Considerations as to its Various Branches, its National Value, and the Education it requires. By M. L. F. Writer of "My Life and what it is," &c. with 12. "Battle of the Two Philosophies," and "Scourge and Fire." Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

Richmond-Charter, Forest House and Catherine's Lawns. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

— **The Brothers Ransom**: A Story of the Vosges. 2 vols. crown 8vo., cloth. 12s. New Edition. 2 vols., profusely illustrated. Cloth extra, 12s.

Evans C. *Over the Hills and Far Away*. By C. EVANS, Author of "A Strange Friendship." One Volume, crown 8vo., cloth extra, 12s. 6d.

— **A Strange Friendship**. Crown 8vo., cloth. 5s.

Evans T. W. *History of the American Ambulance*, established in Paris during the Siege of 1870-71. Together with the details of its Method and its Work. By THOMAS W. EVANS, M.D., &c. 8. Imperial 8vo., with numerous illustrations, cloth extra, price 3s.



HAITH GARTNEYS Girlhood, by the Author of "The Gaywathys." Fcap. with Coloured Frontispiece. 3s. 6d.

Favourite English Poems. New and Extended Edition, with 300 illustrations. Small 4to. 21s.

Favell The Children. Three Little Portraits. Crown 12mo. Four Illustrations. Cloth gilt. 4s.

"A very useful and clever story."—*John Bull*.

Few (A) Hints on Proving Wills. Enlarged Edition, sewed.

- Field (M. B.)** *Memories of Many Men and of some Women.* Post 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Fields (J. T.)** *Yesterdays with Authors.* Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Fleming's (Sandford) Expedition.** *See Ocean to Ocean.*
- Flemish and French Pictures.** With Notes concerning the Painters and their Works by F. G. STEPHENS, Author of "Flemish Relics," "Memoirs of Sir Edwin Landseer," &c. Small 4to. cloth extra, bevelled boards, gilt sides, back, and edges. 1l. 8s.
- Flammarion (C.)** *The Atmosphere.* Translated from the French of CAMILLE FLAMMARION. Edited by JAMES GLAISHER, F.R.S., Superintendent of the Magnetical and Meteorological Department of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. With 10 beautiful Chromo-Lithographs and 81 woodcuts. Royal 8vo. cloth extra, bevelled boards. 30s.
- Forbes (J. G.)** *Africa: Geographical Exploration and Christian Enterprise, from the Earliest Times to the Present.* By J. GRUAR FORBES. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 7s. 6d.
- Franc (Maude Jeane)** *Emily's Choice, an Australian Tale.* 2 vol. small post 8vo. With a Frontispiece by G. F. ANGAS. 5s.
- *Hall's Vineyard.* Small post 8vo., cloth. 4s.
- *John's Wife. A Story of Life in South Australia.* Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 4s.
- *Marian, or the Light of Some One's Home.* Fcp. 3rd Edition, with Frontispiece. 5s.
- *Silken Cords and Iron Fetters.* 4s.
- *Vermont Vale.* Small post 4to., with Frontispiece. 5s.
- *Minnie's Mission.* Small post 8vo., with Frontispiece. 4s.
- Friswell (J. H.)** *See Gentle Life Series.*
- *One of Two.* 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Friswell (Laura.)** *The Gingerbread Maiden; and other Stories.* With Illustration. Square cloth. 3s. 6d.



GAYWORTHYS (The), a Story of New England Life. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Gems of Dutch Art. Twelve Photographs from finest Engravings in British Museum. Sup. royal 4to. cloth extra. 25s.

Gentle Life (Queen Edition). 2 vols. in 1. Small 4to. 10s. 6d.

THE GENTLE LIFE SERIES. Printed in Elzevir, on Toned Paper, handsomely bound, forming suitable Volumes for Presents. Price 6s. each; or in calf extra, price 10s. 6d.

The Gentle Life. Essays in aid of the Formation of Character of Gentlemen and Gentlewomen. Tenth Edition.

"Deserves to be printed in letters of gold, and circulated in every house."—*Chambers' Journal*.

About in the World. Essays by the Author of "The Gentle Life."

"It is not easy to open it at any page without finding some handy idea."—*Morning Post*.

Like unto Christ. A New Translation of the "De Imitatione Christi" usually ascribed to Thomas à Kempis. With a Vignette from an Original Drawing by Sir Thomas Lawrence. Second Edition.

"Could not be presented in a more exquisite form, for a more sightly volume was never seen."—*Illustrated London News*.

Familiar Words. An Index Verborum, or Quotation Handbook. Affording an immediate Reference to Phrases and Sentences that have become embedded in the English language. Second and enlarged Edition.

"The most extensive dictionary of quotation we have met with."—*Notes and Queries*.

Essays by Montaigne. Edited, Compared, Revised, and Annotated by the Author of "The Gentle Life." With Vignette Portrait. Second Edition.

"We should be glad if any words of ours could help to bespeak a large circulation for this handsome attractive book."—*Illustrated Times*.

The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia. Written by Sir PHILIP SIDNEY. Edited, with Notes, by the Author of "The Gentle Life." Dedicated, by permission, to the Earl of Derby. 7s. 6d.

"All the best things in the Arcadia are retained intact in Mr. Friswell's edition."—*Examiner*.

The Gentle Life. Second Series. Third Edition.

"There is not a single thought in the volume that does not contribute in some measure to the formation of a true gentleman."—*Daily News*.

Varia: Readings from Rare Books. Reprinted, by permission, from the *Saturday Review*, *Spectator*, &c.

"The books discussed in this volume are no less valuable than they are rare, and the compiler is entitled to the gratitude of the public."—*Observer*.

The Silent Hour: Essays, Original and Selected. By the Author of "The Gentle Life." Second Edition.

"All who possess the 'Gentle Life' should own this volume."—*Standard*.

Essays on English Writers, for the Self-improvement of Students in English Literature.

"To all (both men and women) who have neglected to read and study their native literature we would certainly suggest the volume before us as a fitting introduction."—*Examiner*.

Other People's Windows. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Second Edition.

"The chapters are so lively in themselves, so mingled with shrewd views of human nature, so full of illustrative anecdotes, that the reader cannot fail to be amused."—*Morning Post*.

A Man's Thoughts. By J. HAIN FRISWELL.

German Primer; being an Introduction to First Steps in German. By M. T. FREU. 2s. 6d.

Getting On in the World; or, Hints on Success in Life. By WILLIAM MATHEWS, LL.D. Small post 8vo., cloth extra, bevelled edges. 6s.

Girdlestone (C.) Christendom. 12mo. 3s.

——— **Family Prayers.** 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Glover (Rev. R.) The Light of the Word. Third Edition. 18mo. 2s. 6d.

Goethe's Faust. With Illustrations by Konewka. Small 4to. Price 10s. 6d.

Gouffé: The Royal Cookery Book. By JULES GOUFFÉ; translated and adapted for English use by ALPHONSE GOUFFÉ, head pastrycook to Her Majesty the Queen. Illustrated with large plates. printed in colours. 161 woodcuts. 8vo, cloth extra, gilt edges. 2l. 2s.

——— **Domestic Edition, half-bound.** 10s. 6d.

"By far the ablest and most complete work on cookery that has ever been submitted to the gastronomical world."—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

——— **The Book of Preserves; or, Receipts for Preparing and Preserving Meat, Fish salt and smoked, Terrines, Gelatines, Vegetables, Fruits, Confitures, Syrups, Liqueurs de Famille, Petits-Fours, Bonbons, &c. &c.** 1 vol. royal 8vo., containing upwards of 500 Receipts and 34 Illustrations. 10s. 6d.

——— **Royal Book of Pastry and Confectionery.** By JULES GOUFFÉ, Chef-de-Cuisine of the Paris Jockey Club. Royal 8vo. Illustrated with 10 Chromo-lithographs and 137 Woodcuts, from Drawings from Nature by E. Monjat, cloth extra, gilt edges, 35s.

Gower (Lord Ronald). Hand-book to the Art Galleries, Public and Private, of Belgium and Holland. 18mo., cloth. 5s.

Girls' Books. A Series written, edited, or translated by the Author of "John Halifax." Small post 8vo., cloth extra, 4s. each.

1. Little Sunshine's Holiday.
2. The Cousin from India.
3. Twenty Years Ago.
4. Is it True.
5. An Only Sister. By Madame GUIZOT DE WITT.
6. Miss Moore.

Gospels (Four), with Bida's Illustrations. *See* Bida.

Gray (Robertson) Brave Hearts. Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Gouraud (Mdlle.) Four Gold Pieces. Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth. 2s. 6d. *See also* Rose Library.

Grant (Rev. G. M.) *See* Ocean to Ocean.


Greenleaf's Law of Evidence. 13th Edition. 3 vols. 84s.


Guizot's History of France. Translated by ROBERT BLACK. Royal 8vo. Numerous Illustrations. Vols. I., II. and III., cloth extra, each 24s.; in Parts, 2s. each (to be completed in two more volumes).

Guyon (Mad.) Life. By Upham. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 6s.

—— **Method of Prayer.** Foolscap 1s.

Guyot (A.) Physical Geography. By ARNOLD GUYOT, Author of "Earth and Man." In 1 volume, large 4to., 128 pp., numerous coloured Diagrams, Maps and Woodcuts, price 10s. 6d., strong boards.

 **HALE (E. E.) In His Name; a Story of the Dark Ages.** Small post 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

 **Hackländer (F. W.) Bombardier H. and Corporal Dose; or, Military Life in Prussia.** First Series. The Soldier in Time of Peace. Translated (by permission of the Author) from the German of F. W. Hackländer. By F. E. R. and H. E. R. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 5s.

Harrington (J.) Pictures of Saint George's Chapel, Windsor. Photographs. 4to. 63s.

Harrington's Abbey and Palace of Westminster. Photographs. 5l. 5s.

Harper's Handbook for Travellers in Europe and the East. New Edition, 1874. Post 8vo. Morocco tuck, 1l. 11s. 6d.

Haswell (Chas. H.) The Engineers' and Mechanics' Pocket-Book. 30th Edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo, morocco tuck, 14s.

Hawthorne (Mrs. N.) Notes in England and Italy. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.

- Hayes (Dr.)** *Cast Away in the Cold; an Old Man's Story of a Young Man's Adventures.* By Dr. I. ISAAC HAYES, Author of "The Open Polar Sea." With numerous Illustrations. Gilt edges, 6s.
- *The Land of Desolation; Personal Narrative of Adventures in Greenland.* Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 14s.
- Hazard (S.)** *Santo Domingo, Past and Present; With a Glance at Hayti.* With upwards of One Hundred and Fifty beautiful Woodcuts and Maps, chiefly from Designs and Sketches by the Author. Demy 8vo. cloth extra. 18s.
- Hazard (S.)** *Cuba with Pen and Pencil.* Over 300 Fine Woodcut Engravings. New edition, 8vo. cloth extra. 15s.
- Hazlitt (William)** *The Round Table.* (Bayard Series.) 2s. 6d.
- Healy (M.)** *Lakeville.* 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- *A Summer's Romance.* Crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.
- *The Home Theatre.* Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- *Out of the World.* A Novel. Three Volumes, crown 8vo, cloth extra. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Henderson (A.)** *Latin Proverbs and Quotations; with Translations and Parallel Passages, and a copious English Index.* By ALFRED HENDERSON. Fcap. 4to., 530 pp. 10s. 6d.
- Hearth Ghosts.** By the Author of "Gilbert Rugge." 3 Vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.
- Heber's (Bishop)** *Illustrated Edition of Hymns.* With upwards of 100 Designs engraved in the first style of art under the superintendence of J. D. COOPER. Small 4to. Handsomely bound, 7s. 6d.
- Higginson (T. W.)** *Atlantic Essays.* Small post 8vo. 6s.
- Hitherto.** By the Author of "The Gayworthys." New Edition. cloth extra. 3s. 6d. Also in Low's American Series. Double Vol. 2s. 6d.
- Hofmann (Carl)** *A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Paper in all its Branches.* Illustrated by One Hundred and Ten Wood Engravings, and Five large Folding Plates. In One Volume, 4to, cloth; about 400 pages. 3l. 13s. 6d.
- Holland (Dr.)** *Kathrina and Titcomb's Letters.* See Low's American Series.
- *Mistress of the Manse.* 2s. 6d. See also Rose Library.
- Holmes (Oliver W.)** *The Guardian Angel; a Romance.* 2 vols. 16s.
- (Low's Copyright Series.) Boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

Holmes (Oliver W.) Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. 12mo. 1s. Illustrated edition, 3s. 6d.

— The Professor at the Breakfast Table. 3s. 6d.

— Songs in Many Keys. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

— Mechanism in Thought and Morals. 12mo. 1s. 6d.

Homespun, or Twenty Five Years Ago in America, by THOMAS LACKLAND. Fcap. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Hoppin (Jas. M.) Old Country, its Scenery, Art, and People. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Howell (W. D.) Italian Journeys. 12mo. cloth. 8s. 6d.

Hugo (Victor) "Ninety-Three." Translated by FRANK LEE BENEDICT and J. HAIN FRISWELL. New Edition. Illustrated. One vol. crown 8vo. 6s.

— Toilers of the Sea. Crown 8vo. 6s.; fancy boards, 2s.; cloth, 2s. 6d.; Illustrated Edition, 10s. 6d.

Hunt (Leigh) and S. A. Lee, Elegant Sonnets, with Essay on Sonneteers. 2 vols. 8vo. 18s.

— Day by the Fire. Fcap. 6s. 6d.

Huntington (J.D., D.D.) Christian Believing. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Hutchinson (T. J.) Two Years in Peru; with Exploration of its Antiquities. By THOMAS J. HUTCHINSON. Map by Daniel Barrera, and numerous Illustrations. In 2 vols., demy 8vo., cloth extra. 28s.

Hymnal Companion to Book of Common Prayer. See Bickerteth.



ILLUSTRATIONS of China and its People.

By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Being Photographs from the Author's Negatives, printed in permanent Pigments by the Autotype Process, and Notes from Personal Observation.

. The complete work embraces 200 Photographs, with Letter-press Descriptions of the Places and People represented. Four Volumes, imperial 4to., each £3 3s.

Illustrated Books, suitable for Christmas, Birthday, or Wedding Presents. (The full titles of which will be found in the Alphabet.)

Adventures of a Young Naturalist. 7s. 6d.

Alexander's Bush Fighting. 16s.

Andersen's Fairy Tales. 25s.

Arctic Regions. Illustrated. 25 guineas.

Art, Pictorial and Industrial. New Series, Vols. I. to III., 18s. each.

Bida's Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John. 3s. 3s. each.

Illustrated Books, *continued*—

- Blackburn's Art in the Mountains. 12s.
 ——— Artists and Arabs. 7s. 6d.
 ——— Harz Mountains. 12s.
 ——— Normandy Picturesque. 16s.
 ——— Travelling in Spain. 16s.
 ——— The Pyrenees. 18s.
 Bush's Reindeer, Dogs, &c. 12s. 6d.
 Butler's Great Lone Land. 7s. 6d.
 Cadogan (Lady) Games of Patience. 12s. 6d.
 Chefs-d'oeuvre of Art. 4l. 14s. 6d.
 China. Illustrated. 4 vols. 3l. 3s. each vol.
 Christian Lyrics.
 Davies's Pilgrimage of the Tiber. 18s.
 Dream Book, by E. V. B. 21s. 6d.
 Duplessis' Wonders of Engraving. 12s. 6d.
 Favourite English Poems. 21s.
 Flammarion's The Atmosphere. 30s.
 Fletcher and Kidder's Brazil. 18s.
 Goethe's Faust, illustrations by P. KONEWKA. 10s. 6d.
 Gouffé's Royal Cookery Book. Coloured plates. 42s.
 ——— Ditto. Popular edition. 10s. 6d.
 ——— Book of Preserves. 10s. 6d.
 Hazard's Santa Domingo. 18s.
 ——— Cuba. 15s.
 Heber (Bishop) Hymns. Illustrated edition. 7s. 6d.
 How to Build a House. By VIOLLET-LE-DUC. 8vo. 12s.
 Jacquemart's History of the Ceramic Art. 42s.
 Koldewey's North German Polar Expedition. 1l. 15s.
 MacGahan's Campaigning on the Oxus. 18s.
 Markham (Capt.) Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay. 7s. 6d.
 Markham (Clements) Threshold of the Unknown Region. 7s. 6d.
 Markham's Cruise of the Rosario. 16s.
 Masterpieces of the Pitti Palace. 3l. 13s. 6d.
 Milton's Paradise Lost. (Martin's plates). 3l. 13s. 6d.
 My Lady's Cabinet. 21s.
 Ocean to Ocean. 10s. 6d.
 Palliser (Mrs.) History of Lace. 21s.
 ——— Historic Devices, &c. 21s.
 Pike's Sub-Tropical Rambles. 18s.
 Red Cross Knight (The). 25s.
 Sauzay's Wonders of Glass Making. 12s. 6d.
 Schiller's Lay of the Bell. 14s.
 Stanley's How I Found Livingstone. 7s. 6d.
 ——— Coomassie and Magdala. 16s.
 Sullivan's Dhow Chasing. 16s.
 Thomson's Straits of Malacca. 21s.
 Verne (Jules) Books. 8 vols. *See Alphabet.*
 Viardot, Wonders of Sculpture. 12s. 6d.
 ——— Wonders of Italian Art. 12s. 6d.
 ——— Wonders of European Art. 12s. 6d.
 Werner (Carl) Nile Sketches. 2 Series, each 3l. 10s.

In the Isle of Wight. Two volumes, crown 8vo., cloth. 21s.

Is it True? Being Tales Curious and Wonderful. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 4s.



BLACK HAZARD, a Story of Adventure by J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Numerous illustrations, small post. 3s. 6d.

Jackson (H.) Argus Fairbairne; or, a Wrong Never Righted. By HENRY JACKSON, Author of "Hearth Ghosts," &c. Three volumes, crown 8vo., cloth, 31s. 6d.

Jacquemart (J.) History of the Ceramic Art: Descriptive and Analytical Study of the Potteries of all Times and of all Nations. By ALBERT JACQUEMART. 200 Woodcuts by H. Catenacci and J. Jacquemart. 12 Steel-plate Engravings, and 1,000 Marks and Monograms. Translated by Mrs. BURY FALLISER. In 1 vol., super royal 8vo., of about 700 pp., cloth extra, gilt edges, 42s. [Ready.]
"This is one of those few gift books which, while they can certainly lie on a table and look beautiful, can also be read through with real pleasure and profit."—*Times*, December 13.

Jessup (H. H.) The Women of the Arabs. With a Chapter for Children. By the Rev. HENRY HARRIS JESSUP, D.D., seventeen years American Missionary in Syria. Crown 8vo., cloth extra, 10s. 6d.

Jilted. A Novel. 3 vols. 17. 11s. 6d.

Johnson (R. B.) Very Far West Indeed. A few rough Experiences on the North-West Pacific Coast. Cr. 8vo. cloth. 10s. 6d.
New Edition—the Fourth, fancy boards. 2s.



EDGE Anchor, or Young Sailor's Assistant, by WM. BRADY. 8vo. 18s.

Kennan (G.) Tent Life in Siberia. 3rd edition. 6s.

Kennaway (L. J.) Crusts. A Settler's Fare due South; or, Life in New Zealand. Illustrations by the Author. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 5s.


Kent (Chancellor) Commentaries on American Law. 12th edition. 4 vols. 8vo. 54.

King (Clarence) Mountaineering in the Sierra Nevada. crown 8vo. Third and Cheaper Edition, cloth extra. 6s.

The *Times* of Oct. 20th says:—"If we judge his descriptions by the vivid impressions they leave, we feel inclined to give them very high praise."

Knight (C.) A Romance of Acadia Two Centuries Ago. From a Sketch by the late CHARLES KNIGHT. In 3 vols. crown 8vo. 14. 11s. 6d.

Koldewey (Capt.) *The Second North German Polar Expedition in the Year 1869-70, of the Ships "Germania" and "Hansa," under command of Captain Koldewey.* Edited and condensed by H. W. BATES, Esq., and Translated by LOUIS MERCIER, M.A. (Oxon.) Numerous Woodcuts, Maps, and Chromo-lithographs. Royal 8vo, cloth extra. 1*l.* 15*s.*

 **LANE (Laura C. M.)** *Gentleman Verschoyle.* 3 vols. 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Lang (Dr.) *An Historical and Statistical Account of New South Wales, from the Founding of the Colony in 1788 to the present day, including details of the remarkable discoveries of Gold, Copper, and Tin in that Colony.* By JOHN DUNMORE LANG, D.D., A.M., Senior Minister of the Scotch Church, Sydney. Fourth Edition. In 2 vols., crown 8vo, cloth extra. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Lang (J. D.) *The Coming Event.* 8vo. 12*s.*

L'Estrange (Sir G. B.) *Recollections of Sir George B. L'Estrange.* With Heliotype reproductions. 8vo. cloth extra. 14*s.*

Le Duc (V.) *How to Build a House.* By VIOLET LE DUC, Author of "The Dictionary of Architecture," &c. Numerous Illustrations, Plans, &c. One vol., medium 8vo, cloth, gilt edges. 12*s.*

— *Annals of a Fortress.* Numerous Illustrations and Diagrams. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 15*s.*

Lee (G. R.) *Memoirs of the American Revolutionary War.* 8vo. 16*s.*

Lessing's Laocoon: an Essay upon the Limits of Painting and Poetry, with remarks illustrative of various points in the History of Ancient Art. By GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING. A New Translation by ELLEN FROTHINGHAM, crown 8vo. cloth extra. 5*s.*

Lindsay (W. S.) *History of Merchant Shipping and Ancient Commerce.* In 4 vols. Vols. I. and II., demy 8vo. 21*s.* each.

Locker (A.) *The Village Surgeon.* A Fragment of Autobiography. By ARTHUR LOCKER, Author of "Sweet Seventeen." Crown 8vo., cloth. New Edition. 3*s.* 6*d.*

Little Preacher. 32mo. 1*s.*

Longfellow (H. W.) *The Poets and Poetry of Europe.* New Edition. 8vo. cloth. 1*l.* 1*s.*

Loomis (Elias.) *Recent Progress of Astronomy.* Post 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.*

— *Practical Astronomy.* 8vo. 10*s.*

Low's Half-Crown Series, choicely bound, cloth, gilt edges, small post 8vo.

1. *Sea-Gull Rock*. By JULES SONDRAU. Numerous Illustrations.
2. *The House on Wheels*. By Madame STOLZ. Numerous Illustrations.
3. *The Mistress of the Manse*. By Dr. HOLLAND.
4. *Undine, and the Two Captains*. By FOUQUÉ. Illustrations.
5. *Draxy Miller's Dowry and the Elder's Wife*.
6. *The Four Gold Pieces*. By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.
7. *Picciola; or, The Prison Flower*. By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous Illustrations.

Low's Copyright and Cheap Editions of American Authors, comprising Popular Works, reprinted by arrangement with their Authors:—

1. *Haunted Hearts*. By the Author of "The Lamplighter."
2. *The Guardian Angel*. By "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."
3. *The Minister's Wooing*. By the Author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
4. *Views Afoot*. By BAYARD TAYLOR.
5. *Kathrina, Her Life and Mine*. By J. G. HOLLAND.
6. *Hans Brinker: or, Life in Holland*. By Mrs. DODGE.
7. *Men, Women, and Ghosts*. By Miss PHELPS.
8. *Society and Solitude*. By RALPH WALDO EMERSON.
9. *Hedged In*. By ELIZABETH PHELPS.
11. *Faith Gartney*.
12. *Stowe's Old Town Folks*. 2s. 6d.: cloth, 3s.
13. *Lowell's Study Windows*.
14. *My Summer in a Garden*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.
15. *Pink and White Tyranny*. By Mrs. STOWE.
16. *We Girls*. By Mrs. WHITNEY.
20. *Back-Log Studies*. By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, Author of "My Summer in a Garden."
"This is a delightful book."—*Atlantic Monthly*.
22. *Hitherto*. By Mrs. T. D. WHITNEY. Double Volume, 2s. 6d. fancy flexible boards.
23. *Farm Ballads*. by Will. Carleton, price ONE SHILLING.

Low's Monthly Bulletin of American and Foreign Publications, forwarded regularly. Subscription 2s. 6d. per annum.

Low's Standard Library of Travel and Adventure. Crown 8vo. Bound uniformly in cloth extra, 7s. 6d. each volume.

1. *The Great Lone Land*. By W. F. BUTLER. With Illustrations and Map. Fifth Edition.
2. *The Wild North Land: the Story of a Winter Journey with Dogs across Northern North America*. By W. F. BUTLER. With numerous Woodcuts and a Map. Fifth Edition.
3. *How I Found Livingstone*. By H. M. STANLEY. Introductory Chapter on the Death of Livingstone, with a Brief Memoir.
4. *The Threshold of the Unknown Region*. By C. R. MARKHAM. New Edition (the third). With Maps and Illustrations.
5. *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf of Boothia*. By A. H. MARKHAM. New Edition. Two Maps and several Illustrations.

. Other volumes in preparation.

Low's Standard Novels. Crown 8vo. 6s. each, cloth extra.

- A Daughter of Heth.** By W. BLACK. With Frontispiece by F. WALKER, A.R.A.
Kilmeny. A Novel. By W. BLACK
In Silk Attire. Third Edition.
Lorna Doone. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Cradock Nowell. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Clara Vaughan. By R. D. BLACKMORE.
Innocent. By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Eight Illustrations.
Work: a Story of Experience. By LOUISA M. ALCOTT. Illustrations.
(See also "Rose Library.")
Mistress Judith: a Cambridgeshire Story. By C. C. FRAZER-TYTLER.
Ninety-Three. By VICTOR HUGO. Numerous illustrations.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1874.
 Edited and Revised to February, 1875, by CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S.,
 Editor of "A Guide to the Churches of London and its Suburbs," &c
 Price 1s.

Lunn (J. C.) Only Eve. 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

Lyne (A. A.) The Midshipman's Trip to Jerusalem.
 With illustration. Third Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

Lyra Sacra Americana. Gems of American Poetry, selected
 and arranged, with Notes and Biographical Sketches, by C. D. CLEVELAND, D. D. author of the "Milton Concordance." 18mo. 4s. 6d.



**MAC GAHAN (J. A.) Campaigning on the Oxus
 and the Fall of Khiva.** With Map and numerous Illustrations. Third Edition. Demy 8vo., cloth extra, 18s.

Macgregor (John.) "Rob Roy" on the Baltic.
 Third Edition, small post 8vo. 2s. 6d.

**Macgregor (John.) A Thousand Miles in the "Rob
 Roy" Canoe.** Eleventh Edition. Small post, 8vo. 2s. 6d.

—— **Description of the "Rob Roy" Canoe,** with
 plans, &c. 1s.

—— **The Voyage Alone in the Yawl "Rob Roy."**
 Second Edition. Small post, 8vo. 5s.

**Mahony (M. F.) A Chronicle of the Fermors; Horace
 Walpole in Love.** By M. F. MAHONY. 2 vols. demy 8vo., with
 steel portrait. 24s.

**Manigault, The Maid of Florence; or, a Woman's Ven-
 geance.** 3s. 6d.

March (A.) Anglo-Saxon Reader. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

—— **Comparative Grammar of the Anglo-Saxon Lan-
 guage.** 8vo. 12s.

Mancy (R. B.) *Thirty Years of Army Life.* Royal 8vo.
22s.

—— *Prairie and Overland Traveller.* 2s. 6d.

Marigold Manor. By Miss WARING. With Introduction by
Rev. A. SEWELL. With Illustrations. Small post 8vo. 4s.

Markham (A. H.) *The Cruise of the "Rosario."* By
A. H. MARKHAM, Commander, R.N. 8vo. cloth extra, with Map and
Illustrations. 16s.

—— *A Whaling Cruise to Baffin's Bay and the Gulf
of Boothia.* With an Account of the Rescue, by his Ship, of the
Survivors of the Crew of the "Polaris;" and a Description of Modern
Whale Fishing. Second and Cheaper Edition. Crown 8vo. 2 Maps
and several Illustrations. Cloth extra. 7s. 6d.

Markham (C. R.) *The Threshold of the Unknown Region.*
Crown 8vo. with Maps and Illustrations. Third Edition, cloth extra,
7s. 6d.

Marlitt (Miss) *The Princess of the Moor.* Tauchnitz Trans-
lations.

Marsh (G. P.) *Origin and History of the English Lan-
guage.* 8vo. 16s.

—— *The Earth, as modified by human action, being
a New Edition of "Man and Nature."* Royal 8vo., cloth, 18s.

—— *Lectures on the English Language.* 8vo. 15s.

Martin's Vineyard. By Agnes Harrison. Crown 8vo. cloth.
10s. 6d.

Mason (C. W.) *The Rape of the Gamp.* 3 vols. 31s. 6d.

**Masterpieces of the Pitti Palace, and other Picture Gal-
leries of Florence, with some Account of the Artists and
their Paintings.** Atlas 4to. handsomely bound in cloth extra, gilt
edges. 3l. 13s. 6d.

Masters (The) of Claythorpe. By the Author of "Only
Eve." 3 vols. crown 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

Matthews (Wm.) *See* *Getting on in the World.*

Maury (Commander) *Physical Geography of the Sea
its Meteorology. Being a Reconstruction and Enlargement of
his former Work; with illustrative Charts and Diagrams.* New Edition.
8vo. 6s.

- May (J. W.)** A Treatise on the Law of Insurance.
Third Edition. 8vo. 38s.
- McMullen's History of Canada.** 8vo. 16s.
- Mercier (Rev. L.)** Outlines of the Life of the Lord Jesus Christ. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 15s.
- Michell (N.)** The Heart's Great Rulers, a Poem, and Wanderings from the Rhine to the South Sea Islands. Fcap. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- Milton's Complete Poetical Works ; with Concordance by W. D. CLEVELAND.** New Edition. 8vo. 12s. ; morocco 1l. 1s.
- **Paradise Lost, with the original Steel Engravings of JOHN MARTIN.** Printed on large paper, royal 4to. handsomely bound. 3l. 13s. 6d.
- Miss Dorothy's Charge.** By FRANK LEE BENEDICT, Author of "My Cousin Elenor." 3 vols. crown 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Missionary Geography (The) ; a Manual of Missionary Operations in all parts of the World, with Map and Illustrations.** Fcap. 3s. 6d.
- Mistress Judith. A Cambridgeshire Story.** By C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, Author of "Jasmine Leigh." A New and Cheaper Edition. In one volume, small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.
- Monk of Monk's Own.** 3 vols. 31s. 6d.
- Montaigne's Essays.** Ss Gentle Life Series.
- Morgan's Macaronic Poetry.** 16mo. 12s.
- Mountain (Bishop) Life of.** By his Son. 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Mundy (D. L.) Rotomahana, or the Boiling Springs of New Zealand.** Sixteen Photographs, with descriptive Letterpress. By D. L. MUNDY. Edited by Dr. F. VON HOCHSTETTER. Imperial 4to. cloth extra. 42s.
- My Cousin Maurice.** A Novel. 3 vols. Cloth, 31s. 6d.
- My Lady's Cabinet.** Charminglly Decorated with Lovely Drawings and Exquisite Miniatures. Contains Seventy-five Pictures. Royal 4to., and very handsomely bound in cloth. 1l. 1s.
- Myers (P. V. N.)** Remains of Lost Empires. 8vo. Cloth, 16s.



NAPOLEON I., Recollections of. By Mrs. ABELL.
Third Edition. Revised with additional matter by her daughter, Mrs. CHARLES JOHNSTONE. Demy 8vo. With Steel Portrait and Woodcuts. Cloth extra, gilt edges, 10s. 6d.

Napoleon III. in Exile: The Posthumous Works and Unpublished Autographs. Collected and arranged by COUNT DE LA CHAPELLE. 8vo., cloth extra. 14s.

Narrative of Edward Crewe, The. Personal Adventures and Experiences in New Zealand. Small post 8vo., cloth extra.

Never Again: a Novel. By Dr. MAYO, Author of "Kaloolah." New and Cheaper Edition, in One Vol., small post 8vo. 6s. Cheapest edition, fancy boards, 2s.

New Testament. The Authorized English Version; with the various Readings from the most celebrated Manuscripts, including the Sinaitic, the Vatican, and the Alexandrian MSS., in English. With Notes by the Editor, Dr. TISCHENDORF. The whole revised and carefully collected for the Thousandth Volume of Baron Tauchnitz's Collection. Cloth flexible, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.; cheaper style, 2s.; or sewed, 1s. 6d.

Noel (Hon. Roden) Livingstone in Africa; a Poem. By the Hon. RODEN NOEL, Author of "Beatrice," &c. Post 8vo., limp cloth extra, 2s. 6d.

Nordhoff (C.) California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence. A Book for Travellers and Settlers. Numerous Illustrations. 8vo., cloth extra. 12s. 6d.

— **Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.** Square 8vo., cloth extra, price 12s.

Nothing to Wear, and Two Millions. By WILLIAM ALLEN BUTLER. 1s.

Nystrom's Mechanic's Pocket Book. 12th edition. 18s.



CEAN to Ocean. Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT, With Sixty Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth extra, pp. 372. 10s. 6d.

Old Fashioned Girl. See Alcott.

Old Masters. Da Vinci, Bartolomeo, Michael Angelo, Rembrandt, Carlo Dolci, &c., &c. Reproduced in Photography from the Celebrated Engravings by Longhi, Anderloni, Garavaglia, Toschi, and Raimondi, in the Collection of Prints and Drawings in the British Museum, with Biographical Notices. By STEPHEN THOMPSON. Imperial folio, cloth extra. 3l. 13s. 6d.

Oliphant (Mrs.) Innocent. A Tale of Modern Life. By Mrs. OLIPHANT, Author of "The Chronicles of Carlingford," &c., &c. With Eight full-page Illustrations. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 6s.

One Only ; A Novel. By ELEANOR C. PRICE. 2 vols. Crown 8vo., cloth, 21s.

Only Eye. By MRS. J. CALBRAITH LUNN. Three Vols. post 8vo. cloth. 31s. 6d.

Our American Cousins at Home. By VERA, Author of "Under the Red Cross." Illustrated with Pen and Ink Sketches, by the Author, and several fine Photographs. Crown 8vo, cloth. 9s.

Our Little Ones in Heaven. Edited by REV. H. ROBBINS. With Frontispiece after Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. Second Edition. Fcap. 3s. 6d.



PALLISER (Mrs.) A History of Lace, from the Earliest Period. A New and Revised Edition, with upwards of 100 Illustrations and coloured Designs. 1 vol. 8vo. 12. 1s. [New Edition in the press]

"One of the most readable books of the season ; permanently valuable, always interesting, often amusing, and not inferior in all the essentials of a gift book."—*Times*.

— **Historic Devices, Badges, and War Cries.** 8vo. 12. 1s.

— **The China Collector's Pocket Companion.** With upwards of 1,000 Illustrations of Marks and Monograms. Second Edition, with Additions. Small post 8vo., limp cloth, 5s.

"We scarcely need add that a more trustworthy and convenient handbook does not exist, and that others besides ourselves will feel grateful to Mrs. Palliser for the care and skill she has bestowed upon it."—*Academy*.

Parsons (T.) A Treatise on the Law of Marine Insurance and General Average. By HON. THEOPHILUS PARSONS. 2 vols. 8vo. 3s. 3s.

— **A Treatise on the Law of Shipping.** 2 vols. 8vo. 3s. 3s.

Parisian Family. From the French of Madame GUIZOT DE WITT. Fcap. 5s.

Phelps (Miss) Gates Ajar. 32mo. 6d.

— **Men, Women, and Ghosts.** 12mo. Sd. 1s. 6d. ; cl. 2s.

— **Hedged In.** 12mo. Sewed, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s.

— **Silent Partner.** 5s.

— **Trotty's Wedding Tour.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.

— **What to Wear.** Foolscap 8vo., fancy boards.

Phillips (L.) Dictionary of Biographical Reference. 8vo.

2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*

Phillips' Law of Insurance. 5th Edition, 2 vols. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Picture Gallery of British Art (The). Thirty-eight beautiful and Permanent Photographs after the most celebrated English Painters. With Descriptive Letterpress. Vols. 1 to 3, cloth extra, 18*s.* each.

Pike (N.) Sub-Tropical Rambles in the Land of the Aphanapteryx. In 1 vol. demy 8vo. 18*s.* Profusely Illustrated from the Author's own Sketches, also with Maps and valuable Meteorological Charts.

Plattner's Manual of Qualitative and Quantitative Analysis with the Blow-Pipe. From the last German Edition, revised and enlarged. By Prof. TH. RICHTER, of the Royal Saxon Mining Academy. Translated by Prof. H. B. CORNWALL, Assistant in the Columbia School of Mines, New York. Illustrated with 87 Woodcuts and 1 Lithographic Plate. Second Edition, revised and reduced in price. 8vo. cloth. 2*1*s.**

Plutarch's Lives. An Entirely New and Library Edition.

Edited by A. H. CLOUGH, Esq. 5 vols. 8vo., 2*l.* 10*s.* ; half morocco, top gilt, 3*l.*

— **Morals.** Uniform with Clough's Edition of "Lives of Plutarch." Edited by Professor GOODWIN. 5 vols. 8vo. 3*l.* 3*s.*

Poe (E. A.) The Works of. 4 vols. 2*l.* 2*s.*

Poems of the Inner Life. A New Edition, Revised, with many additional Poems, inserted by permission of the Authors. Small post 8vo., cloth. 5*s.*

Polar Expedition. See Koldewey and Markham.

Poor (H. V.) Manual of the Railroads of the United States for 1874-5 ; Showing their Mileage, Stocks, Bonds, Cost, Earnings, Expenses, and Organisations, with a Sketch of their Rise, &c. 1 vol. 8vo. 2*4*s.**

Portraits of Celebrated Women. By C. A. STE-BEUVE. 12mo. 6*s.* 6*d.*

A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Colours for Painting. By MM. RIFFAULT, VERGNAUD and TOUSSAINT. Revised and Edited by M. F. MALEPEYRE. Translated from the French by A. A. FESQUET. Illustrated by 85 Engravings. 8vo. 3*1*s.** 6*d.*

Preces Veterum. Collegit et edidit Joannes F. France. Crown 8vo., cloth, red edges. 5*s.*

Preu (M. T.) German Primer. Square cloth. 2*s.* 6*d.*

Prime (I.) Fifteen Years of Prayer. Small post 8vo., cloth. 3s. 6d.

— (E. D. G.) **Around the World.** Sketches of Travel through Many Lands and over Many Seas, 8vo., Illustrated. 14s.

— (W. C.) **I go a-Fishing.** Small post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

Publishers' Circular (The), and General Record of British and Foreign Literature; giving a transcript of the title-page of every work published in Great Britain, and every work of interest published abroad, with lists of all the publishing houses.

Published regularly on the 1st and 15th of every Month, and forwarded post free to all parts of the world on payment of 8s. per annum.

RALSTON (W. R. S.) Early Russian History. Four Lectures delivered at Oxford by W. R. S. RALSTON, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 5s.



Randolph (Mrs.) Clarice Adair. 3 vols. 1l. 11s. 6d.

Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia. By Dr. JOHNSON. With Introduction by the Rev. WILLIAM WEST, Vicar of Nairn. (Bayard Series.) 2s. 6d.

Reminiscences of America in 1869, by Two Englishmen. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Reynard the Fox. The Prose Translation by the late THOMAS ROSCOE. With about 100 exquisite Illustrations on Wood, after designs by A. J. ELWES. Imperial 16mo. cloth extra, 7s. 6d.

Richardson (A. S.) Stories from Old English Poetry. Small post 8vo., cloth. 5s.

Riffault (M.M.) A Practical Treatise on the Manufacture of Colours for Painting. Illustrated. 31s. 6d.

Rivington's (F.) Life of St. Paul. With map. 5s.

Rochefoucauld's Reflections. Flexible cloth extra. 2s. 6d. (Bayard Series.)

Rogers (S.) Pleasures of Memory. See "Choice Editions of Choice Books." 5s.

Rohlfs (Dr. G.) Adventures in Morocco and Journeys through the Oases of Draa and Tafilet. By Dr. GERHARD ROHLFS, Gold Medallist of the Royal Geographical Society. Translated from the German. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Demy 8vo. Map, and Portrait of the Author, cloth extra, 12s.

Rose Library (The). Popular Literature of all countries. 1s. each volume. Many of the volumes are Illustrated. The following volumes are now ready :—

1. **Sea-Gull Rock.** By JULES SANDEAU. Illustrated.
2. **Little Women.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
3. **Little Women Wedded.** (Forming a Sequel to "Little Women.")
4. **The House on Wheels.** By MADAME DE STOLZ. Illustrated.
5. **Little Men.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
6. **The Old-Fashioned Girl.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
7. **The Mistress of the Manse.** By J. G. HOLLAND.
8. **Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.**
9. **Undine, and the Two Captains.** By Baron DE LA MOTTE FOUQUE. A new Translation by F. E. BUNNETT. Illustrated.
10. **Draxy Miller's Dowry and the Elder's Wife.** By SAXE HOLM.
11. **The Four Gold Pieces.** By Madame GOURAUD. Numerous Illustrations.
12. **Work : a Story of Experience. First Portion.** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
13. **Beginning Again : being a continuation of "Work."** By LOUISA M. ALCOTT.
14. **Picciola ; or, The Prison Flower.** By X. B. SAINTINE. Numerous graphic Illustrations.

Notice.—The Volumes in this Series will also be published in a more expensive form on fine toned paper, cloth extra, gilt edges, at 2s. 6d. or 3s. 6d. each, according to size, &c.



ANTO DOMINGO, Past and Present. See Hazard.

Sauzay (A.) Marvels of Glass Making. Numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Schiller's Lay of the Bell, translated by Lord Lytton. With 48 illustrations after Retsch. Oblong 4to. 14s.

School Books. See Classified.

School Prizes. See Books.

Schuyler (E.) Turkistan. Notes of a Journey in the Russian Provinces of Central Asia and the Khanates of Bokhara and Kokand. By EUGENE SCHUYLER, Secretary of American Legation, St. Petersburg. [*In the press.*]

Schweinfurth (Dr. G.) The Heart of Africa ; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. Two volumes, 8vo., upwards of 500 pages each, with 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and 2 Maps. 42s.

[*Second Edition*]

Sea-Gull Rock. By Jules Sandeau, of the French Academy. Translated by ROBERT BLACK, M.A. With Seventy-nine very beautiful Woodcuts. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 7s. 6d. Cheaper Edition, cloth gilt, 2s. 6d. *See also* Rose Library.
"It deserves to please the new nation of boys to whom it is presented."
—*Times*.

Sedgwick, (T.) Treatise on the Measure of Damages. 8vo. 6th Edition. 2l. 5s.

Silent Hour (The), Essays original and selected, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Second edition. 6s.

Silliman (Benjamin) Life of, by G. P. FISHER. 2 vols. crown 8vo. 1l. 4s.

Simson (W.) A History of the Gipsies, with specimens of the Gipsy Language. 10s. 6d.

Smith (G.) Assyrian Explorations and Discoveries. By GEORGE SMITH (of the British Museum). Illustrated by Photographs and numerous Woodcut Illustrations of his recent Discoveries. Demy 8vo. 18s.

Smith and Hamilton's French Dictionary. 2 vols. Cloth, 21s. : half roan, 22s.

Socrates. Memoirs, from Xenophon's Memorabilia. By E. LÉVIEN. Flexible cloth. 2s. 6d. Bayard Series.

Spayth (Henry) The American Draught-Player. 2nd edition. 12mo. 12s. 6d.

St. Cecilia, a modern tale of Real Life. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.

Stanley (H. M.) How I Found Livingstone. Crown 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.

. This Edition has been revised most carefully from beginning to end and all matters of a personal or irrelevant character omitted.

—— "My Kalulu," Prince, King, and Slave. A Story from Central Africa. Crown 8vo., about 430 pp., with numerous graphic Illustrations, after Original Designs by the Author. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

—— Coomassie and Magdala: A Story of Two British Campaigns in Africa. Demy 8vo., with Maps and Illustrations, 16s. Second Edition.

"We are struck throughout his volume by the shrewdness of his surmises when he is guessing in the dark, and of the frequency with which his hurried judgments are confirmed."—*Times*.

Sweet not Lasting. A Novel, by ANNIE B. LEFURT.
1 vol. crown 8vo., cloth. 10s. 6d.

Swiss Family Robinson, 12mo. 3s. 6d.



AUCHNITZ'S English Editions of German Authors. Each volume cloth flexible, 2s. ; or sewed, 1s. 6d. The following are now ready:—

On the Heights. By B. AUERBACH. 3 vols.

In the Year '13. By FRITZ REUTER. 1 vol.

Faust. By GOETHE. 1 vol.

L'Arrabiata. By PAUL HEYSE. 1 vol.

The Princess, and other Tales. By HEINRICH ZSCHOKKE. 1 vol.

Lessing's Nathan the Wise, and Emilia Galotti.

Hackländer's Behind the Counter, translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 vols.

Three Tales. By W. HAUFF.

Joachim v. Kamern; Diary of a Poor Young Lady. By M. NATHUSIUS.

Poems by Ferdinand Freiligrath. Edited by his daughter.

Gabriel. From the German of PAUL HEYSE. By ARTHUR MILMAN.

The Dead Lake, and other Tales. By P. HEYSE.

Through Night to Light. By GUTZKOW.

Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces. By JEAN PAUL RICHTER. 2 vols.

The Princess of the Moor. By Miss MARLITT. 2 vols.

An Egyptian Princess. By G. EBERS. 2 vols.

Ekkehard. By J. V. SCHEFFEL. 2 vols.

Barbarossa and other Tales. By PAUL HEYSE. From the German. By L. C. S.

Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. By GOETHE. 2 vols.

Prince Bismarck, a Biographical Sketch by WILHELM GÖRLACH. 1 vol.

Tauchnitz (B.) German and English Dictionary, Paper, 1s. : cloth, 1s. 6d. ; roan, 2s.

— **French and English.** Paper 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. roan, 2s. 6d.

— **Italian and English.** Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. roan, 2s. 6d.

— **Spanish and English.** Paper, 1s. 6d. ; cloth, 2s. ; roan, 2s. 6d.

— **New Testament.** Cloth, 2s. ; gilt, 2s. 6d.

- Taylor (C. B.)** Sacred Records, &c., in Verse. Fcap. 8vo, cloth extra, 2s. 6d.
- Taylor (Bayard)** The Byeways of Europe; Visits by Unfrequented Routes to Remarkable Places. By BAYARD TAYLOR, author of "Views Afoot." 2 vols. post 8vo. 16s.
- Travels in Greece and Russia. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Northern Europe. Post 8vo. Cloth, 8s. 6d.
- Egypt and Iceland. 8s. 6d.
- Beauty and the Beast. Crown 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- A Summer in Colorado. Post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
- Joseph and his Friend. Post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
- Views Afoot. Enamelled boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. See Low's Copyright Edition.
- Tennyson's May Queen**; choicely Illustrated from designs by the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE. Crown 8vo. See Choice Series. 5s.
- Thomson (J.)** The Straits of Malacca, Indo-China, and China; or, Ten Years' Travels, Adventures, and Residence Abroad. By J. THOMSON, F.R.G.S. Author of "Illustrations of China and its People." Upwards of 60 Woodcuts, from the Author's own Photographs and Sketches. Demy 8vo, cloth extra. 21s.
- Thomson (W. M.)** The Land and the Book. With 300 Illustrations. 2 vols. 12. 1s.
- Timothy Titcomb's Letters to Young People, Single and Married.** Cloth, 2s. (See also Rose Library.)
- Tinne (J. E.)** The Wonderland of the Antipodes: Sketches of Travel in the North Island of New Zealand. Illustrated with numerous Photographs. Demy 8vo., cloth extra. 16s.
- Tischendorf (Dr.)** The New Testament. See New Testament.
- Tolhausen (A.)** The Technological Dictionary in the French, English, and German Languages. Containing the Technical Terms used in the Arts, Manufactures, and Industrial Affairs generally. Revised and Augmented by M. Louis Tolhausen, French Consul at Leipzig. This Work will be completed in Three Parts.
The First Part, containing French-German-English, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8s.; 1 vol. half roan, 9s.
The Second Part, containing English-German-French, crown 8vo. 2 vols. sewed, 8s.; 1 vol. bound, 9s.
The Third Part, containing German-English-French, is in preparation.
- Trollope (A.)** Harry Heathcote of Gangoil. A Story of Bush Life in Australia. With graphic Illustrations. In 1 vol. Small post, cloth extra, 5s.
- Tuckermann (C. K.)** The Greeks of To-day. Crown 8vo. cloth. 7s. 6d.

Twenty Years Ago. (Forming Volume 3 of the John Halifax Series of Girls' Books). Small post 8vo. 4s.

Twining (Miss). *Illustrations of the Natural Orders of Plants, with Groups and Descriptions.* By ELIZABETH TWINING. Reduced from the folio edition, splendidly illustrated in colour from nature. 2 vols. Royal 8vo. 5s. 5s.

Under Seal of Confession. By AVERIL BEAUMONT, Author of "Thornicroft's Model." 3 vols. crown 8vo., cloth. 31s. 6d.



ANDENHOFF'S (George), Clerical Assistant. Fcap. 3s. 6d.

— **Ladies' Reader (The).** Fcap. 5s.

Varia ; Rare Readings from Scarce Books, by the author of "The Gentle Life." Reprinted by permission from the "Saturday Review," "Spectator," &c. 6s.

Vaux (Calvert). *Villas and Cottages,* a new edition, with 300 designs. 8vo. 15s.

VERNE'S (JULES) WORKS.

Five Weeks in a Balloon. New Edition. Numerous Illustrations, printed on Toned Paper, and uniformly with "Around the World," &c. Square crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Meridiana : Adventures of Three Englishmen and Three Russians in South Africa. Translated from the French. With Numerous Illustrations. Royal 16mo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

The Fur Country. Crown 8vo. With upwards of 80 Illustrations. Cloth extra. 10s. 6d.

Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea. Translated and Edited by the Rev. L. P. MARCIER, M.A. With 113 very Graphic Woodcuts. Large post 8vo., cloth extra, gilt edges. 10s. 6d.

Around the World in Eighty Days. Numerous Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

From the Earth to the Moon, and a Trip Round It. Numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, gilt edges. 10s. 6d. New Edition.

A Floating City and the Blockade Runners. Containing about 50 very fine Full-page Illustrations. Square crown 8vo. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

Dr. Ox's Experiment ; Master Zacharius ; A Drama in the Air ; A Winter Amid the Ice, &c. Numerous full-page Illustrations. Cloth, gilt edges. 7s. 6d.

Viardot (L.) Wonders of Italian Art, numerous photographic and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Viardot (L.) Wonders of Painting, numerous photographs and other illustrations. Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

— **Wonders of Sculpture. Numerous Illustrations.** Demy 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Vincent (F.) The Land of the White Elephant: Sights and Scenes in South-Eastern Asia. With Maps, Plans, and Illustrations. 8vo. cloth extra. 18s.



WALLER (Rev. C. H.) The Names on the Gates of Pearl, and other Studies. By the Rev. C. H. WALLER, M.A. Crown 8vo, cloth extra. 6s.

Warburton's (Col. Egerton) Journey across Australia. An Account of the Exploring Expedition sent out by Messrs. Elder and Hughes, under the command of Colonel Egerton Warburton; giving a full Account of his Perilous Journey from the centre to Roebourne, Western Australia. With Illustrations and a Map. Edited, with an Introductory Chapter, by H. W. BATES, Esq., of the Royal Geographical Society. Demy 8vo. cloth. 16s.

Warner (C. D.) My Summer in a Garden. Boards, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s. (Low's Copyright Series.)

— **Back-log Studies.** Boards 1s. 6d.; cloth 2s. (Low's Copyright Series.)

Webster (Daniel) Life of, by GEO. T. CURTIS. 2 vols. 8vo. Cloth. 36s.

Weppner (M.) The Northern Star and Southern Cross. Being the Personal Experiences, Impressions, and Observations of Margaretha Weppner, in a Voyage Round the World. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, cloth. 24s.

Werner (Carl), Nile Sketches, Painted from Nature during his travels through Egypt. Imperial folio, in Cardboard Wrapper. 3l. 10s. Three Series, each £3 10s.

Westropp (H. M.) A Manual of Precious Stones and Antique Gems. By HODDER M. WESTROPP, Author of "The Traveller's Art Companion," "Pre-Historic Phases," &c. Numerous Illustrations. Small post 8vo, cloth extra. 6s.

Wheaton (Henry) Elements of International Law. New edition. [In the press.]

When George the Third was King. 2 vols., post 8vo. 21s.

Where is the City? 12mo. cloth. 6s.

White (J.) Sketches from America. 8vo. 12s.

White (J.) Te Rou; or, The Maori at Home. Exhibiting the Social Life, Manners, Habits, and Customs of the Maori Race in New Zealand prior to the introduction of civilization amongst them. Crown 8vo. cloth extra. 10s. 6d.

- White (R. G.)** *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare.* Post 8vo. Cloth. 10s. 6d.
- Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.)** *The Gayworthys.* Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- **Faith Gartney.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. And in Low's Cheap Series, 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- **Hitherto.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. and 2s. 6d.
- **Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d.
- **The Other Girls.** Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 3s. 6d.
- **We Girls.** Small post 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cheap Edition. 1s. 6d. and 2s.
- Whyte (J. W. H.)** *A Land Journey from Asia to Europe.* Crown 8vo. 12s.
- Wikoff (H.)** *The Four Civilizations of the World.* An Historical Retrospect. Crown 8vo., cloth. 6s.
- Wills, A Few Hints on Proving, without Professional Assistance.** By a PROBATE COURT OFFICIAL. Fourth Edition, revised and considerably enlarged, with Forms of Wills, Residuary Accounts, &c. Fcap. 8vo., cloth limp. 1s.
- Winter at the Italian Lakes.** With Frontispiece View of Lake Como. Small post 8vo., cloth extra. 7s. 6d.
- Woman's (A) Faith.** A Novel. By the Author of "Ethel." 3 vols. Post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
- Wonders of Sculpture.** See Viardot.
- Worcester's (Dr.), New and Greatly Enlarged Dictionary of the English Language.** Adapted for Library or College Reference, comprising 40,000 Words more than Johnson's Dictionary. 4to. cloth, 1,834 pp. Price 31s. 6d. well bound; ditto, half mor. 2l. 2s.
- "The volumes before us show a vast amount of diligence; but with Webster it is diligence in combination with fancifulness,—with Worcester in combination with good sense and judgment. Worcester's is the soberer and safer book, and may be pronounced the best existing English Lexicon."—*Athenæum*.
- Words of Wellington, Maxims and Opinions, Sentences and Reflections of the Great Duke,** gathered from his Despatches, Letters, and Speeches (Bayard Series). 2s. 6d.
- Young (L.)** *Acts of Gallantry; giving a detail of every act for which the Silver Medal of the Royal Humane Society has been granted during the last Forty-one years.* Crown 8vo., cloth. 7s. 6d.



